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IRISH COM-ALL-YE'S



A REPOSITORY OF ANCIENT IRISH SONGS AND BALLADS—COMPRIS-
ING PATRIOTIC, DESCRIPTIVE, HISTORICAL AND HUMOROUS
GEMS, CHARACTERISTIC OF THE IRISH RACE.

COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY

MANUS O'CONNOR.



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SONGS AND BALLADS OF IRELAND.

MY GOOD-LOOKING MAN.

COME, all you pretty maids, of courage brave and true,
I will teach you how to happy live, and avoid all troubles, too;
And if you live a wedded life, now plainly understand,
And don't you ever fall in love with all good-looking men.

When I was sixteen years of age, a damsel in my prime,
I daily thought on wedded life, and how I'd be at the time;
I daily thought on wedded life, its pleasures I did sear,
And I sighed and sobbed, both night and day, to get a nice young man.

My wish, it seems, too soon I got, for one Sunday afternoon,
As home from church I gaily tripped, I met a fair gossoon;
He looked so fine about the face, to win him I made a plan,
And that very day I set my cap for that good-looking man.

Again, by chance, as out I stepped to take a pleasant roam,
I met this handsome gentleman, who wished to see me home;
I'd fain say no, but it was no use, to go with me was his plan,
So to my home I walked along with my good-looking man.

He said to me, as on we walked: My dear and only love,
If with me you'll consent to wed, I will ever constant prove;
I'll ever be a husband kind and do the best I can,
So my heart and hand I then did give to my good-looking man.

That night was fixed for us to wed—he bid me have all cheer—
He pressed me to his breast, saying: Oh, my Mary dear!
He gently pressed me to his breast, saying: "Oh, my Mary dear!
And there I tied that dreadful knot with that good-looking man.

It was scarce a week, when married I was, one Sunday afternoon,
The day went by, the night came on, off went the honeymoon;
My gent walked out—so did I—for to watch him was my plan,
When soon a flashy girl I saw with my good-looking man.

At once a thought came in my head to entrap my faithless swain,
So quickly I did gain on him, and followed on his train;
It was then and there I heard him swear his love for her outran,
The closest ties for any maid—"Oh, what a nice young man!"

They kissed and toyed, and tales of love to her he then did tell,
Thinks I to myself, now is the time to serve you outright well;
He did not me at all espy, so to my home I ran,
And there sat down to anxiously wait for my good-looking man.

The clock was just striking ten, when my gentleman he walked in,
I gently said: My William, dear, where hast thou so long been?
I have been to church, my love, said he—Oh! this I could not stand,
So the rolling pin I did let fly at my good-looking man.

I blacked his eyes, I tore his hair, in ribbons I tore his clothes,
I then took up the poker and laid it across his nose;
He just looked like a chimney-sweep, as out the door he ran,
And never a lady loved again with my good-looking man.

Now, you married folks, take my advice, high and low degree,
When a rakish husband you do get, pitch into him like me;
When I found out I was deceived, it was my only plan
To disfigure the handsome countenance of my good-looking man.

A CUP O' TAY.

OCH! prate about your wine,
Or poteen, mighty foine,
There's no such draught as mine,
From Ireland to Bombay!
And whether black or green,
Or divil a shade between,
There's nothing I have seen
Wid a gintale cup o' tay!

Whist! hear the kettle sing,
Like birds in early spring;
A sup for any king
Is the darlint in the thray.
Ould cronies dhroppin' in,
The fat ones and the thin,
Shure all their hearts I win
Wid a gintale cup o' tay!

Wid whiskey punch galore
How many heads grow sore?
Shalalahs, too, a seore
Most beautifully play.
Wid all their bathin ways,
Good luck to thim Chinaise,
Who sind us o'er the says
Such a gintale cup o' tay!

OH! THE MARRIAGE.

OH! the marriage—the marriage,
With love and *mo buachail* for me,
The ladies that ride in a carriage
Might envy my marriage to me;
For Owen is straight as a tower,
And tender and loving and true,
He told me more love in an hour
Than the squires of the county could do.
Then, oh! the marriage, etc.

His hair is a shower of soft gold,
His eye is as clear as the day,
His conscience and vote were unsold
When others were carried away;
His word is as good as an oath,
And freely 'twas given to me;
Oh! sure 'twill be happy for both
The day of the marriage to see.
Then, oh! the marriage, etc.

His kinsmen are honest and kind,
The neighbors think much of his skill,
And Owen's the lad to my mind,
Though he owns neither castle nor mill.
But he has a tilloch of land,
A horse, and a stocking of coin,
A foot for the dance, and a hand
In the cause of his country to join.
Then, oh! the marriage, etc.

OH! THE MARRIAGE.—Continued.

We meet in market and fair—
 We meet in the morning and night—
 He sits on half of my chair,
 And my people are wild with delight,
 Yet I long through the winter to skin,
 Though Owen longs more, I can see,
 When I will be married to him,
 And he will be married to me.
 Then, oh! the marriage—the marriage,
 With love and *no buachail* for me,
 The ladies that ride in a carriage
 Might envy my marriage to me.

HARPSTRINGS.

IRISH eyes of honest blue
 With their ways of playful tease.
 Heart and hand, so warm and true,
 Praise,—whose lips ne'er failed to please.

Irish smile, so free of guile
 Angels, tempting but to bless;
 Like their bright and verdant isle—
 Half a dream, and half caress.

Irish hearts—so bless'd with love
 And such tenderness—to feel
 All but saints in heaven above,
 For such bliss would fondly kneel.

Irish welcome, sweet to share;
 Strays the stranger to the Land
 Lone, and lost in deep despair
 He will grasp a greeting hand.

Irish wit, beyond compare
 Lifts and leaves the bumper kind,
 When its sparkle, rich and rare,
 Fills the eye, and floods the mind.

Irish grief, so weird and wild,
 When its soul of music breaks—
 Then the giant is the child
 As his sob, dread discord wakes.

Irish homes—ye gems of grace,
 Where the light of mirth and prayer,
 Fitful, gleam from each pure face,
 Round its parent fond and fair.

Irish curses, long and loud,
 Fright the tyrant on his throne,
 Blind the cruel and the proud,
 Blight the traitor all disown.

Irish hope, though gray with years,
 Wears a look almost divine,
 Not in vain those priestly tears
 God for thee hath set a sign.

Irish heroes fought and bled.
 Shamed that they could give no more
 For Erin—and so they fled
 Will pleading to heaven's bright shore.

Irish faith, shines undefiled,
 Fervor—blessing every clime;
 Christ in dying on thee smiled,
 And its halo hallows time.

Irishmen, God bless you all,
 Stand together hand in hand;
 Hate's misrule must surely fall,
 And God bless old Ireland.

FATHER TOM O'NEIL.

THERE was a woman lived in this place, she had three charming
 sons,
 Their father died and left them, when very young;
 A long time she endeavored to maintain her darling sons,
 Until the youngest one became a man at the age of twenty-one.

One night he discoursed with his mother, these words to her did
 say:
 "I think it will fall on one of us to go far away:
 Your land is too small to support us all, and if you would agree,
 I am fully bent and well content a clergyman to be.

His mother being glad to hear such a thought come in his mind,
 She says: "I will do all I can to help my darling child."
 She spoke unto his brothers, and they did soon agree,
 They'd send him off to college, a clergyman to be.

He was not long in college when the Rev. Bishop Brown
 Came to examine the collegians and viewed them all around.
 He saw this clever young man, marked him above them all—
 He was the first he did discourse when on them he did call.

He says: "Young man, where are you from? come, tell me your
 name."
 "I am from the County Armagh, they call me Tom O'Neil;
 My mother she is a widow of a low degree;
 She has done her best endeavors to make a priest of me."

"As Thomas O'Neil, then, is your name," the Bishop he did say;
 "Go, study hard, both night and day;
 I will have you soon ordained, to help your mother that did so
 well for thee;
 I will send you home a credit, your country boys to see."

When this young man came home ordained, the neighbors were
 glad to hear,
 And all that came to welcome him, came in twos and threes;
 Particularly his own dear friends to welcome him they ran,
 And you never saw such welcome as was for the widow's son.

There was a man lived in this place, he was as rich as a duke or
 knight;
 He had an only daughter, she was a beauty bright.
 She says unto her father: "I will go this young man to see,
 For before he went to college, he was a schoolboy along with me."

She was brought into a parlor, where she drank ale and wine;
 She says: "You are a clever young man, I would have you resign.
 What made you be a clergyman? you know you are astray,
 For a clergyman must rise by night, and travel hard by day.

"Come take some noble lady whose fortune will be grand;
 You will have men to wait on you, and be a gentleman.
 Come, take myself now, as I stand; you know my fortune is
 great;
 I have ten thousand pounds a year, and, at a death, a whole
 estate."

He says: "My noble lady, do not explain your mind,
 For if you offer ten times more, I would not resign;
 For in this holy station I mean to lead my life;
 So say no more, my dearest dear, I will never take a wife."

It was when he did deny her, this villain, she came home,
 And in eight weeks after, her secret she let know;
 She swore before the magistrate, that he did her beguile:
 And for four long weeks before she went to him, she was with
 child.

FATHER TOM O'NEIL.—Continued.

The morning of his trial, it grieved our heart full sore
To see his tender mother; it grieved her ten times more
To see her son, a clergyman, his age about twenty-three,
To be cut down, in his prime, by cruel perjury.

Now, Tom, what is the reason you don't marry this fair?
I think she is a companion for a duke, I declare;
What are you but a widow's son, that is both poor and mean?
You might think it a great honor such a lady to obtain.

Then Father Tom stood up and said: I have no witness here,
I call on the Almighty, and He will make the clear:
I never said I would marry her, or make her my wife,
For I never knew a female from a man in all my life.

Now, Tom, as you won't marry her, I will give you to understand,
Seven long years' transportation into Van Diemen's Land;
That is bad, but it might be worse. Then Father Tom did say:
Our Saviour suffered more than that, when He died on Calvary.

These words were hardly spoken, when a horse came as swift as
wind,
And on him came a rider, saying: I was not here in time;
I call that trial over again, I am here that can reply;
She wants two fathers for her child—that's Father Tom and I.

I can tell the very moment, likewise the very spot,
She gave me ten thousand pounds the night the child was got.
She said she would give me a thousand more—if I would not let
on;
She wants to make a husband of the Right Reverend Father Tom.

Then Father Tom put on his hat, and then began to smile;
He says unto his mother: You see how God assists your child;
They looked on one another, when they found her perjury;
The villain was found guilty, and his reverence came home free.

WHY CAN'T PADDY BE A GENTLEMAN?

BEING told Pat couldn't be a gentleman, I've set myself the task,
That I to-night the reason why of you my friends would ask;
Hasn't Ireland got her colleges, that have for centuries stood,
To teach the people—and you know their teaching's mighty good;
Haven't Irishmen got heads and hearts—by dad, I know they've
so.
Then why can't Paddy be a gentleman? That's what I want to
know.

Some look down on an Irishman, as if they thought that we
Could not but helpless dolts or fools e'er have a hope to be.
What matters where a man is born. I see in Erin's isle
There's lots of native gentlemen to greet you with a smile;
For there's other kind of gentlemen, besides a dandy bean.
Then why can't Paddy be a gentleman? That's what I want to
know.

You cannot give the reason why, I see it in your face;
That Paddy's not a gentleman, because you know he is.
He's always good to help a friend, although his means are scant;
And if he's fond of blarney, he hates deceit and cant;
His coat may be of common frieze, his heart won't freeze—oh, no!
Then why can't Paddy be a gentleman? That's what I want to
know.

If an Englishman's a gentleman, oh, worrah, then it's true;
As Pat is John Bull's brother, then he must be one, too.
Just read the Irish history, and in that same you'll find,
Great deeds of Irish gentlemen—St. Patrick's one, d'ye mind;
And don't forget this—ye who sneer at honest Paddy's worth—
That actions make a gentleman, no matter what the birth.

THE WIDOW McCARTY.

Oh, have you not heard of McCarty,
Who lived in Tralee, good and hearty?
He had scarce lived two-score when death
came to his door
And made a widdy of Mrs. McCarty.

Near by lived one Paddy McManus.
Why by the way was a bit of a genius;
At his trade he was good, cuttin' figures of
wood.
Says he: I'll go see the widdy Mc-
Carty.

Now Paddy, you know, was no ninny,
He agreed, for a couple of guineas,
To cut out a stick the dead image of Micky,
And take it home to widdy McCarty.

As the widdy she'd sit by the fire
Every night before she'd retire,
She'd take the stick that was dead, put it
into bed,
And lay down by the wooden McCarty.

Now Pat wasn't long to discover
That the widdy was wanting a lover;
He made love to her strong, and you'll say
he wasn't wrong,
For in three days he wed the widdy
McCarty.

Their friends for to see them long
tarried;
To bet Pat and the widdy they carried;
She took up the stick that was cut for
Micky,
And under the bed shoved wooden Mc-
Carty.

In the mornin' when Paddy was risin'
He wanted somethin' to set the fire
blazin';
Says she: If you're in want of a stick, just
cut a slice off Micky,
For I'm done with my wooden McCarty.

WHY WRITE YOU A DITTY?

WHY write you a ditty on Erin?
Why seek you a sunbeam's delight,
The sighs of harp and of maiden,
But heard in the stillness of night.

All over the world their soft echo
Is faint in the glow of the moon.
The rainbow, star, and the billow,
Till Niobe sinks in her swoon.

Thy ditties are strewn like shamrocks,
With tears—grief's glistening dew,
Which chills the lone exile it mocks,
The millions who still mourn for you.

Whoever gives sorrow his voice
Will find it a fond song of thee,
For had the poor exile his choice
He'd return, could he set you free.

THE BRIDE OF FALLOW.

'Twas dying they thought her,
And kindly they brought her
To the banks of Blackwater,
Where her forefathers lie;
'Twas the place of her childhood,
And they hoped that its wild wood
And air soft and mild would
Soothe her spirit to die.

But she met on its border
A lad who adored her—
No rich man, nor lord, or
A coward, or slave;
But one who had worn
A green coat, and borne
A pike from Slieve Mourne,
With the patriots brave.
Oh! the banks of the stream are

Than emeralds greener
And how should they wean her
From loving the earth?
While the song-birds so sweet,
And the waves at their feet,
And each young pair they meet,
Are all flushing with mirth.

And she listed his talk,
And he shared in her walk—
And how could she balk
One so gallant and true?
But why tell the rest?
Her love she confest,
And sunk on his breast
Like the even-tide dew.

Ah! now her cheek glows
With the tint of the rose,
And her healthful blood flows
Just as fresh as the stream;
And her eye flashes bright,
And her footstep is light,
And sickness and blight
Fled away like a dream.

And soon by his side
She kneels a sweet bride,
In maidenly pride
And maidenly fears;
And their children were fair;
And their home knew no care,
Save that all homesteads were
Not as happy as theirs.

THE HARP THAT ONCE.

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if that soul was fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
To glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more.
No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells.
The chord alone that breaks at night
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.

PAT OF MULLINGAR.

THEY may talk of Flying Childers, and the speed of Harkaway,
Till the fancy it bewilders, as you list to what they say;
But for real bone and beauty, though to travel far and near,
The fastest mare you'll find belongs to Pat of Mullingar.

CHORUS

She can trot along, jog along, drag a jaunting ear,
No day's so long, when set along with Pat of Mullingar.

She was bred in Connemara, and brought up at Castlemaine,
She won cups at the Curragh, the finest baste on all the plain;
All countries and conveyances she has been buckled to,
She lost an eye at Limerick and an ear at Waterloo.—CHORUS.

If a friend you wish to find, sir, I'll go wherever you want,
I'll drive you out of your mind, sir, or a little way beyond;
Like an arrow through the air if you'll step upon the ear,
You'll ride behind the little mare of Pat of Mullingar.—CHORUS.

To Dallymount or Kingston, if the place you wish to see,
I'll drive you to the strawberry beds, it's all the same to me;
To Donnybrook, whose ancient air is famed for love or war,
Or, if you have the time to spare, we'll go to Mullingar.—CHORUS.

When on the road we're going, the other carmen try
(Without the darling knowing), to pass her on the sly;
Her one ear points up to the sky, she tucks her haunches in,
Then shows the lads how she can tly as I sit still and grin.—
CHORUS.

Then should yez want a ear, sirs, I hope you'll not forget
Poor Pat of Mullingar, sirs, and his darlin' little pet;
She's gentle as the dove, sirs, her speed you can't deny,
And there's no blind side about her, tho' she hasn't got an eye.—
CHORUS.

THE GREEN LINNET.

CURIOSITY bore a young native of Erin
To view the gay banks of the Rhine,
When an Empress he saw, and the robe she was wearing
All over with diamonds did shine;
A goddess in splendor was never yet seen
To equal this fair one so mild and serene,
In soft murmurs she says: My sweet linnnet so green.
Are you gone—will I never see you more?

The cold, lofty Alps you freely went over,
Which nature had placed in your way,
That Marengo Saloney around you did hover,
And Paris did rejoice the next day;
It grieves me the hardships you did undergo,
Over mountains you traveled all covered with snow.
The balance of power your courage laid low,
Are you gone—will I never see you more?

The crowned heads of Europe, when you were in splendor,
Fain would they have you submit,
But the Goddess of Freedom soon bid them surrender.
And lowered the standard to your wit;
Old Frederiek's colors in France you did bring,
Yet his offspring found shelter under your wing,
That year in Virginia you sweetly did sing,
Are you gone—will I never see you more?

That numbers of men are eager to slay you,
Their malice you viewed with a smile.
Their gold through all Europe they sowed to betray you,
And they joined the Mamelukes on the Nile.

Like ravens for blood their vile passion did burn,
The orphans they slew and caused the widow to mourn;
They say my linnet's gone and ne'er will return,
Is he gone—will I never see him more?

When the trumpet of war the grand blast was sounding,
You marched to the north with good will,
To relieve the poor slaves in their vile sack clothing
You used your exertion and skill;
You spread out the wings of your envied train
While tyrants great Cæsar's old nest set in flame,
Their own subjects they caused to eat herbs on the plains,
Are you gone—will I never see you more?

In great Waterloo, where numbers laid sprawling
In every field, high or low,
Fame on her trumpets true Frenchmen were calling,
Fresh laurels to place on her brow;
Usurper did tremble to hear the loud call,
The third old Babe's new buildings did fall,
The Spaniards their fleet in the harbor did call,
Are you gone—I will never see you more.

I'll roam thro' the deserts of wild Abyssinia,
And yet find no cure for my pain;
Will I go and inquire in the isle of St. Helena?
No, we will whisper in vain.
Tell me, you critics, now tell me in time,
The nation I will range my sweet linnet to find,
Was he slain at Waterloo, on Elba, on the Rhine?
If he was—I will never see him more.

THE STAR OF GLENGARY.

THE red moon is up o'er the moss-covered mountain,
The hour is at hand when I promised to rove
With the turf-cutter's daughter, by Logan's bright water,
And tell her how truly her Donald can love!
I ken there's the miller, with plenty o' siller,
Would fain win a glance, from her beautiful e'e—
She's my ain bonny Mary, the star of Glengary,
Keeps all her soft smiles and sweet kisses for me—
She's my ain bonny Mary, the star of Glengary,
Keeps all her soft smiles and sweet kisses for me.

'Tis long since we trod o'er the highlands together,
Two frolicsome bairns, gaily starting the deer;
When I called her my wee wife, my ain bonny wee wife,
And ne'er was sic joys as when Mary was there;
For she is a blossom I wear in my bosom,
A blossom I cherish and wear till I dee—
She's my ain bonny Mary, the star of Glengary,
She is health, she is wealth, and a gude wife to me—
She's my ain bonny Mary, the star of Glengary,
She is health, she is wealth, and a gude wife to me.

MARY LE MORE.

As I strayed o'er the common on Cork's rugged border,
While the dewdrops of morn the sweet primrose arrayed;
I saw a poor female, whose mental disorder,
Her quick glancing eye and wild aspect betrayed.
On the sward she reclined, by the green fern surrounded,
At her side speckled daisies and wild flowers abounded;
To its inmost recesses, her heart had been wounded,
Her sighs were unceasing—'twas Mary Le More.

Her charms by the keen blasts of sorrow were faded,
Yet the soft tinge of beauty still played on her cheek;
Her tresses a wreath of primroses braided,
And strings of fresh daisies hung loose on her neck.

THE CROPPY BOY.

"Good men and true! in this house who
dwell,
To a stranger *bouchal*, I pray you tell
Is the Priest at home? or may he be seen?
I would speak a word with Father Green."

"The Priest's at home, boy, and may he be
seen;
'Tis easy speaking with Father Green;
But you must wait till I go and see
If the holy father alone may be."

The youth has entered an empty hall—
What a lonely sound has his light footfall!
And the gloomy chamber's chill and bare,
With a vested Priest in a lonely chair.

The youth has knelt to tell his sins:
"Nomine Dei," the youth begins;
At "*mea culpa*" he beats his breast,
And in broken murmurs he speaks the rest.

"At the siege of Ross did my father fall,
And at Gorey my loving brothers all;
I alone am left of my name and race,
I will go to Wexford and take their place.

"I cursed three times since last Easter
day—
At mass-time once I went to play;
I passed the churchyard one day in haste,
And forgot to pray for my mother's rest.

"I bear no hate against living thing;
But I love my country above my King.
Now, Father! bless me and let me go
To die, if God has ordained it so."

The Priest said nought, but a rustling noise
Made the youth look up in wild surprise;
The robes were off, and in scarlet there
Sat a yeoman captain with fiery glare.

With fiery glare and with fury hoarse,
Instead of blessing he breathed a curse—
"Twas a good thought, boy, to come here
and shrive,
For one short hour is your time to live.

"Upon yon river three tenders float,
The Priest's in one if he isn't shot—
We hold his house for our Lord the King,
And, amen say I, may all traitors swing!"

At Geneva Barraek that young man died,
And at Passae they have his body laid.
Good people who live in peace and joy,
Breathe a prayer and a tear for the Croppy
Boy.

AMRY LA MORE.—Continued.

While with pity I gazed, she exclaimed: "O, my mother!
See the blood on the lash! 'tis the blood of my brother—
They have torn his poor flesh! and they now strip another—
'Tis Connor—the friend of poor Mary Le More."

Though his locks were as white as the foam on the ocean,
Those wretches shall find that my father is brave;
My rather! she cried, with the wildest emotion,
Ah, no! my poor father now sleeps in the grave.
They have tolled his death bell, they've laid the turf o'er him,
His white locks were bloody, no aid could restore him;
He is gone! he is gone! and the good will deplore him,
When the blue waves of Erin hide Mary Le More.

A lark, from the gold blossomed furze that grew near her,
Now rose and with energy caroled his lay;
"Hush! hush!" she continued, "the trumpet sounds clearer,
The horsemen approach! Erin's daughters away!
Ah! soldiers, 'twas foul, while the cabin was burning,
And o'er a pale father a wretch had been mourning—
Go hide with the scamew, ye maids, and take warning,
Those ruffians have ruined poor Mary Le More.

"Away! bring the ointment—O God! see the gashes!
Alas! my poor brother, come dry my big tear!
Anon we'll have vengeance for those dreadful lashes,
Already the screechowl and raven appear.
By day the green grave that lies under the willow,
With wild flowers I'll strew, and by night make my pillow,
Till the ooze and dark seaweed beneath the curled billow
Shall furnish a death bed for Mary Le More."

Thus raved the poor maniac, in tones more heart-rending,
Than sanity's voice ever poured on my ear,
When lo! on the waste, and on the march towards her bending,
A troop of fierce eavalry chanced to appear.
"Oh! the fiends!" she exclaimed, and with wild horror started,
Then through the tall fern, loudly screaming, she darted;
With an overcharged bosom I slowly departed,
And sighed for the wrongs of poor Mary Le More.

ST. PATRICK'S MARTYRS.

I WONDER what the mischief was in her, for the mistress was
niver countrairy,
But this same is just what she said to me, just as sure as me
name it is Mary:
"Mary," says she, all a-smiling and swate-like, "the young ladies
are coming from France,
And we'll give them a welcome next Monday, with an illegant
supper and dance."

"Is it Monday ye're maning?" says I; "ma'am, why, thin I'm
sorry to stand in yer way,
But it's little of work I'll do Monday, seeing that Monday's St.
Patrick's Day;
And sure it's meself that promised to go wid Cousin Kitty
Malone's brother Dan,
And bad luck to Mary Magee," says I, "if she disappoints such
a swate young man!"

"Me children hev been away four years"—and she spoke in a
very unfeelin' way—
"Ye cannot expect I shall disappoint them either for you or St.
Patrick's Day;
I know nothing about St. Patrick." "That's true for ye, ma'am,
more's the pity," says I,
"For it's niver the likes of ye has the luck to be born under the
Irish sky."

KITTY TYRRELL.

YOU'RE looking as fresh as the morn, dar-
ling,

You're looking as bright as the day;
But while on your charms I'm dilating.
You're stealing my poor heart away.
But keep it and welcome, mavourneen,
Its loss I'm not going to mourn;
Yet one heart's enough for a body,
So, pray, give me yours in return;
Mavourneen, mavourneen,
O, pray, give me yours in return.

I've built me a neat little cot, darling,
I've pigs and potatoes in store;
I've twenty good pounds in the bank, love,
And may be a pound or two more.
It's all very we'll to have riches.
But I'm such a covetous elf,
I can't help still sighing for something,
And, darling, that something's yourself;
Mavourneen, mavourneen,
And that something, you know, is your-
self.

You're smiling, and that's a good sign, dar-
ling,

Say "yes," and you'll never repent;
Or if you would rather be silent
Your silence I'll take for consent.
That good-natured dimple's a tell-tale,
Now all that I have is your own;
This week you may be Kitty Tyrrell,
Next week you'll be Mistress Malone;
Mavourneen, mavourneen,
You'll be my own Mistress Malone.

LIMERICK IS BEAUTIFUL.

LIMERICK is beautiful,
As everybody knows;
The river Shannon, full of fish,
Through that city flows.
But 'tis not the river or the fish
That weighs upon my mind;
Nor with the town of Limerick
I've any fault to find.—Ochone, ochone.

The girl I love is beautiful
And soft-eyed as the fawn;
She lives in Garryowen,
And is called the Colleen Bawn.
And proudly as that river flows
Through that famed city,
As proudly, and without a word,
That Colleen goes by me.—Ochone, ochone.

If I was made the Emperor
Of Russia to command,
Or Julius Caesar, or the
Lord Lieutenant of the land,
I'd give my plate and golden store,
I'd give up my army;
The horses, the rifles, and the foot,
And the Royal Artillery.—Ochone, ochone.

I'd give the crown from off my head
My people on their knees;
I'd give the fleet of sailing ships
Upon the briny seas.
A beggar I would go to bed,
And happy rise at dawn;
If by my side, for my sweet bride,
I had found my Colleen Bawn.—Ochone,
ochone.

ST. PATRICK'S MARTYRS.—*Continued.*

Ye see, I was gitting past jokin'—and she sitting there, so aisy and proud,
 And me thinking of the Third Avenue, and the procession and music and crowd;
 And it crossed me mind that nimit consarnin' Thady Mulligan's supper and dance;
 Says I, "It's not Mary Magee, ma'am, that can stay for the ladies coming from France."

"Mary," says she, "two afternoons each week—ivery Wednesday and ivery Monday—
 Ye've always had, besides yer early Mass, and yer Vispers ivery other Sunday,
 And yer friends have visited at me house, two or three of thim ivery night."
 "Indade thin," says I. "That was nothin' at all but ivery dacent girl's right!"

"Very well, thin," says she, "ye can lave the house and be sure to take wid ye yer 'right';
 And if Michael and Nora think just as ye do, ye can all of ye lave to-night."
 So just for St. Patrick's glory we wint; and, as sure as Mary Magee is me name,
 It's a house full of nagurs she's got now, which the same is a sin and a shame.

Bad luck to them all! A poor body, I think, had need of a comferable glass;
 It's a miserable time in Ameriky for a dacent Irish-born lass.
 If she sarves the saints, and is kind to her friends, then she loses her home and her pay,
 And there's thousands of innocent martyrs like me on ivery St. Patrick's Day.

THE SPRIG OF SHILLELAH.

OCH, love is the soul of a nate Irishman,
 He loves all the lovely, loves all that he can,
 With your sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green?"
 His heart is good-humored, 'tis honest and sound,
 No malice or hatred is there to be found.
 He courts and marries, he drinks and he fights,
 For love, all for love, for in that he delights,
 With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green.

Who has e'er had the luck to see Donnybrook fair,
 An Irishman all in his glory is there,
 With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green;
 His clothes spick and span, new without e'er a speck,
 A neat Barcelona tied 'round his white neck,
 He goes to a tent and he spends half a crown,
 He meets with a friend, and for love knocks him down
 With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green.

At evening returning, as homeward he goes,
 His heart light with whisky, his head soft with blows
 From a sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green.
 He meets with his Shelah, who, blushing a smile,
 Cries: "Get you gone, Pat!" yet consents all the while;
 To the priest then they go, and nine months after that
 A fine baby eries out: "How d'ye do, father Pat,
 With your sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green."

Bless the country, say I, that gave Patrick his birth,
 Bless the land of the oak and its neighboring earth,
 Where grows the shillelah and shamrock so green;
 May the sons of the Thames, the Tweed, and the Shannon,
 Drub the foes who dare plant on our confines a cannon;
 United and happy at loyalty's shrine,
 May the rose, leek, and thistle long flourish and twine
 Round a sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green.

SAVOURNEEN DEELISH.

Ah! the moment was sad when my love
 and I parted—
 Savourneen deelish eileen og;
 As I kissed off her tears, I was nigh
 broken-hearted!
 Savourneen deelish eileen og.
 Wan was her cheek, which hung on my
 shoulder,
 Damp was her hand, no marble was colder,
 I felt that again I should never behold her,
 Savourneen deelish eileen og.

When the word of command put our men
 into motion,
 Savourneen deelish eileen og;
 I buckled on my knapsack to cross the wide
 ocean,
 Savourneen deelish eileen og.
 Brisk were our troops, all roaring like
 thunder,
 Pleased with the voyage, impatient for
 plunder;
 My bosom with grief was almost torn asun-
 der,
 Savourneen deelish eileen og.

Long I fought for my country, far, far from
 my true love,
 Savourneen deelish eileen og;
 All my pay and my booty I hoarded for you,
 love,
 Savourneen deelish eileen og.
 Peace was proclaimed, escaped from the
 slaughter,
 Landed at home, my sweet girl, I sought
 her;
 But sorrow, alas! to the cold grave had
 brought her,
 Savourneen deelish eileen og.

ACUSHLA GAL MACHREE.

THE long, long wished-for hour has come,
 But come, ashore, in vain.
 And left thee but the wailing hum
 Of sorrow and of pain;
 My light of life, my only love,
 Thy portion sure must be
 Man's scorn below, God's wrath above—
 Acushla gal machree.

'Twas told of thee the world around,
 Was hoped for thee by all,
 That with one gallant sunward bound
 Thou'd burst long ages' thrall;
 Thy fate was tried, alas! and those
 Who periled all for thee
 Were cursed and branded as thy foes,
 Acushla gal machree.

What fate is thine, unhappy isle,
 That e'en the trusted few
 Should pay thee back with fraud and guile
 When most they should be true?
 'Twas not thy strength or courage failed
 Nor those whose souls were free;
 By moral force wert thou betrayed,
 Acushla gal machree.

ACUSHLA GAL MACHREE—Continued.

I've given thee my youth and prime,
And manhood's waning years;
I've blest thee in thy sunniest time,
And shed for thee my tears;
And mother, tho' thou'st cast away
The child who'd die for thee,
My fondest wish is still to pray—
For Cushla gal machree.

I've tracked for thee the mountain sides
And slept within the brake,
More lonely than the swan that glides
On Lua's fairy lake;
The rich have spurned me from their door
Because I'd set thee free,
Yet do I love thee more and more—
Acushla gal machree.

OH, MOLLY, I CAN'T SAY YOU'RE
HONEST.

Oh, Molly, I can't say you're honest,
You've stolen my heart from my breast;
I feel like a bird that's astonished
When young vagabones rob its nest.
My brightest of sunshine at night is,
'Tis just between midnight and dawn,
For then, Molly dear, my delight is
To sing you my little crown—
Weirasthrú!
Phillilew!
But I'm kilt—
May the quilt

Lie light on your beautiful form
When the weather is hot,
But, my love, when 'tis not,
May it rowl you up cosey and warm!

Now, if you are sleepin', dear Molly,
Oh, don't let me waken you, dear;
Some tindher memorial I'll lave you,
To just let you know I was here.
So I'll throw a big stone at the windy,
And if any glass I should brake,
'Tis for love all the panes I am takin'—
What wouldn't I smash for your sake?
Weirasthrú!
Phillilew!
But I'm kilt—
May the quilt

Lie light on your beautiful form
When the weather is hot,
But, my love, when 'tis not,
May it rowl you up cosey and warm!

I know that your father is stingy,
And likewise your mother the same;
'Tis very small change that you'll bring me,
Exceptin' the change o' your name;
So be quick with the change, dearest Molly,
Be the same more or less as it may,
And my own name, my darlin', I'll give you
The minnit that you name the day!

Weirasthrú!
Phillilew!
But I'm kilt—
May the quilt
Lie light on your beautiful form
When the weather is hot,
But, my love, when 'tis not,
May it rowl you up cosey and warm!

TEDDY O'NEAL.

I DREAMT but last night, oh! bad cess to the dreaming,
Sure I'd die if I thought 'twould come truly to pass;
I dreamt, while the tears down my pillow were streaming,
That Teddy was courting another fair lass.
Oh! didn't I wake with a weeping and wailing,
The grief of the thought was too much to conceal;
My mother cried, Norah, child, what is your ailing?
But all I could utter was Teddy O'Neal—
My mother cried, Norah, child, what is your ailing?
But all I could utter was Teddy O'Neal.

I went to the cabin he danc'd his wild jigs in,
As neat a mud palace as ever was seen;
Considering it served to keep poultry and pigs in,
I'm sure you'll allow 'twas most decent and clean;
But now all around it looks cold, sad, and dreary,
All sad, and all silent, no piper, no reel;
Not even the sun through the casement shines cheery,
Since I lost the dear darling boy, Teddy O'Neal—
Not even the sun through the casement shines cheery,
Since I lost the dear darling boy, Teddy O'Neal.

Shall I ever forget when the big ship was ready,
And the moment was come for my love to depart;
How I sobbed like a spalpeen, good-by to you, Teddy,
With a tear on my cheek, and a stone on my heart?
He said 'twas to better his fortune he wander'd,
But what would be gold to the joy I should feel
If he'd only come back to me, honest and loving,
Still poor, yet my own darling Teddy O'Neil—
If he'd only come back to me, honest and loving,
Still poor, yet my own darling Teddy O'Neal.

NELL FLAHERTY'S DRAKE.

My name it is Nell, right candid I tell,
And I live near a cool hill I never will deny,
I had a large drake, the truth for to spake,
My grandfather left me when going to die;
He was merry and sound, and would weigh twenty pound,
The universe round would I rove for his sake.
Bad luck to the robber, be he drunken or sober,
That murdered Nell Flaherty's beautiful drake.

His neck it was green, and rare to be seen,
He was fit for a queen of the highest degree.
His body so white, it would you delight,
He was fat, plump, and heavy, and brisk as a bee.
This dear little fellow, his legs they were yellow,
He could fly like a swallow, or swim like a hake,
But some wicked habbage, to grease his white cabbage,
Has murdered Nell Flaherty's drake!

May his pig never grunt, may his cat never hunt,
That a ghost may him haunt in the dark of the night.
May his hens never lay, may his horse never neigh,
May his goat fly away like an old paper kite;
May his duck never quack, may his goose be turned black
And pull down his stack with her long yellow beak.
May the scurvy and itch never part from the britch
Of the wretch that murdered Nell Flaherty's drake!

May his rooster ne'er crow, may his bellows not blow,
Nor potatoes to grow—may he never have none—
May his eradle not rock, may his chest have no lock,
May his wife have no frock for to shade her backbone.
That the bugs and the fleas may this wicked wretch tease,
And a piercing north breeze make him tremble and shake.
May a four years' old bug build a nest in the lug
Of the monster that murdered Nell Flaherty's drake.

NELL FLAHERTY'S DRAKE.—*Continued.*

May his pipe never smoke, may his tea-pot be broke,
 And to add to the joke may his kettle not boil;
 May he be poorly fed till the hour he is dead.
 May he always be fed on lobscouse and fish oil.
 May he swell with the gout till his grinders fall out,
 May he roar, howl, and shout with a horrid toothache,
 May his temple wear horns and his toes corns,
 The wretch that murdered Nell Flaherty's drake.

May his dog yelp and howl with both hunger and cold,
 May his wife always scold till his brains go astray.
 May the curse of each hag, that ever carried a bag,
 Light down on the wag till his head it turns gray.
 May monkeys still bite him, and mad dogs affright him,
 And every one slight him, asleep or awake.
 May wasps ever gnaw him, and jaekdaws ever claw him,
 The monster that murdered Nell Flaherty's drake.

But the only good news I have to diffuse,
 Is of Peter Hughs and Paddy McCade,
 And crooked Ned Manson, and big-nosed Bob Hanson,
 Each one had a grandson of my beautiful drake.
 Oh! my bird he has dozens of nephews and cousins,
 And one I must have, or my heart it will break.
 To keep my mind easy, or else I'll run crazy,
 And so ends the song of my beautiful drake.

THE IRISH GIRL.

ONE evening, as I strayed down the river's side,
 Looking all around me an Irish girl I spied;
 So red and rosy were her cheeks, and yellow was her hair,
 And costly were the robes which my Irish girl did wear.
 Her shoes of Spanish leather were bound round with spangles gay,
 The tears came down her crystal eyes, and she began to say:
 Oheone, and alas! asthore areen machree,
 Why should you go and leave me, and slight your own Molly?

The first time that I saw my love, I was sick and very bad,
 All the request I asked was that she might tie my head;
 I asked her if one as bad as me could ever mend again,
 For love's a sore disorder—did you ever feel the pain?
 My love she'll not come nigh me for all the moan I make,
 Nor neither will she pity me if my poor heart should break;
 But was I of some noble blood and she of low degree,
 She would hear my lamentation and come and pity me.

My only love is fairer than the lilies that do grow,
 She has a voice that's clearer than any winds that blow;
 She's the promise of this country, like Venus in the air,
 And let her go where'er she will, she's my joy and only dear.
 Be it so, or be it not, of her I take my chance,
 The first time that I saw my love she struck me in a trance;
 Her ruby lips and sparkling eyes have so bewitched me,
 That were I king of Ireland, queen of it she should be.

THE LAKES OF COLD FINN.

It was early one morning young William had rose,
 Straightway to his comrades' bed-chamber he goes,
 Saying: Comrades, royal comrades, let nobody know,
 For it's a fine morning and a-bathing we'll go.

So they walked right along till they came to Long Lane,
 And the first that they met was the keeper of the game;
 He advised them for sorrow to turn back again,
 For their doom was to die on a watery main.

So young William stepped off and swam the lake 'round,
 He swam 'round the island, but not the right ground,
 Saying: Comrades, royal comrades, don't you venture in,
 For there's depth in false water, in the lakes of Cold Finn.

THE TIPPERARY CHRISTENING.

It was down in that place, Tipperary,
 Where they're so airy, and so contrary,
 Where they kiel up the devil's figarie,
 When they christened the beautiful boy.
 In comes the piper, sot thinking,
 And a-winking, and a-blinking,
 And a noggin of punch he was drinking,
 And wishing the parents great joy.

When home from the church they came,
 Father Tom and old Mikey Branigan,
 And scores of us pretty boys and girls
 As ever you'd wish for to see;
 When in through the door,
 Hogan, the tinker, Lather and Lanagan,
 Kicked up a row, and wanted to know,
 Why they wasn't asked to the spree.

Then the boy set up such a-bawling,
 And such a-squalling, and caterwauling,
 For he got such a mauling,
 Oh, that was the day of great joy.
 Then the piper set up such a-moaning,
 And such a-droning, and such a-croning,
 In the corner his comether was turning,
 When they christened sweet Dennis, the
 boy.

The aristocracy came to the party,
 There was McCarty, light and hearty,
 With Florence Berdelia Fogarty,
 Who said that was French for a name;
 Dionysius Alphonso Murooney,
 Oh, so spooney and so looney,
 With the charming Evangeline Mooney,
 Of society she was the cream.

Cora Teresa Maud McCann,
 Angelina Roeke, and Julia McCafferty,
 Rignold Mormon Duke, Morris McGan,
 And Clarence Ignatius McGurk;
 Cornelius Horatio Flaherty's wife,
 Adolphus Grace, and Dr. O'Rafferty,
 Eva McLaughlin, and Cora Muldoon,
 And Brigadier-General Burke;

They were dancing the polka-mazurka,
 'Twas a worker, not a shirker,
 And a voice of Vienna, la Turkey,
 And the polka-redowa divine;
 After dancing, they went in to lunching,
 Oh, such munching, and such crunching,
 They were busy as bees at a lunching,
 With their coffee, tea, whisky, and wine.

They had all kinds of tea, they had Sho-
 song,
 They had Ningnong, and Drinkdong,
 With Oolong, and Boolong, and Toolong,
 And teas that were made in Japan;
 They had sweetmeats, imported from Java,
 And from Youver and from Havre,
 In the four-masted steamer "Manarver,"

THE LAKES OF COLD FINN.—*Continued.*

'Twas next morning, next morning, when his sister had arose,
She straightway to her mother's bed-chamber she did go,
Saying: Mother, dear mother, I had a sad dream,
That young William was floating on a watery stream.

It was early one morning when his mother went there,
She had rings on every finger and was tearing her hair,
Crying: Murder! oh, murder! was there nobody by
That would venture their life for my fine darling boy?

So it was early one morning when his uncle went there,
He rode 'round the island like one in despair,
Saying: Where was he drowned, or did he fall in?
For there's depth in false water, in the lakes of Cold Finn.

JOHNNY DOYLE.

I AM a fair maiden, all tangled in love,
My case I will make known to the great God above;
I thought it a credit, yet I fear it a crime
For to roam the world all over for you, Johnny Doyle.

It was Saturday evening we made up the plan,
It was early Monday morning to take a trip along;
My waiting maid was standing by, as you can plainly see,
She slipped in unto my mamma, and told upon me.

My mamma she conducted me into the bedroom high,
Where she knew no one could hear me, nor pity my cry;
She bundled up my clothes, and she bid me be gone,
For she knew well, in her heart, that I loved that young man.

A horse and side-saddle my father did provide,
In hopes to get me married, and be young Somers' bride;
A horse and side-saddle my father did prepare,
With six noble footmen to wait on me there.

So we rode all along till we came to Belfast town,
Our horses being stabled and footmen seated down;
While they were at their merriment, I had my own toil,
For my heart it lies at home with my young Johnny Doyle.

By the eldest brother I was conducted home,
My mamma she conducted me into my own bedroom;
My own bed being the softest, my head I did lie down,
For to seek consoling sorrow—my body it was found.

Now close the door, dear mamma, don't you let Somers in,
Now close the door, dear mamma, don't you let Somers in;
For to-night is the night that he means to enstrive,
But he'll never gain the girl that is intended for his bride.

When she saw the minister coming in the door,
Her earrings they bursted and fell upon the floor;
The gold ring on her finger in a hundred pieces did fly,
And her stomach it bursted, and death was drawing nigh.

I will send for Johnny Doyle for you, my own darling child,
I will send for Johnny Doyle for you, my own heart's delight,
Yes, you'll send for Johnny Doyle, mamma, but I fear it is too
late,
For death it is coming, and sad is my fate.

Now, death, you are coming, you are welcome to me,
From the pains of love I'm sure you'll set me free;
There is more trouble on my mind than my poor tongue can tell,
And these are my dying words: Johnny Doyle, fare you well!

THE TIPPERARY CHRISTENING.—*Continued.*

That sails from beyond Hindoostan."
Cold ice-cream, and cream that was hot,
Romeo punch, snowball, and sparrowgrass,
Patty D. Foy, whatever that means,
Made out of goose-liver and grease;
Red-headed duck, salmon, and peas,
Bandy-legged frogs, Peruvian ostriches,
Bottled noix, woodcock, and snipe,
And everything that would please.

After dinner, of course, there was speaking,
And hand-shaking, and leave-taking.
In the corners, old mothers match-making,
And other such innocent sins;
Then they bid a good-by to each other,
To each mother, and each brother:
When the last rose, I thought I would
smother,
When they wished the next would be
twins.

THE WIDOW'S MESSAGE TO HER SON.

"REMEMBER, Denis, all I bade you say:
Tell him we're well and happy, thank
the Lord,
But of our troubles, since he went away,
You'll mind, aviek, and never say a
word;
Of cares and troubles, sure, we've all
our share,
The finest summer isn't always fair.

"Tell him the spotted heifer calved in May,
She died, poor thing; but that you needn't
mind;
Nor how the constant rain destroyed the
hay;
But tell him God to us was ever kind.
And when the fever spread the country
o'er,
His mercy kept the 'sickness' from our
door.

"Be sure you tell him how the neighbors
came
And eut the corn and stored it in the
barn;
'Twould be as well to mention them by
name—
Pat Murphy, Ned M'Cabe, and James
M'Caru.
And big Tim Daly from behind the hill;
But say, agra—Oh, say I missed him
still.

"They came with ready hands our toil to
share—
'Twas then I missed him most—my own
right hand;
I felt, although kind hearts were 'round me
there.
The kindest heart beat in a foreign land.
Strong hand! brave heart! oh, severed
far from me,
By many a weary league of shore and
sea.

THE WIDOW'S MESSAGE TO HER SON.—

Continued.

“And tell him she was with us—he'll know
 who;
 Mavourneen, hasn't she the winsome eyes,
 The darkest, deepest, brightest, bonniest
 blue
 I ever saw except in summer skies.
 And such black hair! It is the
 blackest hair
 That ever rippled o'er neck so fair.

“Tell him old Pincher fretted many a day,
 And moped, poor dog, 'twas well he didn't
 die,
 Crouched by the road-side how he watched
 the way,
 And sniffed the travelers as they passed
 him by—
 Hail, rain, or sunshine, sure, 'twas all
 the same,
 He listened for the foot that never
 came.

“Tell him the house is lonesome-like and
 cold,
 The fire itself seems robbed of half its
 light;
 But, maybe, 'tis my eyes are growing old,
 And things look dim before my failing
 sight.
 For all that tell him 'twas my self that
 spun
 The shirts you bring, and stitched them
 every one.

“Give him my blessing, morning, noon, and
 night,
 Tell him my prayers are offered for his
 good,
 That he may keep his Maker still in sight,
 And firmly stand as his brave father
 stood,
 True to his name, his country, and his
 God,
 Faithful at home, and steadfast still
 abroad.”

KATE KEARNEY.

Oh! did you ne'er hear of Kate Kearney?
 She lives on the banks of Killarney;
 From the glance of her eye shun danger and
 fly,
 For fatal's the glance of Kate Kearney;
 For that eye is so modestly beaming,
 You ne'er think of mischief she's dreaming.
 Yet, oh! I can tell, how fatal's the spell,
 That lurks in the eye of Kate Kearney.

Oh! should you e'er meet this Kate Kearney,
 Who lives on the banks of Killarney,
 Beware of her smile, for many a wile
 Lies hid in the smile of Kate Kearney.
 Though she looks so bewitchingly simple,
 Yet there's mischief in every dimple;
 And who dares inhale her sigh's spicy gale,
 Must die by the breath of Kate Kearney.

THE IRISH VOLUNTEER.

YE daughters of old Ireland, these lines to you I write,
 Concerning your true lovers, who have volunteered to fight
 For their country's standard, to face their rebel peers,
 Its pretty dame will see again our Irish volunteers.

The worthy son of liberty, who's got the heart to go
 To sustain his country's dignity, and face the rebel foe;
 He's worthy of a lady's love, we'll call them our dears.
 They're strong and bold, and uncontrolled, our Irish volunteers.

The cymbals are sounding, the trumpet shrill doth blow
 For each platoon to form, we've got orders for to go;
 Each pretty girl says to her love: My darling, never fear,
 You will always find us true and kind to the Irish volunteer.

In the fearful hour of battle, when the cannons loud do roar,
 We'll think upon our loves that we left to see no more;
 And if grim death appears to us, its terrors and its fears
 Can never scare in freedom's war, our Irish volunteers.

Come all ye worthy gentlemen, who have the heart and means,
 Be kind unto the soldier's wife, they hold your country's reins;
 They will come back victorious, those gallant fusileers,
 And bring again the flag unstained, our Irish volunteers.

FATHER MOLLOY.

PADDY McCABE was dying one day,
 And Father Molloy he came to confess him;
 Paddy prayed hard he would make no delay,
 But forgive him his sins and make haste for to bless him.
 “First tell me your sins,” says Father Molloy,
 “For I'm thinking you've not been a very good boy.”
 “Oh,” says Paddy, “so late in the evenin', I fear
 'Twould trouble you such a long story to hear,
 For you've ten long miles o'er the mountains to go,
 While the road I've to travel's much longer you know.
 So give us your blessin' and get in the saddle.
 To tell all my sins my poor brain it would addle;
 And the docther gave orders to keep me so quiet—
 'Twould disturb me to tell all my sins, if I'd thry it;
 And your Reverence has towld us, unless we tell all,
 'Tis worse than not makin' confession at all.
 So I'll say in a word I'm no very good boy—
 And therefore your blessin', sweet Father Molloy.”

“Well, I'll read from a book,” says Father Molloy,
 “The manifold sins that humanity's heir to;
 And when you hear those that your conscience annoy,
 You'll just squeeze my hand, as acknowledging thereto.”
 Then the father began the dark roll of iniquity,
 And Paddy, thereat, felt his conscience grow rickety,
 And he gave such a squeeze that the priest gave a roar—
 “Oh, murder!” says Paddy, “don't read any more,
 For, if you keep readin', by all that is throe,
 Your Reverence's fist will be soon black and blue;
 Besides, to be troubled my conscience begins.
 That your Reverence should have any hand in my sins,
 So you'd better suppose I committed them all,
 For whether they're great ones, or whether they're small,
 Or if they're a dozen, or if they're fourscore,
 'Tis your Reverence knows how to absolve them, astore;
 So I'll say in a word, I'm no very good boy—
 And therefore your blessin', sweet Father Malloy.”

“Well,” says Father Molloy, “if your sins I forgive,
 So you must forgive all your enemies truly;
 And promise me also that, if you should live,
 You'll leave off your old tricks, and begin to live newly.”

FATHER MOLLOY.—Continued.

"I forgive ev'rybody," says Pat, with a groan,
 "Except that big vagabone Micky Malone;
 And him I will murder if ever I can—"
 "Tut, tut!" says the priest, "you're a very bad man;
 For without your forgiveness, and also repentance,
 You'll ne'er go to heaven, and that is my sentence."
 "Poo!" says Paddy McCabe, "that's a very hard case—
 With your Reverence and heaven I'm content to make paece;
 But with heaven and your Reverence I wondher—*Och hone*—
 You would think of comparin' that blackguard Malone—
 But since I'm hard press'd and that I *must* forgive,
 I forgive—if I die—but as sure as I live
 That ugly blackguard I will surely destroy!—
 So, now for your blessin', sweet Father Molloy!"

PETTICOAT LANE.

When to Dublin I came from the sweet County Down,
 I called on a friend for to show me the town;
 He brought me thro' streets, lanes, and alleys so grand,
 Till my brogues were most wore and I scarcely could stand.
 He showed me fine houses, were built up so high,
 And a man made of stone almost up to the sky,
 But the names of them places went out of my brain,
 Show him up to the college in Petticoat Lane!
 Ri tu ral, ru ral, ri tu ral, ru ral le, etc.

Convenient to Petticoat Lane there is a place,
 And as we walked through it we couldn't get peace;
 The shops were all full of fine clothes, black and blue,
 But the fellows outside nearly tore me in two.
 One dragged me this way to get a good frieze,
 Another had corduroy breeches my size;
 But one chap bawls out, when I wouldn't remain,
 Show him up to the college in Petticoat aLne!

We got loose from this spot, myself and my friend,
 I couldn't do less than a teaster to spend;
 But we spied boys and girls in a laughable group,
 Sitting cross-legged and they licking up soup.
 Says I: Are these what you call your poorhouse recruits?
 Ax the divil! says one, and his bowl at me shoots;
 They roared with pleasure, while I roared with pain,
 Arrah, Paddy, you're welcome to Petticoat Lane!

My friend thought to drag me away by the sleeve,
 When a tartar dropped over my head an old sieve;
 I turned for to strike her, but got in the eye
 A plaster of what they called hot mutton pie.
 I kept groping about, like a man that was blind,
 Till I caught hould of somebody coming behind;
 I prayed that I might get the strength of a Cain,
 To be able to whale him in Petticoat Lane.

I walloped away, and I got walloped, too,
 While all sorts of ructions were raised by the crew;
 You would swear it was raining brick-bats and stones,
 Till I heard my antagonist giving some groans.
 Run and be d—d to you! some one did cry,
 Sure, I can't for the mutton that's stuck in my eye;
 I was led through the crowd, and heard somebody saying,
 There's a peeler most killed in Petticoat Lane.

These words like a thunderbolt fell on my ear,
 So I scooped all the fat from my eye pretty clear;
 My friends tould the crowd that was 'round to be mute,
 While we slipped to a house, called "The sign of the boot,"
 There I called for a sup, and we both took a seat,
 Two or three that had backed us came in for a treat;
 When the reckoning was called for, my pockets were clean,
 For pounds, shillings, and pence were in Petticoat Lane.

PATER NOSTER.

FATHER of all! who reign'st supreme,
 Beyond you blue, o'er-arching sphere,
 As Thy forever glorious name
 Is hallow'd there, so be it here;
 Grant that our numbered hours may be
 So many hymns of praise to Thee!

"Thy kingdom come!" ah, yes, my God!
 That hope is sweet, indeed, to those
 Who, in this co'd world, feel the rod
 Of deep affliction, and the throcs
 Of pain; blest are they when the tomb
 Receives them; "oh, Thy kingdom
 come!"

Yet, Father! shouldst Thou deem it right
 To shower on me from year to year
 Those miseries which crush and blight
 Young hope, no murmurs shalt Thou hear
 From me, for I will utter none;
 No—then as now—"Thy will be done!"

"Give us this day our daily bread!"
 That thus our hearts be always free
 From sordid cares; and so be led
 To think more on Thy works and Thee.
 Lord! keep our souls fed constantly
 With Faith, and Hope, and Charity.

JUDY McCARTY.

COME, all my hearty, roving blades,
 Some fun you are expecting,
 And I will prove without any noise
 That I am not neglecting;
 You've heard the song of Biddy McGee,
 And how she coaxed poor Paddy,
 But another one you'll get from me
 About charming Judy McCarty.
 Whack fal la, etc.

At Donnybrook fair I met her,
 Along with Michael McCarty,
 He handed her into a seat with care,
 Then soon I followed after;
 I asked her up to dance a jig,
 She danced it nate and hearty,
 It was theu with love I felt quite big
 For charming Judy McCarty.
 Whack fal la, etc.

I asked her would she be my wife,
 Or, would she be my darling?
 The best of husbands I would make,
 And plaze her night and morning;
 She said she would, and glad she was
 I took her from the party.
 That night was spent in devilment
 Hugging Judy McCarty.
 Whack fal la, etc.

To go home then we did prepare,
 We jogged it all the way, sir;
 We slept together that very night,
 Until the break of day, sir;
 Next morning to the priest we went,
 Who tied us neat and hearty,
 That night was spent in devilment
 Hugging Judy McCarty.
 Whack fal la, etc.

PETTICOAT LANE.—*Continued.*

The reckoning it came to a hog and a goat,
For which the landlord he took the lend of my coat;
I started without, still cursing the town,
Says he: You have killed C. 106—
Arrah, be aisy, sir, I want none of your tricks!
But the sergeant and twenty more swore it was plain
That I was the bully of Petticoat Lane.

They all swarmed about me, like flies on a cask,
But to prison to take me was no easy task;
When I got there I was charged with the crime,
'Twas my own brother Darby I bate all the time,
Whin he seen me he let out a thundering curse.
On the day that he first went to join in the force;
He released my ould coat and he got me oil clean,
To go home and say prayers for sweet Petticoat Lane.

ROCKY ROAD TO DUBLIN.

In the merry month of June, when first from home I started,
And left the girls alone, sad and broken-hearted,
Shook hands with father dear, kissed my darling mother,
Drank a pint of beer, my tears and grief to smother;
Then off to reap the corn, and leave where I was born.
I cut a stout black-thorn to banish ghost or goblin;
With a pair of bran new brogues, I rattled o'er the bogs—
Sure I frightened all the dogs on the rocky road to Dublin.

CHORUS.

For it is the rocky road, here's the road to Dublin;
Here's the rocky road, now fire away to Dublin!

The steam-coach was at hand, the driver said he'd cheap ones,
But sure the luggage van was too much for my ha'pence,
For England I was bound, it would never do to balk it,
For every step of the road, bedad! says I, I'll walk it.
I did not sigh or moan until I saw Athlone.
A pain in my shin bone, it set my heart a-bubbling;
And fearing the big cannon, looking o'er the Shannon,
I very quickly ran on the rocky road to Dublin.

In Mullingar, that night, I rested limbs so weary,
Started by daylight, with spirits light and airy;
Took a drop of the pure, to keep my spirits from sinking,
That's always an Irishman's cure, whenever he's troubled with
thinking.

To see the lassies smile, laughing all the while
At my comical style, set my heart a-bubbling,
They axed if I was hired, the wages I required,
Until I was almost tired of the rocky road to Dublin.

In Dublin next arrived, I thought it was a pity
To be so soon deprived of a view of that fine city;
'Twas then I took a stroll, all among the quality,
My bundle then was stole in a neat locality,
Something crossed my mind, thinks I, I'll look behind.
No bundle could I find upon my stick a-wobbling.
Inquiring for the rogue, they said my Connaught brogue,
It wasn't much in vogue on the rocky road to Dublin.

A coachman raised his hand as if myself was wanting,
I went up to a stand, full of cars for jaunting;
"Step up, my boy!" says he; "Ah, ah! that I will with pleasure,"
"And to the strawberry beds, I'll drive you at your leisure."
"A strawberry bed?" says I, "faith, that would be too high!
On one of straw I'll lie, and the berries won't be troubling;
He drove me out as far, upon an outside car,
Faith! such jolting never wor on the rocky road to Dublin.

JUDY McCARTY.—*Continued.*

Twelve months after we were wed,
What do you think she brought, sir?
But a pair of twins as like their dad,
As ever soup's like broth, sir.
And now I'll finish my little song,
My song so gay and hearty;
The Irish boys such devils are
For getting the young McCartys.
Whack fal la, etc.

DRIMMIN DUBH DHEELISH.

Oh, I'm but a poor man,
And I had but one cow,
And when I had lost her
I could not tell how,
But so white was her face,
And so sleek was her tail,
That I thought my poor drimmin dubh
Never would fail.
Agus oro, drimmin dubh
Oro, ah.
Oro, drimmin dubh
Miel agra.

Returning from mass,
On a morning in May,
I met my poor drimmin dubh
Drowning by the way.
I roared and I brawled,
And my neighbors did call
To save my poor drimmin dubh,
She being my all.

Ah, neighbor! was this not
A sorrowful day,
When I gazed on the water
Where my drimmin dubh lay?
With a drone and a drizzen,
She bade me adieu,
And the answer I made
Was a loud pillalu.

Poor drimmin dubh sank,
And I saw her no more,
Till I came to an island
Was close by the shore;
And down on that island
I saw her again,
Like a bunch of ripe blackberries
Rolled in the rain.

Arrah, plague take you, drimmin dubh!
What made you die,
Or why did you leave me.
For what and for why?
I would rather lose Paudeen,
My bouchalleen bawn,
Than part with my drimmin dubh,
Now that you are gone.

When drimmin dubh lived,
And before she was dead,
She gave me fresh butter
To eat to my bread.
And likewise new milk
That I soaked with my *scome*,
But now it's black water
Since drimmin dubh's gone.

ROCKY ROAD TO DUBLIN.—*Continued.*

I soon got out of that, my spirits never failing,
I landed on the quay, just as the ship was sailing.
The captain at me roared, swore that no room had he,
But when I leaped on board, they a cabin found for Paddy.
Down among the pigs I played such rummy rigs,
Danced some hearty jigs, with water round me bubbling,
But when off Holyhead, I wished that I was dead,
Or safely put in bed, on the rocky road to Dublin.

The boys in Liverpool, when on the dock I landed,
Called myself a fool, I could no longer stand it;
My blood began to boil, my temper I was losing,
And poor old Erin's Isle, they all began abusing.
"Hurrah! my boys," says I, my shillelah I let fly,
Some Galway boys were by, they saw I was a hobble in;
Then with a loud hurrah! they joined me in the fray.
Faugh-a-ballagh! clear the way for the rocky road to Dublin.

ONE POUND TWO.

MAGGIE dear, I come to hear that you've been on a spree,
Where is my whole week's wages, I pray come tell to me;
When I come home at night I find no smell of drink on you,
Yet I would like to know how you laid out my one pound two.

Oh! Johnny dear, I have it here, penned down in black and white,
Come, count it now right after me and you will say I'm right;
You've been told that I've been on a spree, but you'll find it is not
true,
For, I will let you know how I laid out your one pound two.

In the first place, there's one shilling paid for two stone of meal,
Served four of us around the week—I'm sure it ain't a great deal:
And four stone of potatoes, for you know no less would do,
That's three and twopence halfpenny out of your one pound two.

For two hundred weight of coal three shillings I did pay,
Fourpenny loaf each morning, and two on the Sabbath day;
And every morning for the child—it's a baby son, it's true,
That's seven and eleven pence out of your one pound two.

Seven pence for sugar, seven pence for tea,
Seven pence for tobacco, that's one pennyworth each day;
And one shilling for beef, you know no less would do,
That's ten and ninepence halfpenny out of your one pound two.

Six pence for a pound of ham, and seven pence for a steak,
And six pence for vegetables it every week does take;
Four pence for two eggs this day I paid for you,
That's eleven and eleven pence hapenny out of your one pound two.

Twenty pence for butter, John—you know it's of the best,
And four pence more for buttermilk—now add that to the rest;
Oh! Johnny dear, you ask what with your money I do,
That's thirteen and ten pence hapenny out of your one pound two.

There is four shillings for rent that's all we do require,
And nine pence for sticks for to kindle up the fire;
And one shilling for milk, soap, soda, starch, and blue,
Add that up and you will exactly find your one pound two.

Maggie dear, your neighbors on you do complain,
They tell me my whole wages you every day do spend;
That a virtuous woman is worth gold I find it to be true,
You've exactly counted up my one pound two.

PADDY CAREY.

'Twas at the town of nate Clogheen
That Sergeant Snapp met Paddy Carey;
A elaner by was never seen,
Brisk as a bee, light as a fairy;
His brawny shoulders, four feet square,
His cheeks like thumping red potatoes;
His legs would make a chairman stare,
And Pat was loved by all the ladies;
Old and young, grave and sad,
Deaf and dumb, dull or mad;
Waddling, twaddling, limping, squinting,
Light, brisk and airy.

CHORUS.

All the sweet faces at Limerick races,
From Nullinavel to Magherafelt,
At Paddy's beautiful name would melt,
The sowl would cry and look so shy.
Och! Cashlamachree, did you ever see
The jolly boy, the dar'ling boy, the ladies'
toy,
Nimble footed, black-eyed, rosy-cheeked.
Curly-headed Paddy Carey?
Oh, sweet Paddy, beautiful Paddy,
Nate little, tight little Paddy Carey?

His heart was made of Irish oak,
Yet soft as streams from sweet Killarney;
His tongue was tipped with a bit of the
brogue,
But the deuce a bit at all of the blarney.
Now Sergeant Snapp, so sly and keen—
While Pat was coaxing duck-legged
Mary—
A shilling slipped so nate and elane,
By the powers! he listed Paddy Carey;
Tight and sound, strong and light,
Cheeks so round, eyes so bright:
Whistling, humming, drinking, drumming,
Light, tight, and airy.—CHORUS.

PAT O'HARA.

I AM an Irish boy, and my heart is full of
joy,
I owe my health to famous Limerick
city;
I can handle well the twig, or flitter an
Irish jig,
Or give you a stave of a native ditty.
My heart is seldom sad, I like to make folks
glad,
And the girls' eyes a twinkling like a
star, oh!
I'm always at my ease, for my friends I
love to tease,
I'm the rattling, rowling, teasing Pat
O'Hara.

CHORUS.

Hurrah! my Irish boys, that's fond of fun
and noise,
There's not from Dublin down to Conne-
mara,
Or from Limerick to Kildare, a boy that can
compare
With the rattling, rowling, teasing Pat
O'Hara.

PAT O'HARA.—*Continued.*

And on a pattern day my heart is light and
gay,

I frisk across the green sod light and
gaily;

I am always up to fun, but was never
known to run,

For that would be disgrace to my shilla-
lah.

If a colleen, too, you see that's looking after
me,

And faix, her name is Kitty McNamara;
With two eyes as black as sloes, that wher-
ever I may go,

They are always chasing after Pat
O'Hara.—CHORUS.

I love the emerald sod where in childhood
first I trod,

With its hills and valleys clothed in
shamrock green;

And its colleens sweet and fair, few with
them can compare,

For their equal's mighty seldom to be
seen, sure.

Tho' the times have changed this while in
dear ould Erin's isle,

And many have had to wander near and
far, oh;

Arrah! just keep up your heart, you'll find
that the better part,

'Tis the style that always pleases Pat
O'Hara.—CHORUS.

CORPORAL CASEY.

WHEN I was at home I was merry and
frisky,

My dad kept a pig, and my mother sold
whisky;

My uncle was rich, but would never be aisy,
Till I was enlisted by Corporal Casey.

Och! rub a dub, row de row, Corporal
Casey!

My dear little Shelah I thought would run
crazy

When I trudged away with tough Corporal
Casey.

I marched from Kilkenny, and as I was
thinking

On Shelah, my heart in my bosom was
sinking;

But soon I was forced to look fresh as a
daisy,

For fear of a drubbing from Corporal Casey.
Och! rub a dub, row de row, Corporal
Casey!

The devil go with him! I ne'er could be
lazy,

He stuck in my skirts so, old Corporal
Casey.

We went into battle, I took the blows fairly,
That fell on my pate, but they bothered me
rarely;

And who should the first be that dropt?
why, so please ye,

It was my good friend, honest Corporal
Casey.

Och! rub a dub, row de row, Corporal
Casey!

Thinks I, you are quiet, and I shall be aisy,
So eight years I fought without Corporal
Casey.

IRISH MARY.

FAR away from Erin's strand, and valleys wide and sounding
waters,

Still she is, in every land, one of Erin's real daughters;
Oh, to meet her here is like a dream of home and natal mountains,

On our hearts their voices strike, we hear the gushing of their
fountains

Yes! our Irish Mary dear! our own, our real Irish Mary!
A flower of home, fresh blooming come, art thou to us, our Irish
Mary!

Round about us here we see bright eyes like hers, and sunny faces
Charming all! if all were free of foreign airs, of borrowed graces.
Mary's eye it flashes truth! and Mary's spirit, Mary's nature,
Irish lady, fresh in youth, have beam'd o'er every look and feature,
Yes! our Irish Mary dear, when *La Tournure* doth make us weary,
We have you to turn unto for native grace, our Irish Mary.

Sighs of home! her Erin's songs o'er all their songs we love to
listen;

Tears of home! her Erin's wrongs subdue our kindred eyes to
glisten.

Oh! should woe to gloom consign the clear fireside of love and
honor,

You will see a holier sign of Irish Mary bright upon her!
Yes, our Irish Mary dear, will light that home, though e'er so
dreary,

Shining still o'er clouds of ill, sweet star of life, our Irish Mary!

THE MEN OF TIPPERARY.

LET Britain boast her British hosts, about them all right little
care we;

Not British seas nor British coasts can match the man of Tip-
perary.

Tall is his form, his heart is warm, his spirit light as any fairy.
His wrath is fearful as the storm that sweeps the hills of Tip-
perary.

Lead him to fight for native land, his is no courage cold and wary,
The troops live not on earth would stand the headlong charge of
Tipperary.

Yet meet him in his cabin rude, or dancing with his dark-haired
Mary,

You'd swear they knew no other mood but mirth and love in
Tipperary.

You're free to share his scanty meal, his plighted word he'll never
vary;

In vain they tried with gold and steel to shake the faith of Tip-
perary.

Soft is his cailin's sunny eye, her mien is mild, her step is airy.
Her heart is fond, her soul is high—oh! she's the pride of Tip-
perary!

Let Britain, too, her banner brag, we'll lift the green more proud
and airy;

Be mine the lot to bear that flag and head the men of Tipperary.

Though Britain boasts her British hosts, about them all right
little care we;

Give us, to guard our native coasts, the matchless men of Tip-
perary!

I'M NOT MYSELF AT ALL.

Oh, I'm not myself at all,
 Molly dear, Molly dear,
 I'm not myself at all.
 Notbin' carin', nothin' knowin',
 'Tis ather you I'm goin'.
 Faith, your shadow 'tis I'm growin',
 Molly dear,
 And I'm not myself at all!
 Th' other day I went confessin',
 And I ask'd the father's blessin';
 "But," says I, "don't give me one intirely,
 For I fretted so last year
 But the half o' me is here,
 So give the other half to Molly Brierly."
 Oh! I'm not myself at all!

Oh, I'm not myself at all,
 Molly dear, Molly dear,
 My appetite's so small—
 I once could pick a goose;
 But my buttons is no use,
 Faith, my tightest coat is loose,
 Molly dear,
 And I'm not myself at all!
 If thus it is I waste,
 You'd better, dear, make haste,
 Before your lover's gone away intirely;
 If you don't soon change your mind,
 Not a bit of me you'll find—
 And what 'ud you think' o' that, Molly
 Brierly?—
 Oh, I'm not myself at all!

Oh, my shadow on the wall,
 Molly dear, Molly dear,
 Isn't like myself at all.
 For I've got so very thin,
 Myself says 'tisn't him,
 But that purty girl so slim,
 Molly dear,
 And I'm not myself at all!
 If thus I smaller grew,
 All fretting, dear, for you,
 'Tis you should make me up the deficiency:
 So just let Father Taaff
 Make you my bether half,
 And you will not the worse for the addition
 be—
 Oh, I'm not myself at all!

I'll be not myself at all,
 Molly dear, Molly dear,
 Till you my own I call!
 Since a change o'er me there came
 Sure you might change your name—
 And 'twould just come to the same,
 Molly dear,
 'Twould just come to the same;
 For if you and I were one,
 All confusion would be gone,
 And 'twould simplify the matther intirely;
 And 'twould save us so much bother,
 When we'd both be one another—
 So listen now to rayson, Molly Brierly;
 Oh, I'm not myself at all!

ELLEN BAWN.

ELLEN BAWN—oh, Ellen Bawn, you darling—darling dear, you,
 Sit awhile beside me here, I'll die unless I'm near you!
 'Tis for you I'd swim the Snir and breast the Shannon's waters;
 For, Ellen dear, you've not your peer in Galway's blooming
 daughters!

Had I Limerick's gems and gold at will to mete and measure,
 Were Loughhrea's abundance mine, and all Portumna's treasure,
 These might lure me, might insure me many and many a new love,
 But oh! no bribe could pay your tribe for one like you, my true
 love!

Blessings be on Connaught! that's the place for sport and raking!
 Blessings, too, my love, on you, a-sleeping and a-waking!
 I'd have met you, dearest Ellen, when the sun went under,
 But, woe! the flooding Shannon broke across my path in thunder.

Ellen! I'd give all the deer in Limerick's parks and arbors,
 Ay, and all the ships that rode last year in Munster's harbors,
 Could I blot from Time the hour I first became your lover,
 For, oh! you've given my heart a wound it never can recover!

Would to God that in the sod my corpse to-night were lying,
 And the wild birds wheeling o'er it, and the winds a-sighing,
 Since your cruel mother and your kindred chose to sever
 Two hearts that love would blend in one forever and forever!

BOLD JACK DONAHOE.

COME all you valiant highwaymen and outlaws of disdain,
 Who've cause to live in slavery and wear the band and chain;
 Attention pay to what I say and rally if you do,
 While I relate the history of bold Jack Donahoe.

This bold, undaunted highwayman, as you understand he was,
 Banished from his native land, for his natural life;
 In Dublin city of renown, where his first breath he drew,
 The deeds of honor title him brave, valiant Donahoe.

Young Donahoe was taken in the middle of his prime,
 And was sentenced to be hanged for that out-daring crime;
 The police and constables him they did pursue,
 And before they arrived in Sydney safe, they lost bold Donahoe.

When he effected his escape he took to the highway,
 Where tyrants dare not walk the road by night or by day,
 Every morning in the newspapers there is something published
 new,
 Concerning of that hero bold, they call Jack Donahoe.

He had not been twelve months on the Australian shore,
 Till he turned out on the highway as many done before;
 There was McNamara, Andrew Ward, Welch and Walmesley, too—
 Those were the bold associates of brave Jack Donahoe.

As Donahoe and his companions walked out one afternoon,
 Not thinking that pains of death it should affect so soon;
 The horse police they did advance all horrors to subdue,
 And in quick time they did advance to take Jack Donahoe.

He said to his companions, If you prove true to me,
 This day we'll fight with all our might and gain our liberty:
 Said Ward and Webber, We will not fight, our comrades are so
 few,
 Begone from me, you cowardly dogs, cried bold Jack Donahoe.

If you would prove true to me, I would record your name,
 The people they will look on you with scorn and with shame—
 For to hang on the gallows tree I do not intend to do.
 So this day I'll fight with all my might, cried bold Jack Donahoe.

BOLD JACK DONAHOE.—*Continued.*

It never shall be said that Donahoe, the brave,
Should yield unto the British crown, or live to be their slave;
I'd sooner range the forest like a wolf or kangaroo,
Than to work one hour for the government, cried bold Jack
Donahoe.

Said the sergeant unto Donahoe, Discharge your carbine,
Do you intend to fight with us, or unto us resign?
Unto such cowardly dogs I never intend to do,
So this day I'll fight with all my might, cried bold Jack Donahoe.

WHAT IRISH BOYS CAN DO.

THEY insult an Irishman and think naught of what they say,
They'll call him green, an Irish bull; it happens every day;
Now to these folks I'll say a word, to sing a song I'll try,
And answer to those dirty words, no Irish need apply!
So, if you'll give attention, I'll sing my song to you,
And the subject of this song shall be: What Irish boys can do.

If you'd come to Ireland they'd treat you well, I'm sure,
Pat would share his last potato with the destitute and poor;
If you were sick and weary, and had no place to rest,
The bed you'd get, though poor perhaps, would be Pat's best.
He'd nurse you, too, he would that, and give you whisky, too,
And you cannot find a nobler act than Irishmen can do.

Did you ever know an Irishman from any danger flinch?
In fighting, too, he'd rather die than give his foe an inch;
Among the bravest in the world are the sons of Erin's green isle,
Sure, the Iron Duke of Wellington was a native of the soil;
And didn't he badly whip the French on the plains of Waterloo?
Which plainly showed to the whole world what Irishmen can do.

Old Ireland had her warriors who fought both true and brave,
Pat's assisted every nation on the land and on the wave;
And poets, too, she's had, yes, many and many a score,
Where can you find much brighter stars than Lover or Tom
Moore?

Old Ireland's had her actors, and authors not a few,
And things of wit and humor the Irish all can do.

Did you ne'er hear of Sheridan or of lamented Catherine Hays?
Did you ne'er see fun in Irish songs, or laugh at Irish plays?
Old Ireland's had her statesmen, their fame the wide world rings,
She's likewise had musicians to tune her old harp's strings!
Not all Irish girls are beautiful, but then they're always true,
And, for faith and generosity, the Irish girls will do.

And then, too, in the present war between the North and the
South,

Let no dirty slur on Irish ever escape your mouth;
Sure, did you ne'er hear tell of the 69th who bravely fought at
Bull Run?

And Meagher, of the seven days' fight, that was in front of Rich-
mond?

With General Shields who fought so brave for the flag, red, white
and blue.

And anything like a bayonet charge the Irish boys can do.

Then, why slur upon the Irish? why are they treated so?
What is it you have against them? is what I want to know;
Sure, they work for all they get, and that you can't deny!
Then, why insult them with the words: No Irish need apply?
If you want to find their principles go search the wide world
through,
And you'll find all things that's noble the Irish folks can do.

ONE BOTTLE MORE.

ASSIST me, ye lads, who have hearts void of
guile,
To sing out the praises of ould Ireland's
isle;

Where true hospitality opens the door,
And friendship detains us for one bottle
more.

One bottle more, arrah, one bottle more:
And friendship detains us for one bottle
more.

Old England, your taunts on our country
forbear;

With our bulls and our brogues we are true
and sincere;

For if but one bottle remains in our store,
We have generous hearts to give that bot-
tle more.

One bottle more, etc.

At Candy's in Church Street, I'll sing of a
set

Of six Irish blades who together had met;
Four bottles apiece made us call for our
score,

For nothing remained but just one bottle
more.

One bottle more, etc.

Our bill being brought we were loath to
depart,

For friendship had grappled each man by
the heart.

Where the least touch, you know, makes
an Irishman roar,
bottles more.

And the whack from shillalah brought six
One bottle more, etc.

Swift Phœbus now shone through our win-
dow so bright,

Quite happy to view his glad children of
light;

So we parted with hearts neither sorry nor
sore,

Resolving next night to drink twelve bottles
more.

Twelve bottles more, etc

THE POACHER.

O'RYAN was a man of might
Whin Ireland was a nation,
But poachin' was his heart's delight
And constant occupation.

He had an ould militia gun,
And sartin sure his aim was:

He gave the keepers many a run
And wouldn't mind the game laws.

St. Pathrick wunst was passin' by
O'Ryan's little bouldin',
And, as the saint felt wake and dhry,
He thought he'd enther bould in.
"O'Ryan," says the saint, "avick!
To praich at Thurles I'm goin',
So let me have a rasher quick,
And a dhrop of Innishowen."

THE POACHER.—Continued.

"No rasher will I cook for you,
While betther is to spare, sir,
But here's a jug of mountain dew,
And there's a rattlin' hare, sir."
St. Patrick he looked mighty sweet,
And, says he, "Good luck attend you,
And, when you're in your windin' sheet,
It's up to heaven I'll find you."
O'Ryan gave his pipe a whiff—
'Them tidin's is thransportin';
But may I ax your saintship if
There's any kind of sportin'?"
St. Patrick said, "A lion's there,
Two bears, a bull, and cancer"—
"Bedad," says Mick, "the huntin's rare;
St. Patrick, I'm your man, sir."
So, to conclude my song aright,
For fear I'd tire your patience,
You'll see O'Ryan any night
Amid the constellations.
And Venus follows in his track,
Till Mars grows jealous really,
But, faith, he fears the Irish knack
Of handling the shillaly.

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

WITH deep affection and recollection
I often think of those Shandon bells,
Whose sound so wild would, in days of child-
hood,
Fling round my cradle their magic spells.
On this I ponder, where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of
thee;
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.
I've heard bells chiming full many a clime
in,
Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine;
While at a glib rate brass tongues would
vibrate, [thine;
But all their music spoke nought like
For memory dwelling on each proud swelling
Of thy belfry knelling its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon,
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.
I've heard bells tolling "old Adrian's Mole"
in,
Their thunder rolling from the Vatican,
And cymbals glorious, swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame;
But thy sounds were sweeter, than the dome
of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly.
O! the bells of Shandon,
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.
There's a bell in Moscow, while on tower
and kiosko
In St. Sophio the Turkinan gets,
And loud in air, calls men to prayer
From the tapering summit of tall min-
arets.
Such empty phantom, I freely grant them;
But there's an anthem more dear to me,
'Tis the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

LAMENTATION OF JAMES RODGERS.

COME all you tender Christians, I hope you will draw near,
And likewise pay attention to those few lines I have here;
For the murder of Mr. Swanton I am condemned to die
On the twelfth day of November, upon the gallows high.

My name is James Rodgers—the same I never denied,
Which leaves my aged parents in sorrow for to cry;
They told me to shun night-walking and all bad company,
I came into New York to meet my fatal doom.

My parents reared me tenderly, as you can plainly see,
And constantly good advice they used to give to me;
They told me to shun night-walking and all bad company,
Or State's prison or the scaffold would be the doom for me.

In bad houses and liquor I used to take delight,
And constantly my companions they used me there invite;
They all persuaded me the use of knives were free,
I might commit a murder, and hanged I would not be.

Upon the fatal night, as you may plainly see,
My companions advised me to go and have a spree;
My passion got the best of me, as you may plainly know,
I drew the fatal knife, and it proved my overthrow.

Mr. Swanton and his wife were passing through the street,
And in my drunken passion I chanced them for to meet;
They surely did not injure me—the same I'll ne'er deny,
But Satan being so near to me, I could not pass them by.

I staggered up against them, and then he turned around,
And demanded if the sidewalk had not enough of ground;
It's then I drew the fatal knife and stabbed him to the heart,
Which leaves the loving wife from her husband for to part.

To Woodbridge then I quickly fled, thinking to escape,
But the hand of Providence was before me—indeed I was too late;
There I was taken prisoner and fetched unto my doom,
To die upon the gallows all in my youthful bloom.

My trial came on quickly, and condemned I was to die,
My companions and associates they were standing by;
I told them to take warning by that my humble fate,
To shun night-walking and bad company ere it be too late.

Farewell, my aged father! I ne'er will see you more,
And my broken-hearted mother, my loss you do deplore;
My sisters and brothers, to you I bid adieu,
Upon this fatal forenoon I have to part with you.

The morning of my execution was most heart-rending for to see,
My sister came from Jersey to take the last farewell of me;
She flew into my arms and bitterly did cry,
Saying: "My dear and loving brother, this day you are to die!"

Thanks to the Sheriff for his kindness to me,
Also my noble counselor who thought to get me free;
And likewise my faithful clergy who brought my mind to bear,
For now I die a true penitent, I solemnly declare.

My life is now ended—from this world I must part,
For the murder of Mr. Swanton I am sorry to the heart;
Let each wild and vicious youth a warning take by me.
To be ruled by their parents and shun bad company.

DONAL KENNY.

"COME, piper, play the 'Shaskan Reel,'
Or else the 'Lasses on the heather,'
And Mary, lay aside your wheel
Until we dance once more together.
At fair and pattern oft before
Of reels and jigs we've tripped full many;
But ne'er again this loved old floor
Will feel the foot of Donal Kenny."

Softly she arose and took his hand,
And softly glided through the measure,
While, clustering 'round, the village band
Looked half in sorrow, half in pleasure.
Warm blessings flowed from every lip
As ceased the dancers' airy motion;
Oh! Blessed Virgin guide the ship
Which bears bold Donal o'er the ocean!

"Now God be with you all!" he sighed,
Adown his face the bright tears flowing—
"God guard you well, *avie*," they cried,
"Upon the strange path you are going."
So full his breast, he scarce could speak,
With burning grasp the stretched hands
taking,
He pressed a kiss on every cheek,
And sobbed as if his heart was breaking.

"Boys, don't forget me when I'm gone,
For sake of all the days passed over,
The days you spent on heath and bawn,
With *Donal Ruadh*, the rattlin' rover.
Mary, *ajra*, your soft brown eye
Has willed my fate" (he whispered low-
ly);
"Another holds thy heart; good-by!
Heaven grant you both its blessings
holy!"

A kiss upon her brow of snow,
A rush across the moonlit meadow,
Whose brown-clad hazels, trembling slow,
The mossy breen wrapped in shadow;
Away o'er Tully's bounding rill,
And far beyond the Inny river;
One cheer on Carrick's rocky hill,
And Donal Kenny's gone forever.

* * * * *

The breezes whistled through the sails
O'er Galway Bay the ship was heaving,
And smothered groans and bursting walls
Told all the grief and pain of leaving.
One form among that exiled band
Of parting sorrow gave no token.
Still was his breath and cold his hand;
For Donal Kenny's heart was broken.

THE TAN-YARD SIDE.

I AM a rambling hero, by love I am ensnared;
Near to the town of Bollinglass there dwells a comely maid;
She's fairer than Diana bright, she's free from earthly pride,
She's a lovely maid—her dwelling place lies near the tan-yard
side.

I stood in meditation, I viewed her o'er and o'er,
I thought she was Aurora bright, descending down so low;
"No, no, kind sir, I'm a country girl," she modestly replied,
"I labor daily for my bread down by the tan-yard side."

Her golden hair, in ringlets rare, hangs o'er her snowy neck,
The killing glances of her eyes would save a ship from wreck,
Her two brown, sparkling eyes, and her teeth like ivory white,
Would make a man become her slave down by the tan-yard side.

For twelve long months we courted, till at length we did agree
For to acquaint her parents and married we would be;
Till at length her cruel father to me he proved unkind,
Which makes me sail across the seas and leave my true love
behind.

Farewell, my aged parents, and to you I bid adieu;
I'm crossing the main ocean, dear, for the sake of you;
But if ever I return again, I will make you my bride,
And I'll roll you in my arms down by the tan-yard side.

ERIN'S LOVELY HOME.

WHEN I was young and in my prime, my age just twenty-one,
I acted as a servant unto a gentleman;
I served him true and honest, and very well, it's known,
But in cruelty he banished me from Erin's lovely home.

For what he did banish me I mean to let you hear:
I own I loved his daughter, and she loved me as dear.
She had a large fortune, and riches I had none,
We'll bid adieu to all our friends in Erin's lovely home."

'Twas in her father's garden, all in the month of June,
We were viewing of those flowers all in their youthful bloom;
She said: "My dearest William, if with me you will roam,
We'll bid adieu to all our friends in Erin's lovely home.

I gave consent that very night along with her to roam
From her father's dwelling—it proved my overthrow;
The night was bright; by the moonlight we both set off alone,
Thinking to get safe away from Erin's lovely home.

When we came to Belfast, by the break of day,
My love, she then got ready our passage for to pay;
Five thousand pounds she counted down, saying: "This shall be
your own,
But do not mourn for those we've left in Erin's lovely home."

'Tis of our sad misfortune I mean to let you hear,
'Twas in a few hours after, her father did appear,
He marched me back to Homer jail in the county of Tyrone,
And there I was transported from Erin's lovely home.

When I heard my sentence, it grieved my heart full sore,
But parting from my true love it grieved me ten times more.
I had seven links upon my chain, for every link a year,
Before I can return again to the arms of my dear.

While I lay under sentence, before I sailed away,
My love, she came into the jail, and thus to me did say:
"Cheer up your heart, don't be dismayed, for I'll not you disown,
Until you do return again to Erin's lovely home."

I DREAMED THAT OLD IRELAND WAS FREE.

ONE night as I slumbered in sweet, peaceful rest,
Tired out from a long day of toil,
My thoughts, like a bird, over the ocean's white crest,
Wandered back to my own native soil;
But a great change had come since the time when a boy,
I played 'round my old mother's knee,
And my heart seemed to leap in my bosom with joy,
For I dreamed that old Ireland was free.

CHORUS.

The days of her freedom at last had arrove,
The time that we all long to see;
For which our great ancestors nobly had strove—
I dreamed that old Ireland was free.

I thought the chains that had bound her were broke,
And the dear little isle of my birth
At last from her slumbers of years had awoke,
And again was a power on earth;
The green flag of Erin was proudly unfurled
Over the emerald isle of the sea,
And loudly announced to the wondering world,
At last dear old Ireland was free.—CHORUS.

I awoke and found that 'twas only a dream,
A dream that had fled with the night,
For when through the window the morning sunbeam
Shone in my visions took flight;
I sank on my knees by my bedside to pray,
That the time may not far distant be
When my vision shall come in the broad light of day,
And will welcome old Ireland free.—CHORUS.

THE WILD IRISH BOY.

FAREWELL to the dear land I leave far behind,
Farewell to my father, although he be blind;
Shall I ever forget him while my heart beats with joy?
For he called me his darling, the wild Irish boy—
For he called me his darling, the wild Irish boy.

When I came to this country I had brogues on my feet,
And corduroy breeches, although I looked neat,
Yet the boys they all laughed at me, which to me was a joy,
For they called me the hero, the wild Irish boy—
For they called me the hero, the wild Irish boy.

There is one they'll remember and never forget,
'Tis Washington's dear friend, the bold Lafayette;
Who gave fortune and all, not wishing for fame,
For he dearly loved freedom and Washington's name—
For he dearly loved freedom and Washington's name.

I'll send for my parents and they will come here,
To a land filled with plenty, and a land they love dear:
For I know they will bless me, while their hearts beat with joy,
For they call me their own son, their wild Irish boy.

There's the land of my kindred I'll never forget,
For the time it may come when it will be happy yet;
Would to God it were now, for 'twould give me great joy
For to gaze once more on it, though a wild Irish boy—
For to gaze once more on it, though a wild Irish boy.

COME BACK TO YOUR OLD IRISH HOME.

THERE'S a garden spot on earth, to me
'Tis the sweetest place I've seen;
Where childhood's happy moments passed—
I see it in my dreams:
But I left it and came to roam,
'Twas hard to say good-by;
Ofttimes I fancy I can hear
My poor old mother cry:

CHORUS.

Come back! come back!
Come back here to your Irish home,
Then come back! come back!
Come back, Kate, och hone.

I've been away one year to-day,
And my heart feels lonely yet;
Ofttimes they write and seem to fear
That I will soon forget;
But I can't forget where'er I roam,
No matter how I try,
And in my sleep I seem to hear
My poor old mother cry:—CHORUS.

BRIGHT EMERALD ISLE OF THE SEA.

My heart wanders back o'er the waters
To the land that I left long ago;
I loved one of Erin's fair daughters,
And she's faithful to me, I well know.
Her form is as neat as the fairy,
And her smile, 'tis a blessing to me;
Oh! I'll never forget you, dear Mary,
Or the bright emerald Isle of the sea.

They forced me in sorrow to leave thee,
But, my own, there are bright days in store;
When hands of the tyrant shall grieve you,
Lovely land of my birth, never more.
Though dark is the present, my fairy,
Oh! how sweet is the dawn that will be;
And I'll never forget you, dear Mary,
Or the bright emerald Isle of the sea.

The cot and the brook where we parted,
Oh! I see every night in my sleep;
I wander almost broken-hearted,
When I think of the past I weep.
I'll toil on for your sake, my fairy,
For there's hope in the years that will be;
I'll come and I'll wed you, dear Mary,
In the bright emerald Isle of the sea.

THE ROSE OF KENMARE.

I've been in a small way
On the girlsens of Galway,
And the Limerick lasses have made me feel
quare:
But theres no use denyin'
No girl I've set eye on
Could compare wid Rose Ryan of the town of
Kenmare.

THE ROSE OF KENMARE—Continued.

Oh, where
 Can her like be found?
 Nowhere,
 The country round,
 Spins at her wheel
 Daughter as true,
 Sets in the reel,
 Wid a slide of the shoe,
 A slinderer,
 Tinderer,
 Purtier,
 Wittier
 Colleen than you,
 Rose, aroo!

Her hair mocks the sunshine,
 And the soft silver moonshine
 Her white arm and bosom completely
 eclipse;
 Whilst the nose of the jewel
 Slants straight as Carn Tual
 From the heaven in her eye to her heather-
 sweet lips.
 Oh, where, etc.

Did your eyes ever follow
 The wings of the swallow,
 Here and there, light as air, o'er the
 meadow-field glance?
 For, if not, you've no notion
 Of the exquisite motion
 Of her sweet little feet as they dart in the
 dance,
 Oh, where, etc.

If y' inquire why the nightingale.
 Still shuns the invitin' gale
 That wafts every song-bird but her to the
 West,
 Faix, she knows, I suppose,
 Ould Kenmare has a rose
 That would sing any Bulbul to sleep in her
 nest.
 Oh, where, etc.

When her voice gives the warnin'
 For the milkin' in the mornin',
 Ev'n the cow known for hornin' comes
 runnin' to her pail;
 The lambs play about her
 And the small bonneens snout her,
 Whilst their parints salute her wid a twisht
 of the tail.
 Oh, where, etc.

When at noon from our labor
 We draw neighbor wid neighbor
 From the heat of the sun to the shilter of
 the tree,
 Wid spuds fresh from the bilin'
 And new milk you come smilin',
 All the boys' hearts beguilin', Alanna
 maehree!
 Oh, where, etc.

But there's one sweeter hour,
 When the hot day is o'er,
 And we rest at the door wid the bright
 moon above,
 And she sittin' in the middle,
 When she's guessed Larry's riddle,
 Cries, "Now for your fiddle, my love, my
 love."
 Oh, where, etc.

DONNELLY AND COOPER.

COME all you true-bred Irishmen, I hope you will draw near,
 And likewise pay attention to those few lines you hear;
 It's of as true a story as ever you did hear,
 It's about Donnelly and Cooper, that fought all on Kildare.

'Twas on the 3d of June, brave boys, this challenge sent o'er
 From Britannia to old Grauna to renew her sons once more;
 To renew her satisfaction, and her credit to recall,
 For they're all in deep distraction since Donnelly conquered all.

Old Grauna read the challenge received and she smiled,
 Saying: "You'd better hasten to Kildare, my well-beloved child,
 There you will reign victorious, which you often did before,
 And your deeds will shine so gloriously around old Erin's shore."

The challenge was accepted, these heroes did prepare
 To meet brave Captain Kelly on the Curragh of Kildare;
 When these two bully champions were stripped off in the ring,
 They both were still determined on each other's blood to spill.

From 6 to 9 parried their time, till Donnelly knocked him down,
 Old Grauna smiled: "Well done, my child, that is ten thousand
 pound!"

The second round that Cooper fought he knocked down Donnelly,
 Likewise true game was Donnelly, he rose most furiously.

Right active then was Cooper, he knocked Donnelly down again;
 Those Englishmen then gave three cheers, saying: "The battle's
 all in vain."

Long life to brave Miss Kelly, she's recorded on the plain,
 She boldly stepped into the ring, saying: "Dan, my boy, what do
 you mane?
 My Irish boy," said she, "my whole estate I've bet on you, brave
 Donnelly."

Donnelly rose again, and meeting with great might,
 And to stagnate those nobles all, continued to his fight:
 Cooper stood in his own defense, exertion proved in vain,
 He soon received a temple blow that knocked him on the plain.

Now, you sons of proud Britannia, your boasting now recall,
 Since Cooper now by Donnelly he met a sad downfall:
 Out of eleven rounds, gave nine knock-downs and broke his jaw-
 bone;
 "Shake hands," said she, "brave Donnelly, the battle's all our
 own."

O'DONNELL, THE AVENGER.

COME all true sons of Erin's isle, and listen unto me,
 I'm sure, when you have heard my song, with me you will agree:
 To condemn those English juries who, with faces grim and bold,
 Do send poor innocent Irishmen to dungeons dark and cold.
 Of that great erime in Phenix Park, no doubt you all have heard.
 At the trial of the prisoners, you all know what occurred:
 James Carey turned informer, and those precious lives he sold,
 And sent them to their dreadful doom for a bit of English gold.

To escape a speedy vengeance, James Carey had to roam,
 And with his ruined family he left his native home:
 And thought to seek seclusion in lands quite far away,
 So he sailed on the Melrose Castle for the shores of Africa.
 On the 29th day of July, as the ship was nearing shore,
 Some passengers near the forecastle heard a terrible uproar;
 They rushed toward the cabin, but ere they reached the spot,
 The base informer Carey had received a fatal shot.

O'DONELL, THE AVENGER.—*Continued.*

Those noble lives had been avenged, the traitor now is dead,
The avenger, Pat. O'Donnell, soon slept on a prison bed;
Cast there by English tyrants until his day of trial,
When he was tried, like other Irishmen, in the unjust English
style.

On the 30th of November, for this murder he was tried,
When he saw Judge Denham on the bench, all hopes within him
died;

His counsel, who were able men, to save him hard did try,
But the jury found him guilty, which meant that he should die.

On the 1st day of December, he was sentenced to be hung,
Soon over the whole universe the doleful tidings rung;
In every cot in Erin's isle great sorrow did prevail,
For the friends of Pat. O'Donnell his misfortune did bewail.
The day of his execution was a terrible sight to see,
His comrades at the prison gate were weeping bitterly;
At the loathsome sight of the gallows he ne'er d'd eringe or cry,
As a martyr for his native land quite bravely did he die.

Although he's dead and laid to rest, all honored be his name,
Let no one look upon his act with contempt or disdain;
His impulse was but human, that no one will deny,
And I hope he'll be forgiven by the Infinite One on high.
If every son of Erin's isle had such a heart as he,
Soon would they set their native land once more at liberty;
Unfurl their flag unto the breeze, their rights they would redeem,
If unity and friendship in their land did reign supreme.

O'DONOVAN'S DAUGHTER.

ONE midsummer's eve, when the Bel-fires were lighted,
And the bag-piper's tone call'd the maidens delighted,
I joined a gay group by the Aragin's water,
And danced till the dawn with O'Donovan's daughter.

Have you seen the ripe monadan glisten in Kerry?
Have you mark'd on the Galteys the black whortleberry?
Or eeanaban wave by the wells of Blackwater?
They're the cheek, eye and neck of O'Donovan's daughter!

Have you seen a gay kidling on Claragh's round mountain?
The swan's arching glory on Sheeling's blue fountain?
Heard a weird woman chant what the fairy choir taught her?
They've the step, grace, and tone of O'Donovan's daughter!

Have you mark'd in its flight the black wing of the raven?
The rose-buds that breathe in the summer-breeze waven?
The pearls that lie hid under Lene's magic water?
They're the teeth, lip, and hair of O'Donovan's daughter!

Ere the Bel-fire was dimm'd, or the dancers departed,
I taught her a song of some maid broken-hearted;
And that group, and that dance, and that love-song I taught her,
Haunt my slumbers at night with O'Donovan's daughter!

God grant 'tis no fay from Cnoc-Firinn that woos me,
God grant 'tis not Clíodhna the queen that pursues me,
That my soul lost and lone has no witchery wrought her,
While I dream of dark groves and O'Donovan's daughter!

If, spellbound, I pine with an airy disorder,
Saint Gobnate has sway over Musgrý's wide border;
She'll scare from my couch, when with prayer I've besought her,
That bright airy sprite like O'Donovan's daughter.

THE BOYS OF WEXFORD.

In comes the captain's daughter,
The captain of the Yeos,
Saying: " Brave United men,
We'll ne'er again be foes.
A thousand pounds I'll give thee,
And fly from home with thee,
And dress myself in man's attire,
And fight for liberty!"
We are the boys of Wexford,
Who fought with heart and hand
To burst in twain the galling chain,
And free our native land!

And when we left our cabins, boys,
We left with right good will,
To see our friends and neighbors
That were at Vinegar Hill.
A young man from our ranks,
A cannon he let go;
He slapped it into Lord Mountjoy—
A tyrant he laid low.
We are the boys of Wexford,
We fought with heart and hand
To burst in twain the galling chain,
And free our native land.

We bravely fought and conquered
At Ross and Wexford town;
And, if we failed to keep them,
'Twas drink that brought us down.
We had no drink beside us
On Tubberneering's day,
Depending on the long bright pike,
And well it worked its way!
We are the boys of Wexford,
We fought with heart and hand
To burst in twain the galling chain,
And free our native land.

They came into the country
Our blood to waste and spill;
But let them weep for Wexford,
And think of Oulart Hill!
'Twas drink that still betrayed us—
Of them we had no fear;
For every man could do his part
Like Forth and Shelmaliel!
We are the boys of Wexford
We fought with heart and hand
To burst in twain the galling chain,
And free our native land.

My curse upon all drinking,
It made our hearts full sore;
For bravery won each battle,
But drink lost ever more;
And if, for want of leaders,
We lost at Vinegar Hill,
We're ready for another fight,
And love our country still!
We are the boys of Wexford
We fought with heart and hand
To burst in twain the galling chain,
And free our native land.

THE COW THAT ATE THE PIPER.

In the year '98, when our troubles were great,
And it was treason to be a Milesian,
That black-whiskered set we will never forget,
Though history tells us they were Hessian.
In this troublesome time, oh! 'twas a great crime,
And murder never was riper,
At the side of Glenshee, not an acre from me,
There lived one Denny Byrne, a piper.

Neither wedding or wake would be worth a shake,
Where Denny was not first invited,
At squeezing the bags and emptying the kegs,
He astonished as well as delighted.
In these times poor Denny could not earn one penny,
Martial law had him stung like a viper;
They kept him within till the bones and the skin
Were grinning thro' the rags of the piper.

One evening in June, as he was going home,
After the fair of Rathnagan,
What should he see from the branch of a tree,
But the corpse of a Hessian there hanging.
Says Denny: "Those rogues have boots, I've brogues,"
On the boots then he laid such a griper,
He pulled with such might, and the boots were so tight,
That legs and boots came away with the piper.

Then Denny did run, for fear of being hung,
Till he came to Tim Kennedy's cabin;
Says Tim from within: "I can't let you in,
You'll be shot if you're caught there a-rapping."
He went to the shed, where the cow was in bed,
With a wisp he began to wipe her;
They lay down together on a seven-foot feather;
And the cow fell a-hugging the piper.

Then Denny did yawn, as the day it did dawn,
And he stree'd off the boots of the Hessian;
The legs—by the law, he left on the straw
And he gave them leg-bail for his mission.
When the breakfast was done, Tim sent out his son,
To make Denny jump up like a lamplighter;
When the legs there he saw, he roar'd like a jackdaw,
"Oh, daddy! the cow's ate the piper!"

"Musha bad luck on the beast—she'd a musical taste,
For to eat such a beautiful chanter;
Arrah! Patrick avic, take a lump of a stick,
Drive her off to Glenhealy—we'll cant her."
Mrs. Kennedy baw'd, and the neighbors were call'd,
They began for to humbug and gibe her;
To the churchyard Tim walked, with the legs in a box,
And the cow will be hung for the piper.

The cow she was drove a mile or two off,
To the fair at the side of Glenhealy.
And there she was sold for four guineas in gold,
To clerk of the parish, Tim Daly.
They went to a tent, the luck-penny was spent,
The clerk being a jolly old swiper,
Who d'ye think was there, playing the "Rakes of Kildare,"
But poor Denny Byrne, the piper!

Then Tim gave a bolt, like a half-drunken colt,
At the piper he gazed like a gommack,
He said: "By the powers! I thought these eight hours
You were playing in driman dhu's stomach!"
Then Denny observed how the Hessian was served,
And they all wish'd Nick's cure to the griper;
For grandeur they met, their whistles they wet,
And like fairies they danced round the piper.

MO CRAOIBHIN CNO.*

My heart is far from Liffey's tide
And Dublin town;
It stays beyond the Southern side
Of Cnoc-Maol-Donn,†
Where Cappoquin‡ bath woodlands green,
Where Amhan-Mhor's§ waters flow,
Where dwells unsung, unsought, unseen,
Mo craoibhin cno,
Low clustering in her leafy screen,
Mo craoibhin cno!

The high-bred dames of Dublin town
Are rich and fair,
With wavy plume, and silken gown,
And stately air;
Can plumes compare thy dark brown hair?
Can silks thy neck of snow?
Or measur'd pace, thine artless grace,
Mo craoibhin cno,
When harebells scarcely show thy trace,
Mo craoibhin cno?

I've heard the songs by Liffey's wave
The maidens sung—
They sung their land the Saxon's slave,
In Saxon tongue—
Oh! bring me here that Gaelic dear
Which cursed the Saxon foe,
When thou didst charm my raptured ear,
Mo craoibhin cno!
And none but God's good angels near,
Mo craoibhin cno!

I've wandered by the rolling Lee!
And Lene's green bowers—
I've seen the Shannon's wide-spread sea,
And Limerick's towers—
And Liffey's tide, where hills of pride
Frown o'er the flood below;
My wild heart strays to Amhan-Mhor's
side,
Mo craoibhin cno!
With love and thee for aye to hide,
Mo craoibhin cno!

* *Mo craoibhin cno* literally means *my cluster of nuts*: but it figuratively signifies *my nut brown maid*. It is pronounced *Ma Creevin Kno*.
† *Cnoc-mool-Donn*—*The Brown bare hill*. A lofty mountain between the county of Tipperary and that of Waterford, commanding a glorious prospect of unrivaled scenery.

‡ *Cappoquin*. A romantically situated town on the Blackwater, in the county of Waterford. The Irish name denotes the *The Head of the Tribe of Conn*.

§ *Amhan-Mhor*—*The Great River*. The Blackwater, which flows into the sea at Youghal. The Irish name is uttered in two sounds, *Oan Fore*.

FATHER O'FLYNN.

Of priests we can offer a charmin' variety,
Far renowned for larnin' and piety;
Still, I'd advance ye, widout impropriety,
Father O'Flynn as the flower of them all.
Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,
Slainté, and slainté, and s'ainté agin;
Powerfullest preacher, and
Tinderest teacher, and
Kindliest creature in ould Donegal.

FATHER O'FLYNN.—*Continued.*

Don't talk of your Provost and Fellows of
Trinity,

Famous for ever at Greek and Latinity,
Dad, and the divils and all at Divinity,
Father O'Flynn'd make hares of them all!

Come, I venture to give ye my word,
Never the likes of his logic was heard,

Down from mythology

Into thayology,

Troth! and conchology, if he'd the call.

Here's a health, etc.

Och! Father O'Flynn, you've the wonderful
way wid you,

All ould sinners are wishful to pray wid
you,

All the young childer are wild for to play
wid you,

You've such a way wid you, Father aviek.

Still, for all you're so gentle a soul—

Gad! you've your flock in the grandest
control:

Checking the crazy ones,

Coaxin' onaisy ones,

Lifting the lazy ones wid the stick.

Here's a health, etc.

And though quite avoidin' all foolish frivol-
ity,

Still at all seasons of innocent jollity,

Where was the play-boy could claim an
equality

At comicality, Father, wid you?

Once the Bishop looked grave at your
jest,

Till this remark set him off with the
rest:

"Is it lave gaiety

All to the laity?

Cannot the clergy be Irishmen too'?

Here's a health, etc.

COLLEEN BAWN.

By the clear lakes of Killarney

Walked a youth one fine summer morn,

Who softly was' whispering blarney

To one whom he called Colleen Bawn;

He promised her jewels so rare,

He promised her gold in galore,

And said that a maiden so fair

Deserved all she wished for and more.

Then beamed on the sweet face of Eily

A smile like the first flush of dawn,

And she said, while glancing so slyly:

You'll marry your own Colleen Bawn;

You'll marry your own Colleen Bawn.

He spoke of his family's pride—

She told him at once to be gone,

And said: Sir, unless as a bride,

In vain you will seek Colleen Bawn.

The wild flowers that grow by the lake

Are jewels sufficient for me.

And all the gold from you I'd take,

In a plain, simple ring it must be.

Then bright grew the sweet face of Eily,

For he promised the very next morn

To speak to the priest, Father Riley,

And marry his dear Colleen Bawn;

And marry his dear Colleen Bawn.

MORRISEY AND THE RUSSIAN.

Come all ye gallant Irishmen, wherever that you be,
I hope you'll pay attention and listen unto me
Till I sing about the battle that took place the other day
Between a Russian sailor and gallant Morrissey.

'Twas in Terre-del-Fuego, in South America,
This Russian challenged Morrissey—these words to him did say:
"I hear you are a fighting man, and wear a belt, I see,
Indeed I wish you would consent to have a round with me."

Then out spoke brave Morrissey, with heart both brave and true,
"I am a valiant Irishman that never was subdued,
For I can whale the Yankee, the Saxon bull or bear;
In honor of old Paddy's land I still the laurel wear."

Those words enraged the Russian boy upon the Yankee land,
To think that he should be put down by any Irishman.
Says he: "You are too light a frame, and that without mistake,
I'll have you resign the belt or else your life I'll take."

To fight upon the 10th of March these heroes did agree,
And thousands came from every part the battie for to see;
The English and the Russians their hearts were filled with glee,
They swore this Russian sailor-boy would kill brave Morrissey.

Those heroes stepped into the ring most gallant to be seen
And Morrissey put on the belt, bound round with shamrock green;
Full sixty thousand dollars then, as you may plainly see,
Was to be champion's prize who would gain the victory.

They shook hands and walked around the ring, commencing then
to fight,

It filled each Irish heart with pride for to behold the sight.

The Russian he floored Morrissey up to the eleventh round,

With Yankee, Russian, and Saxon cheers the valley did resound.

The Irish offered four to one that day upon the grass,
No sooner said than taken up, and down they brought the cash.
They parried away without delay to the thirty-second round,
When Morrissey received a blow that brought him to the ground.

Up to the thirty-seventh round 'twas fall and fall about,
Which made the foreign tyrants to keep a sharp lookout;
The Russian called his second for to have a glass of wine,
Our Irish hero smiled and said: "This battle will be mine."

The thirty-eighth decided all, the Russian felt the smart—
Morrissey with a dreadful blow struck the Russian on the heart;
The doctor he was called upon to open up a vein,
He said it was quite useless, he would never fight again.

Our hero conquered Thompson, the Yankee Clipper, too,
The Benicia Boy, and Sheppard he nobly did subdue;
So let us fill a flowing glass, and here is health galore
To noble Johnny Morrissey and Paddies evermore.

THE MAID OF SWEET GORTEEN.

COME all you gentle Muses, combine and lend an ear,
While I set forth the praises of a charming maiden fair;
It's the curling of her yellow locks that stole away my heart,
And death, I'm sure, must be the cure if she and I must part.

The praises of this lovely maid I mean for to unfold,
Her hair hangs o'er her shoulders like lovely links of gold;
Her carriage neat, her limbs complete, which fractured quite my
brain,
Her skin is whiter than the swan that swims on the purling
stream.

Her eyes are like the diamonds bright that shine in crystal stream,
So modest and so tender, she's fit to be a queen;
Many pleasant hours I spent in the garden field,
In hopes to get another sight of the maid of sweet Gorteen.

It was my cruel father that caused my grief and woe,
He locked her in a room and would not let her go;
Her windows I have daily watched, thinking she might be seen,
In hopes to get another sight of the maid of sweet Gorteen.

My father arose one day and thus to me did say:
O, my dear son, be advised by me, don't throw yourself away,
To marry a poor servant girl whose parents are so mean,
So stay at home and do not roam, but always with me remain.

O, father, dearest father, don't part me from my dear,
I would not lose my darling for 1,000 pounds a year;
Was I possessed of England's crown I would make her my queen,
In high renown I'd wear the crown with the maid of sweet Gorteen

My father in a passion flew and thus to me did say:
Since it's the case within this place no longer she shall stay,
Mark what I say, from this very day you never shall see her face,
For I will send her far away unto some lonesome place.

'Twas a few days after a horse he did prepare,
And sent my darling far away to a place I know not where;
I may go view my darling's room, where oftentimes she has been,
Thinking to get another sight of the maid of sweet Gorteen.

Now to conclude and make an end I take my pen in hand,
John O'Brien is my name, and flowery is my land,
My days are spent in merriment since my darling I first seen,
But her abode is on a road at a place called sweet Gorteen.

THE POOR MAN'S LABOR'S NEVER DONE.

I MARRIED a wife for to sit by me, which makes me sorely to
repent;
Matches, they say, are made in heaven, but mine was for a penance
sent.

I soon became a servant to her, to milk the cows and black her
shoon;
For women's ways, they must have pleasure, and the poor man's
labor's never done.

The very first year that we were married, she gave to me a pretty
babe;
She sat me down to rock its cradle, and give it cordial when it
waked:

If it cried, she would bitterly scould me, and if it hawled, away I
should run;
For women's ways, they must have pleasure, and the poor man's
labor's never done.

So all ye young men that are inclined to marry, be sure and
marry a loving wife,
And do not marry my wife's sister, or she will plague you all your
life;

Do not marry her mother's daughter, or she will grieve your heart
full sore;
But take from me my wife, and welcome—and then my care and
trouble is o'er.

CAOCH THE PIPER.

ONE winter's day, long—long ago,
When I was a little fellow,
A piper wandered to our door,
Gray-headed, blind, and yellow—
And oh, how glad was my young heart,
Though earth and sky looked dreary—
To see the stranger and his dog—
Poor "Pinch" and Caoch O'Leary.

And when he stowed away his "bag,"
Cross-barred with green and yellow,
I thought and said: "In Ireland's ground
There's not so fine a fellow."
And Pincen Burk and Shane Magee,
And Eily, Kate, and Mary,
Rushed in, with frantic haste to "see"
And "welcome" Caoch O'Leary.

Oh, God be with those happy times,
Oh, God be with my childhood,
And often when I walked and danced
With Eily, Kate, and Mary,
We spoke of childhood's rosy hours,
And prayed for Caoch O'Leary.

Well—twenty summers had gone past,
And June's red sun was sinking,
When I, a man, sat by my door,
Of twenty sad things thinking.
A little dog came up the way,
His gait was slow and weary,
And at his tail a lame man limped—
'Twas "Pinch" and Caoch O'Leary.

Old Caoch! but oh! how woe-begone!
His form is bowed and bending,
His fleshless hands are still and wan,
Ay—Time is even blending.
The colors on his threadbare "bag"—
And "Pinch" is twice as hairy,
And "thin-spare" as when first I saw
Himself and Caoch O'Leary.

"God's blessing here," the wanderer cried,
"Far—far be hell's black viper;
Does anybody hereabouts
Remember Caoch the Piper?"
With swelling heart I grasped his hand;
The old man murmured: "Deary!
When I, bare headed, roamed all day
Bird-nesting in the wild-wood—
I'll not forget those sunny hours,
However years may vary;
I'll not forget my early friends,
Nor honest Caoch O'Leary.

Poor Caoch and "Pinch" slept well that
night,
And in the morning early
He called me up to hear him play
"The wind that shakes the barley."
And then he stroked my flaxen hair,
And cried: "God mark my deary."
And how he wept when he said: "Farewell,
And think of Caoch O'Leary."

And seasons came and went, and still
Old Caoch was not forgotten,
Although I thought him "dead and gone,"
And in the cold clay rotten,
"Are you the silky headed child
That loved poor Caoch O'Leary?"

CAOCH THE PIPER.—*Continued.*

"Yes—yes," I said—the wanderer wept
As if his heart was breaking—
"And where, a *vhic machree*," he sobbed,
"Is all the merry-making
I found here twenty years ago?"—
"My tale" I sighed, "might weary,
Enough to say—there's none but me
To welcome Caoch O'Leary."

"Vo—Vo—Vo!" the old man cried,
And wrung his hands in sorrow,
"Pray lead me in, *asthorc machree*,
And I'll go home to-morrow.
My 'peace is made'—I'll calmly leave
This world so cold and dreary,
And you shall keep my pipes and dog,
And pray for Caoch O'Leary."

With "Pinch," I watched his bed that night,
Next day, his wish was granted;
He died—and Father James was brought,
And the Requiem mass was chanted—
The neighbors came; we dug his grave,
Near Eily, Kate, and Mary,
And there he sleeps his last sweet sleep;
God rest you! Caoch O'Leary.

GARRYOWEN.

LET Bacchus's sons be not dismayed,
But join with me each jovial blade;
Come booze and sing and lend your aid
To help me with the chorus:
Instead of Spa we'll drink brown ale,
And pay the reckoning on the nail,
No man for debt shall go to gaol
From Garryowen in glory!

We are the boys that take delight in
Smashing the Limerick lamps when lighting,
Through the streets like sporters fighting,
And bearing all before us.
Instead of Spa, etc.

We'll break windows, we'll break doors,
The watch knock down by threes and fours;
Then let the doctors work their cures
And tinker up our bruises.
Instead of Spa, etc.

We'll beat the bailiffs, out of fun,
We'll make the mayor and sheriffs run;
We are the boys no man dares dun,
If he regards a whole skin.
Instead of Spa, etc.

Our hearts, so stout, have got us fame,
For soon 'tis known from whence we came;
Where'er we go they dread the name
Of Garryowen in glory.
Instead of Spa, etc.

Johnny Connell's tall and straight,
And in his limbs he is complete;
He'll pitch a bar of any weight
From Garryowen to Thomond Gate.
Instead of Spa, etc.

Garryowen is gone to wrack,
Since Johnny Connell went to Cork,
Though Darby O'Brien leapt over the dock,
In spite of all the soldiers.
Instead of Spa, etc.

SHAN VAN VOGH.

Oh! the French are on the sea, says the Shan Van Vogh;
The French are on the sea, says the Shan Van Vogh;
Oh! the French are in the bay, they'll be here without delay,
And the orange will decay, says the Shan Van Vogh.
Oh! the French are in the bay, they'll be here by break of day,
And the orange will decay, says the Shan Van Vogh.

And where will they have their camp? says the Shan Van Vogh;
Where will they have their camp? says the Shan Van Vogh;
On the Curragh of Kildare, the boys they will be there,
With their pikes in good repair, says the Shan Van Vogh.
To the Curragh of Kildare, the boys they will repair,
And Lord Edward will be there, says the Shan Van Vogh.

Then what will the yeomen do? says the Shan Van Vogh;
What will the yeomen do? says the Shan Van Vogh;
What should the yeomen do, but throw off the red and blue,
And swear that they'll be true to the Shan Van Vogh?
What should, etc.

And what color will they wear? says the Shan Van Vogh;
What color will they wear? say the Shan Van Vogh;
What color should be seen where our fathers' homes have been,
But our own immortal green? says the Shan Van Vogh.
What color, etc.

And will Ireland then be free? says the Shan Van Vogh;
Will Ireland then be free? says the Shan Van Vogh;
Yes! Ireland shall be free, from the center to the sea,
Then hurrah for liberty! says the Shan Van Vogh.
Yes! Ireland, etc.

KATHLEEN BAN ADAIR.

THE battle blood of Antrim had not dried on freedom's shroud,
And the rosy ray of morning was but struggling thro' the cloud;
When, with lightning foot and deathly cheek, and widely waving
hair,
O'er grass and dew, scarce breathing, flew young Kathleen ban
Adair.

Behind, her native Antrim in a reeking ruin lies;
Before her, like a silvery path, Kell's sleeping waters rise;
And many a pointed shrub has pierc'd those feet so white and
bare,
But, oh! thy heart is deeper rent, young Kathleen ban Adair.

And Kathleen's heart but one week since was like a harvest morn;
When hope and joy are kneeling 'round the sheaf of yellow corn;
But where's the bloom then made her cheek so ripe, so richly fair?
Thy stricken heart hath fed on it, young Kathleen ban Adair.

And now she gains a thicket, where the slee and hazel rise;
But why those shrieking whispers, like a rush of worded sighs?
Ah, low and lonely bleeding lies a wounded patriot there,
And every pang of his is thine, young Kathleen ban Adair.

"I see them, oh! I see them, in a fearful red array;
The yeomen, love! the yeomen come—ah, heaven! away—away!
I know—I know they mean to track my lion to his lair;
Ah! save thy life—ah! save it for thy Kathleen ban Adair."

"May heaven shield thee, Kathleen! when my soul has gone to
rest;
May comfort rear her temple in thy pure and faithful breast;
But to fly them—oh! to fly them, like a bleeding, hunted hare;
No! not to purchase heaven, with my Kathleen ban Adair.

KATHLEEN BAN ADAIR.—*Continued.*

"I loved, I love thee, Kathleen, in my bosom's warmest core;
And Erin, injured Erin, oh! I loved thee even more;
And death, I feared him little when I drove him thro' their
square,
Nor now, though eating at my heart, my Kathleen ban Adair."

With feeble hand his blade he grasp'd, yet dark with spoilers'
blood;
And then, as though with dying bound, once more erect he stood;
But scarcely had he kiss'd the cheek, so pale, so purely fair,
When flash'd their bayonets 'round him and his Kathleen ban
Adair!

Then up arose his trembling, yet his dreaded hero's hand,
And up arose, in struggling sounds, his cheers for motherland;
A thrust—a rush—their foremost falls; but, ah! good God! see
there—
Thy lover's quivering at thy feet, young Kathleen ban Adair!

But, heavens! men, what reeked he then your heartless taunts and
blows,
When from his lacerated heart ten dripping bayonets rose?
And, maiden, thou with frantic hands, what boots it kneeling
there?
The winds heed not thy yellow locks, young Kathleen ban Adair!

Oh! what were tears, or shrieks, or swoons, but shadows of the
rest,
When torn was frantic Kathleen from the slaughtered hero's
breast?
And hardly had his last-heaved sigh grown cold upon the air,
When, oh! of all but life they robb'd young Kathleen ban Adair!

But whither now shall Kathleen fly?—already is she gone;
The water, Kell, is tempting fair, and thither speeds she on;
A moment on its blooming banks, she kneels in hurried prayer—
Now in its wave she finds a grave, poor Kathleen ban Adair!

GOOD-BY, MIKE, GOOD-BY, PAT.

THE ship will sail in half an hour, to cross the broad Atlantic,
My friends were standing on the pier with grief and sorrow fran-
tic;
My trunks were stowed down below in the great ship, "Dan
O'Leary;"
The anchor's weigh'd and the gangway is up, I'm leaving Tip-
perary.

CHORUS.

Good-by, Mike, good-by, Pat, good-by, Kate and Mary,
For the anchor is weigh'd, the gangway is up, I'm leaving Tip-
perary;
See, there's the steamer blazing up, I can no longer stay,
For I am bound for New York City, boys, three thousand miles
away.

My portmanteau I have got packed with potatoes, greens and
bacon,
If you don't think I'll look after that, in troth you are mistaken.
If the ship pitch and toss, for a half a dozen farthings,
I'll take my trunk upon my back and walk to Castle Garden.

Give my respects to Mr. Mack, and likewise to Mrs. Hagan,
And I'll come back to the christening, when she marries Patsy
Fagan;
I'm deep in love with Mollie Burke, as a jackass is in clover,
When I am settled, if she will come, I'll pay her passage over.

GROVES OF BLARNEY.

THE groves of Blarney they are so charming,
All by the purling of swate silent brooks,
All deck'd with roses, which spontaneous
grow there,
Planted in order by the swate rocky nooks.
'Tis there the daisy and swate carnation,
The blooming pink and the rose so fair,
Besides the lily and the daffy-down-dilly
Flowers that scent the swate fragrant air.

'Tis Lady Jeffers that owns this station,
Like Alexander, or Queen Helen fair.
There's no commander throughout this
nation
For emulation can with her compare.
There's castles round her that no nine-
pounder
Could dare to plunder her place of
strength;
But Oliver Crummell he did her pummell
And made a breach in her battlement.

There's grand walks there for contem-
plation,
And conversation in swate solitude;
'Tis there the lover may hear the dove, or
The gentle plover in the afternoon;
And if a young lady should be so engaging
As for to take a walk in their shady
bower
'Tis there her courter he might transport
her,
To some dark fort or under ground.

There is the stone that whoever kisses,
He never misses to grow eloquent—
'Tis he may clamber to a lady's chamber,
Or become a member of Parliament.
A clever spouter, he'll sure turn out, or
"An out-and-outer" to be let alone;
Don't hope to hinder him, or to bewilder
him—
Sure he's a pilgrim from the Blarney
Stone.

'Tis there's the kitchen, hangs many a fitch
in,
With the maids a-stitching upon the stair:
Och, the bread and the bis'kie, the beef and
the whisky,
Faith! they'd make you frisky if you
was but there.
'Tis there you'd see Peg Murphy's daughter
A-washing praties forment the door,
With Nancy Casey and Aunt Delany,
All blood relations to my Lord Donough-
more.

There's statues gracing this noble place in,
All heathen goddesses so fair:
Bold Neptune, Plutarch and Nicodemus,
All mother naked in the open air.
So now to finish this brave narration,
Which I have not the genii for to entwine,
But were I Homer or Nebuchadnezzar,
'Tis in every feature that I'd make it
shine.

GILLE MACHREE.

GILLE MACHREE,* sit down by me,
We now are joined and ne'er shall sever;
This hearth's our own, our hearts are one,
And peace is ours forever!

When I was poor, your father's door
Was closed against your constant lover;
With care and pain, I tried in vain
My fortunes to recover.
I said: "To other lands I'll roam,
Where Fate may smile on me, love;"
I said: "Farewell, my own old home!"
And I said: "Farewell to thee, love!"
Sing *Gille machree*, etc.

I might have said, my mountain maid,
Come live with me, your own true lover;
I know a spot, a silent cot,
Your friends can ne'er discover;
Where gently flows the waveless tide
By one small garden only;
Where the heron waves his wings so wide,
And the linnet sings so lonely!
Sing *Gille machree*, etc.

I might have said, my mountain maid,
A father's right was never given
True hearts to curse with tyrant force,
That have been blest in Heaven.
But then, I said: "In after years,
When thoughts of home shall find her!
My love may mourn with secret tears
Her friends thus left behind her."
Sing *Gille machree*, etc.

O, no, I said, my own dear maid,
For me, though all forlorn, forever,
That heart of thine shall ne'er repine
O'er slighted duty—never
From home and thee though wandering far
A dreary fate be mine, love;
I'd rather live in endless war,
Than buy my peace with thine, love.
Sing *Gille machree*, etc.

Far, far away, by night and day,
I toiled to win a golden treasure;
And golden gains repaid my pains
In fair and shining measure.
I sought again my native land,
Thy father welcomed me, love;
I poured my gold into his hand,
And my guerdon found in thee, love.
Sing *Gille machree*, sit down by me,
We now are joined, and ne'er shall
sever;
This hearth's our own, our hearts are one,
And peace is ours forever.

**Gille machree*,—brightener of my heart.

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

A BABY was sleeping, its mother was weeping,
For her husband was far on the wild, raging sea,
And the tempest was swelling 'round the fisherman's dwelling—
And she cried: "Dermot, darling, oh! come back to me."

Her beads while she number'd, the baby still slumber'd,
And smiled in her face as she bended her knee;
"Oh! blest be that warning, my child, thy sleep adorning,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.

"And while they are keeping bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
Oh! pray to them softly, my baby, with me—
And say thou wouldst rather they'd watch o'er thy father,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee."

The dawn of the morning saw Dermot returning,
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see;
And elosely caressing her child with a blessing,
Said: "I knew that the angels were whispering with thee."

THE BATTLE OF FONTENOY.

THRICE, at the huts of Fontenoy, the English column failed,
And, twice, the lines of Saint Antoine, the Dutch in vain assailed,
For town and slope were filled with fort and flanking battery,
And well they swept the English ranks, and Dutch auxiliary,
As vainly through De Berri's wood, the British soldiers burst,
The French artillery drove them back, diminished, and dispersed,
The bloody Duke of Cumberland beheld with anxious eye,
And ordered up his last reserve, his latest chance to try.
On Fontenoy—on Fontenoy, how fast his generals ride!
And mustering come his chosen troops, like clouds at eventide.
Six thousand English veterans in stately column tread,
Their cannon blaze in front and flank, Lord Hay is at their head;
Steady they step down the slope—steady they climb the hill;
Steady they load—steady they fire, moving right onward still,
Betwixt the wood and Fontenoy, as through a furnace blast,
Through rampart, trench, and palisade, and bullets showering
fast;
And on the open plain above they 'rose and kept their course,
With ready fire and grim resolve, that thinned at hostile force;
Past Fontenoy—past Fontenoy, while thinner grow their ranks—
They break, as broke the Zuyder Zee through Holland's ocean
banks.

More idly than the summer flies, French tirailleurs rush 'round;
As stubble to the lava tide, French squadrons strew the ground;
Bomb-shell and grape, and round shot tore, still on they marched
and fired—

Fast, from each volley, grenadier and voltigeur retired.
"Push on, my household cavalry!" King Louis madly cried;
To death they rush, but rude their shock—not unavenged they
died.

On through the camp the column trod—King Louis turns his
rein:

"Not yet, my liege," Saxe interposed, "the Irish troops remain!"
And Fontenoy, famed Fontenoy, had been a Waterloo,
Were not these exiles ready then, fresh, vehement, and true.
"Lord Clare," he says, "you have your wish, there are your
Saxon foes!"

The marshal almost smiled to see, so furiously he goes!
How fierce the look these exiles wear, who're wont to be so gay,
The treasured wrongs of fifty years are in their hearts to-day—
The treaty broken, ere the ink wherewith 'twas writ could dry,
Their plundered homes, their ruined shrines, their women's pail-
ing cry—

Their priesthood hunted down like wolves, their country over-
thrown,

Each looks, as if revenge for all were staked on him alone.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, nor ever yet elsewhere,
Rushed on to fight a nobler band than these proud exiles were.

THE BATTLE OF FONTENOY.—*Continued.*

O'Brien's voice is hoarse with joy, as, halting, he commands,
 "Fix bay-nets"—"charge,"—like mountain storm, rush on these
 fiery bands!

Thin is the English column now, and faint their volleys grow,
 Yet, must'ring all the strength they have, they make a gallant
 show.

They dress their ranks upon the hill to face that battle wind—
 Their bayonets the breakers' foam; like rocks, the men behind!
 One volley crashes from their line, when, through the surging
 smoke,

With empty guns clutched in their hands, the headlong Irish
 broke.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, hark to that fierce huzza!

"Revenge! remember Limerick! dash down the Sassenagh!"

Like lions leaping at a fold, when mad with hunger's pang,

Right up against the English line the Irish exiles sprang;

Bright was their steed, 'tis bloody now, their guns are filled with
 gore;

Through shattered ranks, and severed files, and trampled flags they
 tore:

The English strove with desperate strength, paused, rallied, stag-
 gered, fled—

The green hill-side is matted close with dying and with dead;

Across the plain, and far away passed on that hideous wrack,

While cavalier and fantassin dash in upon their track.

On Fontenoy—on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sun,

With bloody plumes the Irish stand—the field is fought and won!

PATRICK RILEY.

My name is Patrick Riley, the truth I will make known,
 And I was born near Clonis, in the County of Tyrone;
 My parents reared me tenderly, having no child but me,
 And with them I lived contented to the age of twenty-three.

Alas! I took a notion to cross the raging sea,
 In search of some promotion unto America;
 To seek employment in that land, a fortune to obtain,
 And when I had secured it to return straight home again.

Alas! I had a sweetheart, McCormick was her name,
 When she heard we were for parting, straightway to me she came,
 Saying: Pat, can this be possible, you're going to prove unkind,
 And leave me broken-hearted in sorrow here behind?

Dear Ann, I said, be not afraid, it's you I do adore,
 My daily thoughts shall be of you while on Columbia's shore;
 And when I do return again, if God spares me my life,
 Here is my hand in promise I will make you my wife.

With this she seemed quite reconciled, and home straightway she
 went,

And early the next morning to Captain Pilot went;
 She swore that I waylaid her and used her barbarously,
 And robbed her of her purse of gold, which proved my destiny.

The police then soon surrounded me, as you shall understand,
 And marched me off to Liffy jail by the Magistrate's command;
 It's there I lay in irons until my trial day,
 Oh, little was my notion she'd swear my life away.

On the twenty-first of July last my trial it came on,
 This maid being void of scripture before the Judge did stand;
 She swore that I waylaid her and robbed her of five pound,
 And thought to force her to a pool where she would soon be
 drowned.

The Judge then charged the jury with words that were severe,
 Saying: This maid must now be rightified for all that she did
 swear;

The jury gave their verdict, aloud the Judge did cry:
 For your cruelty unto this maid, young Riley, you must die.

When I received my sentence the tears from my eyes did flow,
 Thinking to leave my mother in sorrow, grief, and woe;
 And she being far advanced in years, having no child but me,
 How will she stand to see her son upon the gallows tree.

MY NOBLE IRISH GIRL.

I LOVE thee—oh, that word is tame
 To tell how dear thou art;
 No seraph feels a holier flame
 Than that which fills my heart.
 How mild and innocent the brow,
 Where thy dark ringlets curl;
 Thy soul is pure as virgin dawn,
 My noble Irish girl.

I love to gaze upon thy smile,
 Thine eyes so bright and gay;
 For there's no stain of art or guile
 In aught you think or say.
 The happiest hour that e'er I knew,
 Though it my peace may peril,
 Is when thee to my heart I drew,
 My noble Irish girl.

I need not in the herald's book
 My loved one's lineage trace—
 I read her lineage in her look,
 Her record in her face;
 I hear it in each touching tone
 That floats thro' rows of pearl;
 Thou art my queen—my heart's thy throne,
 My noble Irish girl.

I feel the impress of thy worth.
 And strive to be like thee;
 Thou art to me what Heaven's to earth,
 What sunshine's to the sea;
 And if from me some luster beam,
 'Mid sin and passion's whirl,
 'Tis thy light shines on my life's stream,
 My noble Irish girl.

ADIEU, MY OWN DEAR ERIN.

ADIEU, my own dear Erin,
 Receive my fond, my last adieu;
 I go, but with me bearing
 A heart still fondly turn'd to you.

The charms that nature gave thee
 With lavish hand, shall cease to smile,
 And the soul of friendship leave thee,
 E'er I forget my own green isle.

Ye fields where heroes bounded
 To meet the foes of liberty;
 Ye hills that oft resounded
 The joyful shouts of victory.

Obscured is all your glory,
 Forgotten all your former fame,
 And the minstrel's mournful story
 Now calls a tear at Erin's name.

But still the day may brighten
 When those tears shall cease to flow,
 And the shout of freedom lighten
 Spirits now so drooping low.

Then should the glad breeze blowing
 Convey the echo o'er the sea,
 My heart with transport glowing,
 Shall bless the land that made thee free.

THE BLACKBIRD.

It was one fine morning for soft recreation,
I heard a fair damsel making a sad moan;
Sighing and sobbing with sad lamentation,
Saying my Blackbird most royal has
flown.

My thoughts they deceived me, reflection it
grieves me,

And I am o'erburdened with sad misery;
But if death should blind me, as true love
inclines me,

My Blackbird I'll seek out wherever I be.

Once in fair England my Blackbird did
flourish,

He was the chief flower that in it did
spring;

Fair ladies of honor his person did nourish,
Because that he was the true son of a
king.

But, oh! that false fortune has proved so
uncertain,

That caus'd the parting between you and
me;

But if he remain in France or in Spain,
I'll be true to my Blackbird wherever
he be.

In England he seems but a stranger to
gether,

When he was the most noble and gen'rous
of heart,

But woe to the time when he arrives there,
Alas! he was son forced from me to part.

In Italy he beam'd and was highly esteemed,
In England he seems but a stranger to
me;

But if he remain in France or in Spain,
All blessings on my Blackbird wherever
he be.

But if by the fowler my Blackbird is taken,
Sighing and sobbing will be all the tune;
But if he is safe, and I'm not mistaken,

I hope I will see him in May or in June.

The birds of the forest they all flock to-
gether,

The turtle was chosen to dwell with the
dove;

So I'm resolved in fair or foul weather,
Once in the spring to seek out my love.

Oh, he is my treasure, my joy and my
pleasure.

He's justly beloved, though my heart fol-
low thee;

How constant and kind, and courageous of
mind,

Deserving of blessing wherever he be.

It's not the wide ocean can fright me with
danger,

Although like a pilgrim I wander forlorn;
For I'll find more friendship from one that's
a stranger,

More than from one that in Britain was
born.

SHAUN'S HEAD.

God's wrath upon the Saxon; may they never know the pride
Of dying on the battle-field their broken spear beside;
When victory gilds the glory shroud of every fallen brave,
Or death no tales of conquered clans can whisper to his grave.
May every light from cross of Christ that saves the heart of man,
Be hid in clouds of blood before it reach the Saxon clan;
For sure, oh, God, and You know all? whose thought for all
sufficed,

To expiate these Saxon sins, they'd want another Christ.

Is it thus, oh, Shaun, the haughty! Shaun, the valiant, that we
meet?

Have my eyes been lit by heaven but to guide me to defeat?

Have I no chief, or you no clan, to give us both defense?

Or must I, too, be statuted here with thy cold eloquence?

Thy ghastly head grins scorn upon old Dublin's Castle tower,
Thy shaggy hair is wind tossed, and thy brow seems rough with
power;

Thy wrathful lips, like sentinels, by foulest treachery stung,
Look rage upon the world of wrong, but chain thy fiery tongue.

That tongue whose Ulster accent woke the ghost of Columbkil,
Whose warrior words fenced round with spears the oaks of Derry
Hill;

Whose reckless tones gave life and death to vassals and to knaves,
And hunted hordes of Saxons into holy Irish graves.

The Scotch marauders whitened when his war-cry met their ears,
And the death-bird, like a vengeance, poised above his stormy
cheers;

Ay, Shaun, across the thundering sea, out-chanting it your tongue,
Flung wild un-Saxon war-whoopings the Saxon Court among.

Just think, O Shaun! the same moon shines on Liffey as on Foyle,
And lights the ruthless knaves on both, our kinsman to despoil;
And you the hope, voice, battle-ax, the shield of us and ours,
A murdered, trunkless, blinding sight above these Dublin towers.

Thy face is paler than the moon, my heart is paler still—
My heart? I had no heart—'twas yours—'twas yours! to keep or
kill.

And you kept it safe for Ireland, chief—your life, your soul, your
pride—

But they sought it in thy bosom, Shaun—with proud O'Neill it
died.

You were turbulent and haughty, proud and keen as Spanish
steel;

But who had right of these, if not our Ulster's chief—O'Neill?

Who reared aloft the "Bloody Hand" until it paled the sun,
And shed such glory on Tyrone, as chief had never done!
He was "turbulent" with traitors—he was "haughty" with the
foe—

He was "cruel," say ye Saxons! Ah! he dealt ye blow for blow!
He was "rough" and "wild," and who's not wild to see his
hearthstone razed?

He was "merciless as fire"—ah, ye kindled him—he blazed;
He was "proud!" yes, proud of birthright, and because he flung
away

Your Saxon stars of princedom, as the rock does mocking spray.
He was wild, insane for vengeance—ay! and preached it till Ty-
rone

Was ruddy, ready, wild, too, with "Red Hands" to clutch their
own.

SHAUN'S HEAD—*Continued.*

"The Scots are on the border, Shaun!"—ye saints, he makes no breath—
I remember when that cry would wake him up almost from death;
Art truly dead and cold? O, chief! art thou to Ulster lost?
"Dost hear—*dost hear?* By Randolph led, the troops the Foyle
have crossed!"
He's truly dead! he must be dead! nor is his ghost about—
And yea no tomb could hold his spirit tame to such a shout!
The pale face droopeth northward—ah! his soul must loom up
there,
By old Armagh, or Antrim's glynns, Lough Foyle, or Bann the
fair!
I'll speed me Ulster-wards, your ghost must wander there, proud
Shaun,
In search of some O'Neill, through whom to throb its hate again.

THE "HOLLY AND IVY" GIRL.

"Come, buy my nice, fresh Ivy, and my Holly sprigs so green;
I have the finest branches that ever yet were seen.
Come, buy from me, good Christians, and let me home, I pray,
And I'll wish you 'Merry Christmas Times, and a happy New
Year's Day.'

"Ah! won't you take my ivy?—the loveliest ever seen!
Ah! won't you have my Holly boughs?—all you who love the
Green!
Do!—take a little bunch of each, and on my knees I'll pray,
That God may bless your Christmas, and be with you New Year's
Day.

"This wind is black and bitter, and the hail-stones do not spare
My shivering form, my bleeding feet, and stiff, entangled hair;
Then, when the skies are pitiless, be merciful, I say—
So heaven will light your Christmas and the coming New Year's
Day."

'Twas thus a dying maiden sung, while the cold hail rattled down,
And fierce winds whistled mournfully o'er Dublin's dreary town:—
One stiff hand clutched her Ivy sprigs and Holly boughs so fair,
With the other she kept brushing the haildrops from her hair.

So grim and statue-like she seemed, 'twas evident that Death
Was lurking in her footsteps—while her hot, impeded breath
Too plainly told her early doom—though the burden of her lay
Was still of life and Christmas joys, and a Happy New Year's
Day.

'Twas in that broad, bleak Thomas Street, I heard the wanderer
sing,
I stood a moment in the mire, beyond the ragged ring—
My heart felt cold and lonely, and my thoughts were far away,
Where I was many a Christmas-tide and Happy New Year's Day.

I dreamed of wanderings in the woods among the Holly Green;
I dreamed of my own native cot and porch with Ivy Screen;
I dreamed of lights forever dimm'd—of Hopes that can't return—
And dropped a tear on Christmas fires that never more can burn.

The ghost-like singer still sung on, but no one came to buy;
The hurrying crowd passed to and fro, but did not heed her cry;
She uttered one low, piercing moan—then cast her boughs away—
And smiling, cried—"I'll rest with God before the New Year's
Day!"

On New Year's Day I said my prayers above a new-made grave,
Dug recently in sacred soil, by Lillie's murmuring wave;
The Minstrel maid from Earth to Heaven has winged her happy
way,
And now enjoys, with sister saints, an endless New Year's Day.

"JENNY, I'M NOT JESTING."

Ah, Jenny, I'm not jesting,
Believe what I'm protesting,
And yield what I'm requesting
These seven years through.
"Ah, Lawrence, I may grieve you,
Yet, if I can't relieve you,
Sure, why should I deceive you
With words untrue?
But, since you must be courtin',
There's Rosy and her fortune;
'Tis rumoured your consortin'
With her of late.
Or there's your cousin Kitty,
So charming and so witty,
She'd wed you out of pity,
Kind Kate."

"Fie! Jenny, since I knew you.
Of all the lads that woo you.
None's been so faithful to you,
If truth were told.
Even when yourself was dartin'
Fond looks at fickle Martin,
Till off the thief went startin'
For Sheela's gold."

"And if you've known me longest,
Why should your love be strongest,
And his that's now the youngest,
For that be worst?"

"Fire, Jenny, quickest kindled
Is always soonest dwindled:
And thread the swiftest spindled
Snaps first."

"If that's your wisdom, Larry,
The longer I can tarry,
The luckier I shall marry
At long, long last."
"I've known of girls amusing
Their minds, the men refusing,
Till none were left for choosing
At long, long last."
"Well, since it seems that marriage
Is still the safest carriage.
And all the world disparege
The spinster lone;
Since you might still forsake me,
I think I'll let you take me,
Yes! Larry, you may make me
Your own!"

THE MONKS OF THE SCREW.

WHEN St. Patrick our order created
And called us the Monks of the Screw,
Good rules he revealed to our abbot,
To guide us in what we should do.

But first he replenished his fountain
With liquor the best in the sky;
And he swore by the word of his saintship
That fountain should never run dry.

My children, be chaste—till you're tempted;
While sober, be wise and discreet;
And humble your bodies with fasting—
Whene'er you have nothing to eat.

Then be not a glass in the convent,
Except on a festival, found:
And, this rule to enforce, I ordain it
A festival all the year round!

ERIN'S GREEN SHORE.

ONE evening, so late, as I rambled
 On the banks of a clear purling stream,
 I sat myself down on a bed of primroses,
 And so gently fell into a dream.
 I dreamt I beheld a fair female,
 Her equals I ne'er saw before,
 As she sighed for the wrongs of her country,
 As she strayed along Erin's green shore.
 I quickly addressed this fair female,
 "My jewel, come tell me your name,
 For here in this country, I know, you're a
 stranger,
 Or I would not have asked you the same."
 She resembled the Goddess of Liberty,
 And of Freedom the mantle she wore,
 As she sighed for the wrongs of her
 country,
 As she strayed along Erin's green shore.
 "I know you're a true son to Granue,
 And my secrets to you I'll unfold;
 For here in the midst of all dangers,
 Not knowing my friends from my foes.
 I'm the daughter of Daniel O'Connell,
 And from England I lately came o'er,
 I've come to awake my brethren
 That slumber on Erin's green shore."
 Her eyes were like two sparkling diamonds
 Or the stars of a cold frosty night;
 Her cheeks were two blooming roses,
 And her teeth of the ivory so white.
 She resembled the Goddess of Freedom,
 And green was the mantle she wore,
 Bound round with the shamrock and roses
 That grew along Erin's green shore.

PADDY'S PASTORAL RHAPSODY.

WHEN Molly, th' other day, sir,
 Was makin' of the hay, sir,
 I ask'd her for to be my bride,
 And Molly she began to chide:
 Says she, "You are too young, dear Pat."
 Says I, "My jew'l, I'll mend o' that."
 "You are too poor," says she, beside;
 When to convince her, then, I tried,
 That wealth is an invintion
 The wise should never mintion,
 And flesh is grass, and flowers will fade,
 And it's better be wed than die an owld
 maid.

The purty little sparrows
 Have neither plows nor harrows,
 Yet they live at aise, and are content,
 Bekase, you see, they pay no rint;
 They have no care nor flusterin'
 About diggin' or industerin':
 No foolish pride their comfort hurts—
 For they eat the flax, and wear no shirts—
 For wealth is an invintion, etc.

Sure, Nature clothes the hills, dear,
 Without any tailor's bills, dear;
 And the bees they sip their sweets, my
 sowl.

Though they never had a sugar bowl;
 The dew it feeds the rose of June,
 But 'tis not with a silver spoon:
 Then let us p'athern take from those,
 The birds and bees, and lovely rose—

For wealth is an invintion, etc.

MANTLE SO GREEN.

As I went a-walking, one evening in June,
 To view the fair fields and meadows so green,
 I spied a young damsel, she appeared like a queen,
 With her costly fine robes and her mantle so green.

I stood in amaze—I was struck with surprise—
 I thought her an angel that fell from the skies;
 Her eyes like the diamond, her cheeks like the rose,
 She is one of the fairest that nature composed.

Said I, Pretty fair maid if you come with me,
 We will join in wedlock, and married will be;
 I'll dress you in rich attire, and you'll appear like a queen,
 With your costly fine robes and your mantle so green!

She answered me, Young man you must be refused,
 For, I'll wed with no man, you must me excuse;
 To the green hills I'll wander to shun all men's view,
 For, the lad that I love lies in famed Waterloo.

Since you are not married tell me your love's name,
 I have been in battle, I might know the same;
 Draw near to my garment, and there you will see
 His name is embroidered on my mantle so green!

On the raising of her mantle, it's there I behold
 His name and his surname, in letters of gold,
 Young William O'Reilly appeared in my view,
 He was my chief comrade in famed Waterloo.

We fought so victorious where bullets did fly,
 And, in the field of Neron, your true lover does lie;
 We fought for three days to the fourth afternoon,
 He received his death summons on the 18th of June.

As he was a-dying, I heard his last cry:
 Were you here, lovely Nancy, content I would die—
 Peace is proclaimed, and the truth I'll declare,
 Here is your love's token, the gold ring I wear.

I stood in amazement, the paler she grew,
 She flew from my arms with her heart full of woe:
 To the green hills I'll wander for the lass that I love!
 Rise up! lovely Nancy, your grief I'll remove.

Oh! Nancy lovely Nancy it was I won your heart
 In your father's garden, that day we did part;
 In your father's garden, within a green shadow tree,
 Where I rolled you in my arms in your mantle so green!

This couple has got married: I heard people say
 They had nobles to attend them on their wedding day,
 Now peace is proclaimed, and the war is all o'er,
 You are welcome to my arms, lovely Nancy, once more!

THE BANKS OF CLAUDY.

It was on a summer morning, all in the month of May,
Down by yon flowery-garden, where Betsey she did stray,
I overheard a damsel in sorrow to complain,
All for her absent lover, that plows the raging main.

I went up to this fair maid and put her in surprise,
I own she did not know me, I being in disguise.
Said I: My charming creature, my joy and heart's delight,
How far do you travel this dark and rainy night?

The way, kind sir, to Claudy, if you please to show,
Pity a maid distracted, for I have to go;
I am in search of a faithless young man, Johnny is his name,
All on the banks of Claudy I am told he does remain.

If Johnny was here this night, he would keep me from all harm,
He's in the field of battle all in his uniform;
And he's in the field of battle, his foes he will destroy,
Like a ruling king of honor he fought in the wars of Troy.

It's six weeks and better since your true love left the shore,
He is cruising the wide ocean where foaming billows roar;
He is cruising the wide ocean for honor and for gain,
I was told the ship was wrecked all off the coast of Spain.

When she heard the dreadful news she fell into despair,
To wringing of her hands and tearing of her hair:
Since he has gone and left me no man I will take,
In some lonely valley I will wander for his sake.

His heart was filled with joy, no longer he could stand,
He flew into her arms, saying, Betsey, I am the man;
I am the faithless young man whom you thought was slain,
And since we are met on Claudy's banks, we'll never part again.

THE GRAVE OF WOLFE TONE.

IN Bodinstown churchyard there is a green grave,
And wildly along it the winter winds rave;
Small shelter, I ween, are the ruined walls there,
When the storm sweeps down on the plains of Kildare.

Once I lay on that sod—it lies over Wolfe Tone—
And thought how he perished in prison alone,
His friends unavenged, and his country unfreed—
"Oh, bitter," I said, "is a patriot's meed.

"For in him the heart of a woman combined
With a heroic life, and a governing mind—
A martyr for Ireland—his grave has no stone,
His name seldom named, and his virtues unknown."

I was woke from my dream by the voices and tread
Of a band, who came into the home of the dead;
They carried no corpse, and they carried no stone,
And they stopped when they came to the grave of Wolfe Tone.

There were students and peasants, the wise and the brave,
And an old man who knew him from cradle to grave,
And the children who thought me hard-hearted; for they
On that sanctified soil were forbidden to play.

But the old man, who saw I was mourning there, said:
"We come, sir, to weep where young Wolfe Tone is laid,
And we're going to raise him a monument, too—
A plain one, yet fit for the simple and true."

My heart overflowed, and I clasped his old hand,
And I blessed him, and blessed every one of his band.
"Sweet! sweet! 'tis to find that such faith can remain
To the cause, and the man so long vanquished and slain."

In the Bodinstown churchyard there is a green grave,
And freely around it let winter winds rave;
Far better they suit him—the ruin and gloom—
Till Ireland, a nation, can build him a tomb.

McFADDEN'S PICNIC.

NEAR the beautiful town of Killybeys,
In the county of Donegal,
The McFaddens, the Maloneys,
With their children large and small,
Gave over their daily labor,
Sorra stroke of work would they do;
But betook themselves to the fields and
woods

For to kick up a hubbubaloo.

There was all the McFaddens, both young
and old.

And Terence O'Flaherty's niece;
A hundred and fifty Maloneys
Wid a peck of praties a piece;
And Father O'Toole from Carrigaline,
The Gilhooleys of Borrisokane,
And Patsey Maloy, that broth of a boy,
Wid the elegant Widow Meshane.

'Neath the shade of a tree, by a clear run-
ning brook,

On the turf a cloth they spread.
The same that generally covered the lim's
Of the young McFaddens in bed.
Then they emptied their packs of the sweet-
est of cakes,

And the choicest of bacon and meat;
And, for two hours, though divil a bit did
they do
But drink whisky and gabble and eat.

By the pipes of McGorrisk they danced and
sung,

Like divils, wid mad possessed;
And Father O'Toole, in the widow's em-
brace,

Was shaking his foot wid the best.
Ould Scally, the tai'or, released from his
goose,

Had the wife of McFadden in tow;
And they lathered the gravel in style that,
bedad!

Ye can't see in a travelin' show.

The woods they presented a beautiful sight,
All thickened with maidens so sweet;
And Mick Hogan a-courtin' O'Flaherty's
niece

In a nate little shady retreat.
Ould McFadden dead drunk and laid out
like a corpse,

Wid a dozen Maloneys or more;
And the swate little brats playing toy wid
po'been

Wid the end of an innocent straw.

TO SUSTAIN THE FAMILY REPUTATION.

Och, me late lamented dad, an' the only
 one I had,
 Was famous for his love of Irish
 whisky;
 His shillelah, too, 'tis said, Gad respected
 no man's head
 When me father's temprature was
 somewhat frisk.
 Just before the old man died, faith, he
 called me to his side
 And said he couldn't leave the Irish na-
 tion
 Till I promised him I would, sure, do
 everything I could
 To maintain the family reputation.

CHORUS.

Och, yez may talk o' Ballyhooley, an' of
 Enniscorthy, too,
 And the Killaloe Mounseer's exter-
 mination;
 Faix, I leave them miles behind, now
 that I've made up me mind
 To maintain the family reputation.

Sure, me promise I will keep, an' each
 night before I sleep
 If I'm not John Sullivan I'd be disap-
 pointed;
 An' I swore my ould dad's ghost won't lay
 quiet unless I boast
 That daily some one's brain-box I've dis-
 joint'd.
 By the magistrate one day I'll be wanted—
 so they say;
 But his honor, shure, will grasp the sit-
 uation
 When I tell him wid a smile, please, I've
 come to stay awhile,
 To maintain the family reputation.

CHORUS.

Och, yez may talk o' Ballyhooley, an' of
 Enniscorthy, too,
 And the Killaloe Mounseer's exter-
 mination;
 But he never went to jail, or drank
 "Guinness" from a pail,
 To maintain the family reputation.

It's meself ye may have seen, down at
 Conn O'Moy's shebeen,
 Informing the boys 'twas my ambition
 Some one's batter-box to break—then we
 might enjoy a wake—
 What's more—I didn't mean to ask per-
 mission.
 Gad, I'd hardly said the word, when a loud
 hooroo I heard.
 Jerry Foley yelled, "I'll send you to tar-
 nation!"
 He tried—that's all he said; I lit candles
 on his head
 To maintain the family reputation.

KILL OR CURE.

I'm a roving Irish boy, I was born in Ballaraghan,
 And christened with much joy, after my father, Patrick Fagan;
 I had a sweetheart, Kitty, and I courted her so gaily,
 Divil a thought I had of trouble as I twisted my shillelah,
 Musha, Kitty O'Shaughnessy, she's the girl for me,
 Whack fal de daddy, musha, O'Shaughnessy.

Och, 'twas herself I courted, a girl so neat and cozy,
 She said she loved me in return—her cheeks were red and rosy:
 Of sovereigns I had twenty, says she, I've seventeen,
 We'll join ourselves and them together and live like king and
 queen!

So we both set sail for Liverpool, and packed our kits together,
 And married got, so neat and cool, in spite of wind or weather;
 With our money we opened a shop, in business not amiss,
 We sold oysters, haddocks, mack'rel, mussels, praties and fried
 fish.

In business we did well, till one day she was taken ill, sirs,
 And the doctor always ruined me by sending in his bills, sirs;
 So I made a bargain with him, kill or cure for twenty pounds so
 frisky
 He was a decent sort, so I tho't I'd stand a noggin of Irish whisky.

But she grew worse and worse, which made me quake with fear,
 sir,
 The doctor he attended her for more than half a year, sir;
 Till one fine morn she died, and myself it did bewilder,
 And the doctor he wanted his twenty pounds in silver.

SPOKEN—Says I, you never cured her! No, says he. Then, says I (sing-
 ing) you dare not say you killed her!

So, gentlemen, enjoy yourselves, the whisky drink like thunder;
 You cannot help but own yourselves there's mirth in an Irish
 blunder;
 But when for your wives a doctor you want, mind and yer be
 sure,
 Make the bargain, as I did myself, wid the doctor, kill or cure.

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.

FAREWELL, for I must leave thee, my own, my native shore,
 And doom'd in foreign lands to dwell, may never see thee more;
 For laws, our tyrant laws have said, that seas must roll between
 Old Erin and her faithful sons, that love to wear the Green.
 O, we love to wear the Green! O, how we love the Green;
 Our native land we cannot stand, for wearing of the Green;
 Yet wheresoe'er the exile lives though oceans roll between,
 Thy faithful sons will fondly sing, "The wearing of the Green."

My father lov'd his country, and sleeps within her breast,
 While I, that would have died for her, must never so be blest;
 Those tears my mother shed for me, how bitter had they been,
 If I had prov'd a traitor to "The wearing of the Green."
 There were some who wore the Green, who *did* betray the Green,
 Our native land we cannot stand, though traitors to the Green.
 Yet whatsoe'er our fate may be, when oceans roll between,
 Her faithful sons will ever sing, "The wearing of the Green."

My own, my native island, where'er I chance to roam,
 Thy lonely hills shall ever be my own beloved home;
 And brighter days must surely come, then those that we have
 seen,
 When Erin's sons may boldly sing, "The wearing of the Green."
 For we love to wear the Green, O, how we love the Green!
 Our native land we cannot stand, for wearing of the Green;
 But brighter days must surely come, than those that we have
 seen,
 When all her sons may proudly sing, "The wearing of the Green."

MOLLY BRALLAGHAN.

Ah! then, mam, dear, did you never hear of purty Molly Brallaghan?

Troth, dear! I have lost her, and I'll never be a man again;
Not a spot on my hide will another summer tan again,

Since Molly she has left me alone for to die.

The place where my heart was, you might easy rowl a turnip in,
As big as any pavin' stane, and from Dublin to the Devil's Glin;
If she chose to take another, sure, she might have sent miue back again,

And not leave me here all alone for to die.

Mam, dear, I remember, when the milking time was past and gone,
We went into the meadows, where she swore I was the only man
That ever she could love—yet, oh! the base, the cruel one,

After all that to leave me here alone for to die.

Mam, dear, I remember as we came home the rain began,
I rolled her in my coat, tho' devil a waistcoat I have on;

And my shirt was rather fine—dran—yet, oh! the base and cruel one,

After all that she has left me here alone to die.

I went and told my tale to Father McDonnell, mam,
And thin I wint and axed advice of Counselor O'Connell, mam;

He told me promise-breeches had been ever since the world began,
Now I have only one pair, mam, and they are corduroy.

Arrah! what could he mean, mam, or what would you advise me to do?

Must my corduroys to Molly go? in troth, I'm bothered what to do:

I can't afford to lose both my heart and my breeches, too—

Yes, what need I care, when I've only to die!

Oh! the left side of my carcass is as weak as water-gruel, mam,
The devil a bit upon my bones since Molly's proved so cruel, mam;

I wish I had a carabine, I'd go and fight a duel, mam.

Sure it's better far to kill myself than stay here to die.

I'm hot and determined as a live salamander, mam—

Won't you come to my wake when I go my long meander, mam?

Oh! I'll feel myself as valiant as the famous Alexander, mam.

Whin I hear yiz crying 'round me: "Arrah! why did ye die?"

THE COUNTY OF MAYO.

On the deck of Patrick Lynch's boat I sat in woful plight,
Through my sighing all the weary day, and weeping all the night,
Were it not that full of sorrow from my people forth I go,
That I must depart for foreign lands, and leave my sweet Mayo.

When I dwelt at home in plenty, and my gold did much abound,
In the company of fair young maids the Spanish ale went round—
'Tis a bitter change from those gay days that now I'm forced to go,

And must leave my bones in Santa Cruz, far from my own Mayo.

They are altered girls in Irrul now; 'tis proud they're grown and high,

With their hair-bags and their top-knots, for I pass their buckles by—

But it's little now I heed their airs, for God will have it so,

That I must depart for foreign lands, and leave my sweet Mayo.

'Tis my grief that Patrick Loughlin is not Earl in Irrul still,
And that Brian Duff no longer rules as Lord upon the hill;
And that Colonel Hugh MacGrady should be lying dead and low,
And I sailing, sailing swiftly from the county of Mayo.

THE EXILE OF ERIN.

THERE came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,

The dew on his robe was heavy and chill;
For his country he sighed when, at twilight,
repairing

To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill,
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,

For it rose on its own native isle of the ocean,

Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,

He sang the bold anthem of Erin-go-bragh.

Oh! sad is my fate, said the heart-broken stranger,

The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee;

But I have no refuge from famine or danger,

A home and a country remains not for me.

Ah! never again in the green shady bowers
Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend
the sweet hours.

Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers.

And strike the sweet numbers of Erin-go-bragh.

Oh! Erin, my country, though sad and forsaken,

In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore:

But, alas! in a far foreign land I awaken.

And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more.

And thou, cruel fate, wilt thou never replace me

In a mansion of peace, where no perils can chase me?

Ah! never again shall my brothers embrace me—

They died to defend me, or live to explore.

Where now is my cabin door, so fast by the wildwood?

Sisters and brothers did weep for its fall;

Where is the mother that looked on my childhood?

And where is my bosom friend—dearer than all?

Ah! my sad soul, long abandoned by pleasure,

Why did it dote on the fast-fading treasure?
Tears like the rain, may fall without measure,

But rapture and beauty they cannot rebut
yet all its fond recollections suppressing.

One dying wish my fond bosom shall draw:

Erin, an exile, bequeaths thee his blessing.
Land of my fathers, Erin-go-bragh.

Buried and cold, when my heart stills its motion,

Green be thy fields, sweetest isle in the ocean,

And the harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,

Erin, mavounneen, sweet Erin-go-bragh.

ERIN, MY COUNTRY.

On, Erin, my country! although thy harp
 slumbers,
 And lies in oblivion in Tara's old hall,
 With scarce one kind hand to awaken its
 numbers,
 Or sound a lone dirge to the Son of Fin-
 gal;
 The trophies of warfare may hang there ne-
 glected,
 For dead are the warriors to whom they
 were known;
 But the harp of old Erin will still be re-
 spected,
 While there lives but one Bard to enliven
 its tone.

Oh, Erin, my country! I love thy green bow-
 ers,
 No music's to me like the murmuring
 rills
 Thy shamrock to me is the fairest of flow-
 ers,
 And naught is more dear than thy daisy-
 clad hills;
 Thy caves, whether used by thy warriors or
 sages,
 Are still sacred held in each Irishman's
 heart,
 And the ivy-crowned turrets, the pride of
 past ages,
 Though mouldering in ruins, do grandeur
 impart!

Britannia may vaunt of her lion and armor,
 And glory when she her old wooden walls
 views:
 Caledonia may boast of her pibroch and
 claymore,
 And pride in her philabeg, kilt, and her
 hose:
 But where is the nation to rival old Erin?
 Or where is the country such heroes can
 boast?
 In battle they're brave as the tiger or lion,
 And bold as the eagle that flies 'round our
 coast!

The breezes oft shake both the rose and the
 thistle,
 While Erin's green shamrock lies hushed
 in the dale;
 In safety it rests, while the stormy winds
 whistle,
 And grows undisturbed 'midst the moss of
 the vale;
 Then, hail! fairest island in Neptune's old
 ocean!
 Thou land of Saint Patrick, my parent
agra!
 Cold—cold must the heart be, and void of
 emotion
 That loves not the music of "Erin-go-
 Bragh!"

MISTER FINAGAN.

I'm a dacent laboring youth, I wur born in the town of Dun-
 shocaklin,
 I'm a widower now in my youth since I buried swate Molly Mc-
 Laughlin;
 I wur married but once in my life, shure, I'll never commit such
 a sin again,
 For I found out when she wur my wife, she wur fond of one,
 Barney McFinagan.

CHORUS.

Whack fil lil lan ta ra le, whack fil lil lan tar a laddy de,
 Whack fil lil lan ta ra le, with a ri tol lol lol dil de de de.

Her father had castles of mud, of which I wur fond of admiring,
 They wur built in the time of the flood, for to keep her ancestors
 dry in;

When he found I had Molly bespoke, first he got fat and then he
 got thin again,
 In the struggle his gizzard he broke, and we had a corpse of
 McFinagan.

For convainiance, the corpse was put along with his friends in
 the barn shure,
 While some came to it on foot, while others came down from
 Dunagrinsore;
 My wife she cried and she sobbed, I chucked her out twice and she
 got in again.

I gave her a belt in the gob, when I wur knocked down by Mc-
 Finagan.

The bed and the corpse was upset, the row it commenced in a
 minute, shure.

Divil a bit of a stick had I got till they broke all the legs of the
 furniture;

In faith, as the blood flew about, eyes were shoved out and shoved
 in ag'in,

I got a southwestern clout, which knocked me on top of poor
 Finagan.

How long I was dead I don't know, but this I know, I wasn't livin',
 shure.

I awoke wid a pain in my toe, for they were both tied wid a
 ribben, shure;

I opened my mouth for to spake, the shate was roll'd up to my
 chin again,

"Och, Molly," says I, "I'm awake;" "Oh," says she, "you'll be
 buried wid Finagan."

I opened my eyes for to see—I strove to get up to knock her
 about—

I found that my two toes were tied like a spoon in a pot of thick
 stirabout,

But I soon got the use of my toes, by a friend of the corpse,
 Larry Gilligan,

Who helped me get into my clothes, for to spread a grass quilt
 over Finagan.

Och, my she devil came home from the spree, full of whisky and
 ripe from the buryin', shure,

And she showed so much mercy to me, as a hungry man shows a
 red herrin', shure;

One billy-go-fister I gave, which caused her to grunt and to grin
 again,

In six months I opened the grave, and slapped her on the bones of
 Finagan.

It's now that I'm single again, I'll spend my time rakin' and
 batterin'.

I'll go to the fair wid the men, and dance wid the girls for a-pat-
 terin':

They'll swear that I am stuck to a lee, and as they say to catch
 him ag'in.

Bel they'll not come the cuckle o'er me, for they might be relat'ed
 to Finagan.

DIGGING FOR GOULD.

DARBY KELLY below in Kilkenny did live,
A sketch of whose character I'm going to give:
He was thought by the people a green polished rogue.
He could waste the whisky, or waste the old brogue.
All kinds of diseases with herbs he could cure.
He'd interpret your dreams, to be certain and sure;
By the boys of the village he often was fool'd,
For, asleep or awake, he was dreaming of gould.

He had a fine open house, but the winders were broke,
The gables were down to let out the smoke;
Some beautiful pigs, through the wild world to range,
Though they were thin, they were thick with the mange.
He was so neglectful of domestic affairs.
The rats ate the bottoms all out of his chairs;
And the wife by the husband was so overruled,
When she axed him for coppers he was talking of gould.

The house thus neglected, sure nothing went right;
When a youth of the village came to him one night,
A nice boy he was, his name was Dan Mac,
And ready to fly with the duds on his back.
All the clothes that he had wasn't enough
To make him a bolster to stick on a crutch,
And his juvenile days in a lime kiln were schooled,
But he used to cod Darby about finding gould.

Says Dan: Ere last night I had a beautiful dream,
But bad luck to the doubt! last night I'd the same;
And to-day, as I dozed, after slacking some lime,
I dreamt it again for the third and last time.
Och, murder! says Darby, come tell us your dream,
Same time his two eyes like buckets did gleam;
Says Dan: I dreamt at the castle Killeool,
I found a jar that was crammed full of gould.

Poor Darby's big mouth opened like a dead Haicke,
Saying: You'll be a hero, just like your namesake;
You'll ride in your coach, you fortunate elf,
While I may be in one going down to the hulks.
No matter, said Darby, we must emigrate,
So, come down at midnight, and don't be too late;
Bring some boys whose courage won't easy be cooled,
And we'll dig till daylight to find all the gould.

They arrive at the castle, about one o'clock,
Where Dan dreamt he found all the gould in a crock;
They all set to work with picks, shovels, and spades,
And a hole, that would swallow a house, soon was made.
Says Darby: Bad luck to the curse we must give,
Or we'll be beggars as long as we live!
Says Dan: May the devil on my back be stooled,
For, I have bursted my breeches in digging for gould.

The prayers availed nothing, the crock was soon found,
Tim Rooney he lifted it over the ground;
With joy Darby leaped on the back of Ned Flail,
Like a fish from the stream with a hook in his tail.
Says Darby: My wife won't abuse me to-night,
When I take home the shiners so yellow and bright!
I'll buy house and land about Killeool,
And we'll all bless the night we went digging for gould!

The crock was then placed on Darby's own back
To carry home, and each man have his whack;
They arrived at the door with the gould to be sacked,
When Mac with a spade knocked the crock into smash.
Poor Darby, near smothered, run in with a fright,
His wife jumps up to get him a light;
When she heard Darby mourning her passion was cooled,
She knew by the smell he was covered with gould!

DORAN'S ASS.

OUR Paddy Doyle lived in Killarney,
He courted a girl named Biddy Toole;
His tongue was tipped with a bit of blarney,
The same to Paddy was a golden rule.
Both day and dawn, she was his colleen,
When to himself he'd often say:
What need I care when she's my drollen,
A-coming to meet me on the way?

CHORUS.

Whack fol de darral ido, whack fol de
darrall lal la.

One heavenly night in last November,
Paddy went out to meet his love;
What night it was, I don't remember,
But the moon shone brightly from above.
That day the boy had got some liquor,
Which made his spirits light and gay;
Arrah! what's the use of walking quicker,
When I know she'll meet me on the way?

He tuned his pipes, and fell a-humming,
As gently onward he did jog;
But fatigue and whisky overcame him,
So Paddy lay down upon the sod.
He was not long without a comrade,
One that could kick up the hay;
For, a big jackass soon smelt out Paddy,
And lay down beside him on the way.

As Pat lay there, in gentle slumbers,
Thinking of his Biddy dear—
He dreamt of pleasures, without numbers,
A-coming on the ensuing year.
He spread his arms out on the grass,
His spirits felt so light and gay—
But instead of Biddy, he gripped the ass,
Roaring out: I have her, anyway!

He hugged and smugged his hairy messer—
And flung his hat to worldly care.
Says Pat: She's mine, and may heaven bless
her!
But, oh! be me soul! she's like a bear—
He put his hand on the donkey's nose,
With that, the ass began to bray:
Pat jumped up, and roared out:
Who sarved me in such a way?

Pat ran home as fast as he could,
At railway speed, or as fast, I'm sure;
He never stopped a leg or foot
Until he came to Biddy's door.
By that time, 'twas getting morning,
Down on his knees he fell to pray,
Crying: Let me in, my Piddy darling,
I'm kilt, I'm murdered on the way!

He told her his story mighty civil,
While she prepared a whisky glass,
How he hugged and smugged the hairy
devil,
Go 'long, says she, 'twas Doran's ass!
I know it was, my Biddy darling,
They both got married the very next day.
But he never got back his ould straw hat
That the jackass ate up on the way.

MORRISSEY AND THE BENICIA BOY.

Ye undaunted sons of Ireland, I pray attend awhile,
To those few lines I have penned down, they will cause you for to smile.

Concerning a great battle fought on Columbia's shore
By the Benicia Boy and Morrissey, that came from Templemore.

The Benicia Boy a challenge sent our hero out of hand,
And said, no man from Ireland before him there could stand;
Our hero smiled and then replied: "I'll meet you on the plain,
And for Paddy's land I mean to stand the laurels to maintain."

Five and twenty hundred dollars the prize it was to be,
Long Island being appointed in North America;
Both small and great from every State in multitudes had ran,
The Americans thought their champion would kill our Irishman.

When the two gallant champions stripped and stepped into the ring,
Some time they parried each other's blows with many a nimble spring;
The Benicia Boy drew first blood and knocked our hero down,
And in the second round they fought they both came to the ground.

The third and fourth the Yank was floored by Morrissey it appears,
The fifth brave Morrissey went down amidst the Yankee cheers:
They boldly offered ten to one bright dollars on the ground,
While the Irish independently they took the bets all 'round.

Up to the tenth by Morrissey the Yankee down he went,
The know-nothings all shook their heads feeling sorely discontent;
They shouted to the Benicia Boy, Exert your skill, they cried,
For our country's credit and our cash on you we have relied.

'Twas then out spoke brave Morrissey, his voice being loud and high,
For Paddy's land I mean to stand, to conquer or to die:
Na-bock-lish then all brags you made, I mean to let you know
That an Irish cock is still true game wherever he does go.

The eleventh round decided all, the Yank was forced to yield,
With courage bold undaunted our hero stood the field;
The Benicia Boy they bore away, he was scarcely fit to stand,
While Morrissey he cleared the ropes and cheered for Paddy's land.

The Americans may no longer boast, nor Paddy's son's degrade,
For now they must surrender to our gallant Irish blade;
With honor now he wears the belt, and the Yankees may deplore
The day they challenged Morrissey, that came from Templemore.

MICHAEL DWYER.

At length brave Michael Dwyer and his undaunted men
Were scented o'er the mountains and tracked into the glen;
The stealthy soldiers followed, with ready blade and ball,
And swore to trap the outlaws that night in wild Emall.

They prowled about the valley, and toward the dawn of day
Discovered where the faithful and fearless heroes lay:
Around the little cottage they formed a ring,
And called out, "Michael Dwyer, surrender to the king!"

Thus answered Michael Dwyer: "Into this house we came
Unasked by those who own it, they cannot be to blame;
Then let those guiltless people, unquestioned, pass you through,
And when they're passed in safety, I'll tell you what we'll do."

THE BOYS OF KILKENNY.

Oh, the boys of Kilkenny are nate roving blades,
And whenever they meet with the nice little maids,
They kiss them and coax them and spend their money free!
Oh, of all the towns in Ireland, Kilkenny for me!

Through the town of Kilkenny there runs a clear stream,
In the town of Kilkenny there lives a fair dame;
Her cheeks are like roses, and her lips much the same,
Or a dish of ripe strawberries smothered in cream.

Her eyes are as black as Kilkenny's famed coal,
And 'tis they through my poor heart have burned a big hole;
Her mind, like its river, is deep, clear and pure,
And her heart is more hard than its marble, I'm sure.

Oh, Kilkenny's a fine town, that shines where it stands,
And the more I think on it the more my heart warms:
If I was in Kilkenny I'd feel quite at home,
For it's there I'd get sweethearts, but here I get none.

KITTY OF COLERAINE.

As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping
With a pitcher of milk for the fair of Coleraine,
When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher down tumbled.
And all the sweet buttermilk watered the p'ain.
"Oh, what shall I do now! 'twas looking at you now,
I'm sure such a pitcher I'll re'er see again.
'Twas the pride of my dairy—oh, Barney McCleary,
You're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine."

I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her
That such a misfortune should give her such pain;
'Twas the haymaking season—I can't tell leave her
She vowed for such pleasure she'd break it again.
'Twas the haymaking season—I can't tell the reason,
Misfortunes will never come singly, 'tis plain,
For very soon after poor Kitty's disaster,
The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

MICHAEL DWYER. — *Continued.*

"Twas done—" And now," said Dwyer, " your work you may begin;
You are a hundred outside, we're only four within;
We've heard your haughty summons, and this is our reply:
We're true united Irishmen, we'll fight until we die."

Then burst the war's red lightning, then poured the leaden rain,
The hills around reechoed the thunder peals again.
The soldiers falling round him, brave Dwyer sees with pride—
But, ah! one gallant comrade is wounded by his side.

Yet there are three remaining good battle still to do;
Their hands are strong and steady, their aim is quick and true;
But, hark—that furious shouting the savage soldiers raise!
The house is fired around them, the roof is in a blaze!

And brighter every moment the lurid flames arose,
And louder swelled the laughter and cheering of their foes;
Then spake the brave M'Allister, the weak and wounded man,
" You can escape, my comrades, and this shall be your plan:

" Place in my hands a musket, then lie upon the floor,
I'll stand before the soldiers and open wide the door;
They'll pour into my bosom the fire of their array,
Then while their guns are empty, dash through them and away! "

He stood before the foemen, revealed amidst the flame,
From out their leveled pieces the wished-for volley came;
Up sprang the three survivors for whom the hero died,
But only Michael Dwyer burst through the ranks outside.

He baffled his pursuers, who followed like the wind,
And swam the river Slaney, and left them far behind,
But many a scarlet soldier he promised soon should fall,
For those, his gallant comrades, who died in wild Emall.

BARNEY BRALLAGHAN.

"Twas on a frosty night at two o'clock in the morning,
An Irish lad so tight, all wind and weather scorning,
At Judy Callaghan's door, sitting upon the palings,
His love tale did pour, and this was part of his wallings:

Only say you'd have Mister Brallaghan,
Don't say nay, charming Judy Callaghan.

Oh, list to what I say, charms you've got like Venus,
Own your love you may, there's only the wall between us;
You lay fast asleep, snug in bed and snoring,
Round the house I creep, your hard heart imploring:

I've got nine pigs and a sow, I've got a stye to sleep them,
A calf and a brindle cow, I've got a cabin to keep them;
Sunday hose and coat, an old gray mare to ride on,
Saddle and bridle to boot, which you may ride astride on:

I've got an old Tom cat, although one eye is staring,
I've got a Sunday hat, a little the worse for wearing;
I've got some gooseberry wine, the trees have got no riper on,
I've got a fiddle so fine, which only wants a piper on:

I've got an acre of ground, I've got it set with praties,
I've got of backey a pound, and got some tea for the ladies;
I've got the ring to wed, some whisky to make us gaily,
A mattress and feather bed, and a handsome new shellelah:

You've got a charming eye, you've got some spelling and reading,
You've got, and so have I, a taste for genteel breeding.
You're rich and fair and young, as every one is knowing,
You've got a decent tongue when'er 'tis set a-going:

For a wife till death I am willing to take ye,
But, och! I waste my breath, the devil himself can't wake ye;
'Tis just beginning to rain, so I'll get under cover,
I'll come to-morrow again and be your constant lover:

THE CELTIC CROSS.

THROUGH storm, and fire, and gloom, I see
it stand,

Firm, broad, and tall—

The Celtic Cross that marks our Father-
land,

Amid them all!

Druids, and Danes, and Saxons vainly rage
Around its base;

It standeth shock on shock, and age on age
Star of a scattered race.

O, Holy Cross! dear symbol of the dread
Death of our Lord,

Around thee long have slept our Martyr-
dead,

Sword over sword!

An hundred Bishops I myself can count

Among the slain:

Chiefs, Captains, rank and file, a shining
mount

Of God's ripe grain.

The Monarch's mace, the Puritan's clay-
more,

Smote thee not down:

On headland steep, on mountain summit
hour,

In mart and town;

In Glendalough, in Ara, in Tyrone,

We find thee still,

Thy open arms still stretching to thine own,
O'er town, and lough, and hill!

And they would tear thee out of Irish soil,
The guilty fools!

How time must mock their antiquated toil
and broken tools!

Cranmer and Cromwell from thy grasp re-
tired,

Baffled and thrown;

William and Anne to sap thy site con-
spired—

The rest is known!

Holy Saint Patrick, Father of our Faith,
Beloved of God!

Shield thy dear church from the impending
scath,

Or, if the rod

Must scourge it yet again, inspire and raise
To emprise high,

Men like the heroic race of other days,

Who joyed to die!

Fear! Wherefore should the Celtic people
fear

Their Church's fate?

The day is not—the day was never near—
Could desolate

The Destined Island, all whose secdy clay
Is holy ground—

Its cross shall stand till that predestined
day,

When Erin's self is drowned!

THE ORANGEMAN'S WIFE.

I WANDER by the limpid shore
 When fields and flow'rets bloom;
 But, O! my heart is sad and sore—
 My soul is sunk in gloom—
 All day I cry oehone! oehone!
 I weep from night till morn—
 I wish that I were dead and gone,
 Or never had been born.

My father dwelt beside Tyrone,
 And with him children five;
 But I to Charlemont had gone,
 At service there to live.
 O brothers fond! O sister dear!
 How ill I paid your love!
 O father! father! how I fear
 To meet thy soul above!

My mother left us long ago—
 A lovely corpse was she—
 But we had longer days of woe
 In this sad world to be.
 My weary days will soon be done—
 I pine in grief forlorn;
 I wish that I were dead and gone,
 Or never had been born.

It was the year of Ninety-Eight,
 The Wreckers came about;
 They lurn'd my father's stack of wheat,
 And drove my brothers out;
 They forced my sister to their lust—
 God grant my father rest!
 For the Captain of the Wreckers thrust
 A bayonet through his breast.

It was a dreadful, dreadful year;
 And I was blindly led,
 In love, and loneliness, and fear,
 A loyal man to wed;
 And still my heart is his alone,
 It breaks, but cannot turn;
 I wish that I were dead and gone,
 Or never had been born.

Next year we lived in quiet love,
 And kissed our infant boy;
 And peace had spread her wings above
 Our dwelling at the Moy.
 And then my wayworn brothers came
 To share our peace and rest;
 And poor lost Rose, to hide her shame
 And sorrow in my breast.

They came, but soon they turned and fled—
 Preserve my soul, O God!
 It was my husband's hand, they said,
 That shed my father's blood.
 All day I cry oehone! oehone!
 I weep from night till morn;
 And O, that I were dead and gone,
 Or never had been born!

KERRY DANCE.

OH! the days of the Kerry dancing, oh! the ring of the piper's
 tune,
 Oh! for one of those hours of gladness, gone, alas! like youth, too
 soon!
 When the boys began to gather in the glen of a summer night,
 And the Kerry piper's tuning made us long with wild delight.

CHORUS.

Oh! to think of it, oh! to dream of it, fills my heart with tears:
 Oh! the days of Kerry dancing, oh! the ring of the piper's tune;
 Oh! for one of those hours of gladness, gone, alas! like youth, too
 soon.

REFRAIN.

Time goes on, and the happy years are dead,
 And one by one the merry hearts are fled:
 Silent now is the wild and lonely glen,
 Where the bright glad laugh will echo ne'er again.

Only dreaming of days gone by, in my heart I hear
 Loving voices of old companions, stealing out of the past once
 more—
 And the sound of the dear old music, soft and sweet as in days
 of yore,
 When the boys began to gather in the glen of a summer night,
 And the Kerry piper's tuning made us long with wild delight.

Was there ever a sweeter colleen in the dance than Eily More?
 Or a prouder lad than Thady, as he boldly took the floor?
 "Lads and lasses to your places, up the middle, down again,"
 Ah! the merry-hearted laughter ringing through the happy glen.

I'm lonesome since I crossed the hills and o'er the moor that's
 sedgy;
 With heavy thoughts my mind is filled, since I have parted with
 Peggy.
 Whene'er I turn to view the place, the tears doth fall and blind
 me,
 When I think on the charming grace of the girl I left behind me.

The hours I remember well, when next to see doth move me;
 The burning flames my heart doth tell, since first she owned she
 loved me.
 In search of some one fair and gay, several doth remind me;
 I know my darling loves me well, though I left her far behind me.

The bees shall lavish, make no store, and the dove become a
 ranger;
 The fallen water cease to roar, before I'll ever change her.
 Each mutual promise faithfully made by her whom tears doth
 blind me,
 And bless the hour I pass away with the girl I left behind me.

My mind her image full retains, whether asleep or waking;
 I hope to see my jewel again, for her my heart is breaking.
 But if ever I chance to go that way, and that she has not
 resigned me,
 I'll reconcile my mind and stay with the girl I left behind me.

THE LADS WHO LIVE IN IRELAND.

My name is Ned O'Manney, I was born in sweet Killarney,
 I can fight, dance, or sing, I can plow, reap, or mow;
 And, if I met a pretty girl, I never practise blarney,
 I've something more alluring, which perhaps you'd like to know.
 I'm none of your Bulgrudderies, nor other shabby families,
 But can unto my pedigree a pretty title show:
 Oh! I'm of the O's and Mac's, and likewise the sturdy Whacks,
 That live and toil in Ireland where the apple praties grow,
 That live and toil in Ireland where the apple praties grow.

I could a deal relate if I could but trace my pedigree:
 My mother was a Hlogan, but my father I don't know;
 I've ninety-nine relations in a place they call Roscarberry,
 And each unto their name has a Mac or an O.
 My uncle was a Brallaghan, my aunt she was a Callaghan,
 And as to my character, why, I can plainly show.
 I'm rantin' rovin' blade, and I never was afraid,
 For I was born in Ireland where the apple praties grow,
 For I was born in Ireland where the apple praties grow.

May Heaven still protect our hospitable country,
 Where first I drew my living breath and heard its cocks to crow!

Adieu to its green hills and its lovely bay of Banty,
 Where many a pleasant evening my love and I did go—
 Where shoals of fish so pleasantly did sport about so merrily,
 Beneath its glassy surface their wanton tricks to show—
 Oh! those scenes I did enjoy like a gay, unthinking boy,
 With the lads who live in Ireland, where the apple praties grow,
 With the lads who live in Ireland, where the apple praties grow.

St. Patrick was our saint, and a blessed man in truth was he,
 Great gifts unto our country he freely did bestow;
 He banished all the frogs and toads that sheltered in our country,
 And unto other regions it's they were forced to go.
 There is one fact, undoubtedly, that cannot contradicted be,
 For, trace the Irish history, and it will plainly show:
 Search the universe all round, tighter fellows can't be found
 Than the lads who live in Ireland, where the apple praties
 grow,
 Than the lads who live in Ireland, where the apple praties
 grow.

THE RIVER ROE.

As I went out one evening, all in the month of June,
 The primroses and daisies and violets were in bloom;
 I espied a lovely fair one, and her I did not know.
 I took her for an angel that was bathing in the Roe.
 Her teeth were like ivory, her skin a lily white,
 Her cheeks as red as roses, her eyes like diamonds bright;
 Her surname I'll not tell, lest you might her know,
 But her master's habitation is on the river Roe.

I quickly stepped up to her, and this to her did say:
 Are you a goddess, or what brought you this way?
 She answered me right modestly, and said: I am not so.
 I'm but a servant maid that was bathing in the Roe.
 I said: My pretty fair maid, if with me you'll agree,
 We'll join our hands in wedlock and wedded we will be:
 My father, he's a nobleman, the country well does know,
 And his dwelling lies convenient to the river Roe.

She quickly made me answer, and this to me did say:
 My mistress she is waiting, I have no time to stay:
 I'll meet you to-morrow and my mistress won't know,
 We'll have some conversing on the river Roe.
 They both shook hands and parted, from each other did go,
 In hopes to meet next morning along the river Roe:
 She dressed herself in private, away then she did go,
 Her true love he was waiting along the river Roe.

PASTHEEN FION.

O, MY fair Pastheen is my heart's delight;
 Her gay heart laughs in her blue eye
 bright;
 Like the apple blossom her bosom white,
 And her neck like the swan's on a March
 morn bright!
 Then, Oro, come with me! come with me!
 come with me!
 Oro, come with me! brown girl, sweet!
 And, O! I would go through snow and
 sleet
 If you would come with me, my brown
 girl, sweet!

Love of my heart, my fair Pastheen!
 Her cheeks are as red as the rose's sheen,
 But my lips have tasted no more, I ween,
 Than the glass I drank to the health of my
 queen!
 Then, Oro, come with me! come with me!
 come with me!
 Oro, come with me! brown girl, sweet!
 And, O! I would go through snow and
 sleet
 If you would come with me, my brown
 girl, sweet!

Were I in the town where's mirth and glee,
 Or 'twixt two barrels of barley bree,
 With my fair Pastheen upon my knee,
 'Tis I would drink to her pleasantly!
 Then, Oro, come with me! come with me!
 come with me!
 Oro, come with me! brown girl, sweet!
 And, O! I would go through snow and
 sleet
 If you would come with me, my brown
 girl, sweet!

Nine nights I lay in longing and pain,
 Betwixt two bushes, beneath the rain,
 Thinking to see you, love, once again;
 But whistle and call were all in vain!
 Then, Oro, come with me! come with me!
 come with me!
 Oro, come with me! brown girl, sweet!
 And, O! I would go through snow and
 sleet
 If you would come with me, my brown
 girl, sweet!

I'll leave my people, both friend and foe;
 From all the girls in the world I'll go:
 But from you, sweetheart, O never! O, no!
 Till I lie in the coffin stretched, cold and
 low!
 Then, Oro, come with me! come with me!
 come with me!
 Oro, come with me! brown girl, sweet!
 And, O! I would go through snow and
 sleet
 If you would come with me, my brown
 girl, sweet!

THE RIVER ROE.—*Continued.*

When she came up to him he thus to her did say:
 I'm glad to meet you here, my love, on this very day.
 I'm glad to meet you here, love, the way that I will know,
 If you're going to wed with me and dwell beside the river Roe.
 She modestly did answer, and said she was content,
 I kissed and embraced her, and away both went:
 We were married next evening, as you will shortly know,
 She has servants to attend her, and she dwells upon the Roe.

It was within ten miles of Newton, convenient to the tide,
 You'll find my habitation convenient to the soil,
 You'll see ships from Limerick sailing down the silvery tide,
 And the lads and the lassies sparking along the river side.
 Farewell to friends and parents, and to the flowing quay,
 Likewise my old acquaintance, and I have no time to stay;
 Here is health to my own sweetheart, the girl that you know,
 And we will sing to the maid that dwells along the river Roe.

PADDY AT THE THEATER.

FROM the county of Monaghan lately I came,
 I'm a tinker by trade, Larry Dooly's my name;
 My cousin, Tim Murphy, I met yesterday,
 Says he, Mr. Dooly'll come to the play?
 Derry down, down, down, Derry down.

Is it the play that you mean, are you sure that you're right?
 They're treating the town to Pizzaro to-night;
 But the treat, as he called it, and the one that I mean,
 Bad luck to his treat, it cost me all my tin.
 Derry down, down, down, Derry down.

Well, the green curtain drew up, and a lady I spied,
 When a man came to kiss her she scornfully cried:
 Get out, you big blackguard, I'll bother your jig!
 When in comes Pizzaro with a grunt like a pig.
 Derry down, down, down, Derry down.

In the days of ould Goury, a long time ago,
 The Spaniards claimed war 'gainst Peru, you know;
 They demanded its cash, its jewels and keys.
 When a boy, they called Rowler, says: No, if you please.
 Derry down, down, down, Derry down.

Then Rowler came in, like a day-star appeared,
 He made a long speech and the sojers all cheered;
 Says he, Beat well the Spaniards, and do the neat thing,
 And then, boys, stand up for your country and king.
 Derry down, down, down, Derry down.

Then Mr. Murphy Alonzo somehow went to jail,
 He got out by a back door without giving bail:
 While Rowler was jumping o'er bridges and greens,
 He was shot by some blackguard behind the big screens.
 Derry down, down, down, Derry down.

Then Rowler came forward, and with him a child,
 Looking all for the world like a man that was wild:
 Here's your gossoon, dear Cora, it's my own blood that's spilt
 In defense of your child, blood an' ounds, I'm kilt!
 Derry down, down, down, Derry down.

Then Alonzo and Pizzaro had a terrible fight,
 Pizzaro got killed, that seemed perfectly right;
 For the audience came down with showers of applause,
 They were all enlisted in the Peruvian's cause.
 Derry down, down, down, Derry down.

Then Alonzo came forward and handsomely bowed,
 Saying: Ladies and gentlemen, meaning the crowd,
 By your kind permission, to-morrow, then,
 We will murder Pizzaro over again.
 Derry down, down, down, Derry down.

BRIAN THE BRAVE.

REMEMBER the glories of Brian the brave,
 Tho' the days of the hero are o'er;
 Tho' lost to Mononia and cold in the grave,
 He returns to Kinkora no more.
 That star of the field which so often hath
 pour'd
 Its beam on the battle, is set:
 But enough of its glory remains on each
 sword,
 To light us to victory yet.

Mononia! when Nature embellish'd the tint
 Of thy fields and thy mountains so fair,
 Did she ever intend that a tyrant should
 print
 The footstep of slavery there?
 No! Freedom, whose smile we shall never
 resign,
 Go, tell our invaders, the Danes,
 That 'tis sweeter to bleed for an age at thy
 shrine,
 Than to sleep but a moment in chains.

Forget not our wounded companions, who
 stood
 In the day of distress by our side;
 While the moss of the valley grew red with
 their blood,
 They stirr'd not, but conquer'd and died.
 That sun which now blesses our arms with
 his light,
 Saw them fall upon Ossory's plain;—
 O! let him not blush, when he leaves us
 to-night,
 To find that they fell there in vain.

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight?
 Who blushes at the name?
 When cowards mock the patriot's fate,
 Who hangs his head for shame?
 He's all a knave, or half a slave,
 Who slights his country thus
 But a true man, like you, man,
 Will fill your glass with us.

We drink the memory of the brave,
 The faithful and the few—
 Some lie far off beyond the wave—
 Some sleep in Ireland, too;
 All—all are gone—but still lives on
 The fame of those who died—
 All true men, like you, men,
 Remember them with pride.

Some on the shores of distant lands
 Their weary hearts have laid,
 And by the stranger's heedless hands
 Their lonely graves were made;
 But, though their clay be far away
 Beyond the Atlantic foam—
 In true men, like you, men,
 Their spirit's still at home.

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.—*Continued.*

The dust of some is Irish earth,
 Among their own they rest;
 And the same land that gave them birth
 Has caught them to her breast;
 And we will pray that from their clay
 Full many a race may start,
 Of true men, like you, men,
 To act as brave a part.

They rose in dark and evil days
 To right their native land;
 They kindled here a living blaze,
 That nothing shall withstand.
 Alas! that Might can vanquish Right—
They fell and pass'd away;
 But true men, like you, men,
 Are plenty here to-day.

Then here's their memory—may it be
 For us a guiding light.
 To cheer our strife for liberty,
 And teach us to unite.
 Through good and ill be Ireland's still,
 Though sad as theirs your fate;
 And true men be you, men,
 Like those of Ninely-Eight.

MARY OF TIPPERARY.

FROM sweet Tipperary see light-hearted
 Mary,
 Her step, like a fairy, scarce ruffles the
 dew
 As she joyously springs and as joyously
 sings,
 Disdaining such things as a stocking or
 shoe;
 For she goes bare-footed, like Venus or
 Cupid,
 And who'd be so stupid to put her in
 silk,
 When her sweet foot and ankle the dew-
 drops bespangle,
 As she trips o'er the lawn at the blush of
 the dawn,
 As she trips o'er the lawn with her full
 pail of milk.

For the dance, when arrayed, see this bright
 mountain maid,
 If her hair she would braid with young
 beauty's fond lure,
 O'er some clear fountain stooping, her dark
 tresses looping,
 Diana herself ne'er had mirror more
 pure!
 How lovely that toilet—would Fashion dare
 soil it
 With paint or with patches when Nature
 bestows
 A beauty more simple, in mirth's artless
 dimples?
 Heaven's light in her eye—the soft blue of
 the sky—
 Heaven's light in her eye, and a blush like
 a rose!

O'REILLY THE FISHERMAN.

As I roved out one evening fair, down by the river side,
 I heard a lovely maiden complain, the tears fell from her eyes;
 This is a cold and stormy night, those words she then did say,
 My love is on the raging sea, bound for America.

My love he was a fisherman, his age was scarce eighteen,
 He was as nice a young man as ever yet was seen:
 My father he had riches great, and Riley he was poor,
 Because I loved this fisherman they could not him endure.

John O'Riley was my true love's name, reared near the town of
 Bray,

My mother took me by the hand and these words to me did say:
 If you be fond of Riley, let him quit this country,
 Your father says he'll take his life, so shun his company.

Oh, mother, dear, don't be severe, where will you send my love?
 My very heart lies in his breast as constant as a dove.
 Oh, daughter, dear, I'm not severe, here is one thousand pound,
 So send Riley to America to purchase there some ground.

When Ellen got the money to Riley she did run,
 Saying: This very night, to take your life, my father charged a
 gun.

Here is one thousand pound in gold, my mother sent to you,
 So sail away to America and I will follow you.

When Riley got the money, next day he sailed away,
 And when he put his foot on board those words she then did say:
 Here is a token of true love, and we'll break it now in two,
 You'll have my heart and half my ring until I find out you.

It was three months after, as he was waiting by the shore,
 When Riley he came back again to take his love away;
 The ship was wrecked, all hands were lost, her father grieved full
 sore,
 And found Riley in her arms, and they drowned upon the shore.

He found a letter on her breast, and it was wrote with blood,
 Saying: Cruel was my father that thought to shoot my love!
 So let this now be a warning to all fair maids so gay,
 To never let the lads they love go to America.

THE IRISH HURRAH.

HAVE you hearkened the eagle scream over the sea?
 Have hearkened the breaker beat under your lee?
 A something between the wild waves in their play,
 And the kingly bird's scream is the Irish Hurrah.

How it rings on the rampart when Saxons assail;
 How it leaps on the level, and crosses the vale,
 Till the talk of the cataract faints on its way,
 And the echoes' voice cracks with the Irish Hurrah.

How it sweeps o'er the mountain when hounds are on scent,
 How it presses the billows when rigging is rent;
 Till the enemy's broadside sinks low in dismay,
 As our boarders go in with the Irish Hurrah.

Oh! there's hope in the trumpet and glee in the fife,
 But never such music broke into a strife;
 As when, as its bursting, the war-clouds gave way,
 And there's cold steel along with the Irish Hurrah.

What joy for your deathbed, your banner above,
 And round you the pressure of patriot love,
 As you're lifted to gaze on the breaking array
 Of the Saxon reserve at the Irish Hurrah.

THE BLARNEY.

THERE'S a castle in Dublin, convenient to
Cork
And Killarney, Killarney;
There's a stone in its tower that a wonder
can work
And that's blarney, that's blarney.
There's a neat little village in which stands
a mill,
That goes grinding out cloth and that's
grinding there still;
And a pleasing discourse you can larn, if
you will,
And that's blarney, that's blarney.
There are tie-ups and strikes in all parts of
the land,
Let them warn yer, yes, warn yer.
That the rich and the poor must each one
understand,
And no blarney, no blarney.
For when labor and capital each has their
right,
There's no striking by day or no burning by
night;
We will all live in peace without dynamite,
And no blarney, no blarney.
Uncle Sam got his dander rize way up on
end,
And says, darn yer, yes, darn yer;
A stout helping hand to ould Ireland I'll
lend,
And no blarney, no blarney.
I've helped with cash, and I've helped with
corn,
And I've helped her while starving, dis-
tressed and forlorn;
And I'll help her a nation once more to be
born.
That's no blarney, no blarney.
The great statue of Liberty enlightening
the world,
Is all blarney, all blarney;
Though the star-spangled banner is boldly
unfurled,
It don't consarn yer, consarn yer.
Tho' Liberty's torch may light Bedloe's lone
isle,
'Tis a will-o'-the-wisp that burns but to be-
guile;
For 'tis boodle that wins in the end all the
while,
And no blarney, no blarney.

NORA McSHANE.

I'VE left Ballymornach a long way behind
me,
To better my fortune I've crossed the big
sea;
But I'm sadly alone, not a creature to mind
me,
And faith, I'm as wretched as wretched
can be.
I think of the buttermilk, fresh as the daisy,
The beautiful hills and the emerald plain.
And, ah! don't I oftentimes think myself
crazy
About that black-eyed rogue, sweet Nora
McShane.

UP FOR THE GREEN.

'Tis the green, oh, the green is the color of the true,
And we'll back it 'gainst the orange and we'll raise it o'er the
blue;
For the color of old Ireland alone should here be seen,
'Tis the color of the martyr'd dead, our own immortal green.
Then up for the green, boys, and up for the green,
Oh, 'tis down to the dust, and a shame to be seen;
But we've hands, oh, we've hands, boys, full strong enough, I
ween,
To rescue and raise again our own immortal green.

They may say they have powers 'tis vain to oppose,
'Tis better to obey and live than sure to die as foes;
But we scorn all their threats, whatever they may mean,
For we trust in God above us and we dearly love the green.
So we'll up for the green, boys, and we'll up for the green!
Oh! to die is far better than to be curst as we've been;
And we've hearts, oh, we've hearts, boys, full true enough, I
ween,
To rescue and to raise again our own immortal green.

They may swear, as they often did, our wretchedness to cure,
But we'll never trust John Bull again, nor let his lies allure;
No, we won't—no, we won't, Bull, for now nor evermore!
For we've hopes on the ocean and we've trust on the shore.
Then up for the green, boys, and up for the green!
Shout it back to the Sassanach: we'll never sell the green!
For our Tone is coming back, and with men enough, I ween,
To rescue and avenge us and our own immortal green.

Oh, remember the days when their reign we did disturb,
At Limerick and Thurles, Blackwater and Benburb;
And ask this proud Saxon if our blows he did enjoy.
When we met him on the battle-field of France—at Fontenoy.
Then we'll up for the green, boys, and up for the green!
Oh, 'tis still in the dust, and a shame to be seen;
But we've hearts and we've hands, boys, full strong enough, I
ween,
To rescue and to raise again our own unsullied green!

THE BARD OF ARMAGH.

OH, listen to the lay of a poor Irish harper,
And scorn not the strains of his old withered hands,
But remember those fingers they once could move sharper
In raising the merry strains of his dear native land;
It was long before the shamrock, dear isle, lovely emblem,
Was crushed in its beauty by the Saxon's lion paw,
And all the pretty colleens around me would gather,
Call me their bold Phelim Brady, the bard of Armagh.

How I love to muse on the days of my boyhood,
Though fourscore and three years have flew by them,
It's king's sweet reflection that every young joy,
For the merry-hearted boys make the best of old men.
At a fair or a wake I could twist my shillelah,
And trip through a dance with my brogues tied with straw,
There all the pretty maidens around me would gather,
Call me their bold Phelim Brady, the bard of Armagh.

In truth I have wandered this wide world over,
Yet Ireland's my home and a dwelling for me,
And, oh, let the turf that my old bones shall cover
Be cut from the land that is trod by the free;
And when Sergeant Death in his cold arms doth embrace,
And lulls me to sleep with old Erin-go-bragh!
By the side of my Kathleen, my dear pride, oh, place me,
'Then forget Phelim Brady, the bard of Armagh.

NORAH McSHANE—Continued.

I sigh for the turf pile so cheerfully burn-
ing,
When barefoot I trudged it from toiling
afar;
When I toss'd in the light the thirteen I'd
been earning,
And whistled the anthem of Erin-go-
bragh.
In truth, I believe that I'm half broken-
hearted,
To my country and love I must get back
again.
For I've never been happy at all since I
parted
From sweet Ballymornach and Norah
McShane.

Oh! there's something so sweet in the cot I
was born in,
Though the walls are but mud and the
roof is but thatch;
How familiar the grunt of the pigs in the
mornin',
What music in lifting the rusty old latch.
'Tis true I'd no money, but then I'd no
sorrow,
My pockets were light, but my head had
no pain;
And if I but live till the sun shine to-
morrow
I'll be off to ould Ireland and Norah
McShane.

KATE OF ARRAGLEN.

WHEN first I saw thee, Kate,
That summer ev'ning late,
Down at the orchard gate
Of Arraglen,
I felt I'd ne'er before
Seen one so fair, asthore,
I fear'd I'd never more
See thee again—
I stopped and gazed at thee,
My footfall luckily
Reach'd not thy ear, though we
Stood there so near;
While from thy lips a strain,
Soft as the summer rain,
Sad as a lover's pain
Fell on my ear.
I've heard the lark in June,
The harp's wild plaintive tune,
The thrush, that aye too soon
Gives o'er his strain—
I've heard in hush'd delight
The mellow horn at night,
Waking the echoes light
Of wild Loch Lene.
But neither echoing horn,
Nor thrush upon the thorn,
Nor lark at early morn,
Hymning in air,
Nor harper's lay divine,
E'er witch'd this heart of mine,
Like that sweet voice of thine,
That ev'ning there.

DARLING OLD STICK.

My name is bold Morgan McCarthy from Trim,
My relations all died except one brother, Jim;
He is gone a-sojering out to Cow Bull,
I dare say he's laid low with a kick in the skull.
But let him be dead or be living,
A prayer for his corpse I'll be giving,
To send him soon home or to heaven,
For he left me his darlin' ould stick.

If that stick had a tongue it could tell you some tales,
How it battered the countenances of the O'Neils;
It made bits of skull fly about in the air,
And it's been the promoter of fun at each fair.
For I swear by the toenail of Moses
It has often broke bridges of noses
Of the faction that dared to oppose us—
It's the darlin' kippeen of a stick.

The last time I used it 'twas on Patrick's Day,
Larry Fagan and I got into a shilley;
We went on a spree to the fair of Athboy,
Where I danced, and when done, I kissed Kate McEvoy.
Then her sweetheart went out for his cousin,
And by Jabers! he brought in a dozen;
A doldrum they would have knocked us in
If I hadn't the taste of a stick.

War was the word when the factions came in,
And, to pummel us well, they peeled off to their skin;
Like a Hercules there I stood for the attack,
And the first that came up I sent on his back.
Then I shoved out the eye of Pat Clancy,
(For he once humbugged sister Nancy);
In the meantime poor Kate took a fancy
To myself and a bit of a tick.

I smothered her sweetheart until he was black,
She then tipped me the wink—we were off in a crack;
We went to a house t'other end of the town,
And we cheered up our spirits by letting some down.
When I got her snug into a corner,
And the whisky beginning to warm her;
She told me her sweetheart was an informer,
Oh, 'twas then I said prayers for my stick.

We got whiskificated to such a degree,
For support my poor Kate had to lean against me;
I promised to see her safe to her abode,
By the tarnal, we fell clean in the mud on the road.
We were roused by the magistrate's order
Before we could get a toe further—
Surrounded by peelers for murder,
Was myself and my innocent stick.

When the trial came on, Kate swore to the fact
That before I set to I was decently whacked;
And the Judge had a little more feeling than sense—
He said what I done was in my own defense.
But one chap swore again me, named Carey,
(Though that night he was in Tipperary);
He'd swear a coal porter was a canary
To transport myself and my stick.

When I was acquitted I leaped from the dock,
And the gay fellows all around me did flock;
I'd a pain in my shoulder, I shook hands so often,
For the boys all imagined I'd see my own coffin.
I went and bought a gold ring, sir,
And Kate to the priest I did bring, sir;
So next night you come, I will sing, sir,
The adventure of me and my stick.

KATE OF ARRAGLEN.—*Continued.*

And when some rustling, dear,
Fell on thy listening ear,
You thought your brother near,
And named his name.

I could not answer, though,
As luck would have it so,
His name and mine, you know,
Were both the same—

Hearing no answering sound,
You glanced in doubt around,
With timid look, and found
It was not he;

Turning away your head,
And blushing rosy red,
Like a wild fawn you fled
Far, far from me.

The swan upon the lake,
The wild rose in the brake,
The golden clouds that make
The west their throne,

The wild ash by the stream,
The full moon's silver beam,
The ev'ning star's soft gleam,
Shining alone;

The lily robed in white,
All, all are fair and bright;
But ne'er on earth was sight
So bright, so fair,

As that one glimpse of thee,
That I caught then, machree,
It stole my heart from me
That ev'ning there.

And now you're mine alone,
That heart is all my own—
That heart that ne'er hath known
A flame before.

That form of mould divine,
That snowy hand of thine—
Those locks of gold are mine
For evermore.

Was lover ever seen
As blest as thine, Kathleen?
Hath lover ever been

More fond, more true?
Thine is my every vow!
Forever dear, as now!
Queen of my heart be thou!
Mo cailín ruadh!

THE GIRL OF DUNBWY.

'Tis pretty to see the girl of Dunbwy
Stepping the mountain stately—
Though ragged her gown, and naked her
feet,

No lady in Ireland to match her is meet.
Poor is her diet, and hardly she lies—
Yet a monarch might kneel for a glance of
her eyes;

The child of a peasant—yet England's proud
Queen

Has less rank in her heart, and less grace
in her mien.

Her brow 'neath her raven hair gleams, just
as if

A breaker spread white 'neath a shadowy
cliff,

And love, and devotion, and energy speak
From her beauty-proud eye, and her pas-
sion-pale cheek.

IRISH MOLLY, O!

As I walked out one morning, all in the month of May,
I met a pretty Irish girl, and thus to her did say;
I put my hand in my pocket, as it happened so,
And pulled out a guinea to treat my Molly, O.

CHORUS.

She is young, she is beautiful, she is the fairest one I know,
The primrose of Ireland before my guinea go,
And the only one that entices me is my Irish Molly, O.

I said: My pretty fair maid, will you go along with me?
I will show you the straight way across the country.
My parents would be angry if they should come to know,
They will lay all the blame to my Scotch laddie, O.—CHORUS.

When Molly's own father he came to know,
That she had been courted by a Scotch laddie, O,
He sent for young McDonald, and these words to him did say:
If you court my daughter, Mary, I will send you far away.—
CHORUS...

Since Molly has deceived me, all by her father's ways,
Through some lonely woods and valleys, it's there I'll spend my
days;

Like some poor forlorn pilgrim I wander to and fro.
It's all for the sake of my Irish Molly, O.—CHORUS.

There is a rose in Dublin, I thought she would be mine,
For to come to my funeral is all I do require;
My body shall be ready by the dawning of the day,
It is all for the sake of my bonny Irish maid.—CHORUS.

When that I'm buried, there is one thing more I crave.
To lay a marble tombstone at the head of my grave;
And on this tombstone a prayer shall be said,
That young McDonald lies here for his poor Irish maid—
CHORUS.

Come all you pretty, fair maidens, a warning take by me,
And never build a nest at the top of any tree:
For the green leaves may wither, and the root it will decay,
And the beauty of a fair maid will soon fade away.—CHORUS.

DONNYBROOK FAIR.

Now it was a Monday morning in the pleasant month of May,
As myself I took a jolly ride with charming Molly Gray;
Whose eyes shone like the stars, and her cheeks were like the
rose,
I'll tell you all about it, just as my story goes.

CHORUS.

But as I drive my jaunting car, I drive away dull care,
And never can forget the day we went to Donnybrook fair.

Arrah! Molly had on her Sunday gown, and I my Sunday coat,
It as in my breeches pocket I had a one-pound note,
With an odd few shillings or so, and the whip was in my hand;
She jumped upon my Irish car, and away we drove so grand.

But Molly and me both agreed to become man and wife,
So the best we try in every way to be happy all our life;
Or should the times be good or bad, we drive away dull care,
We never shall forget the day we went to Donnybrook fair.

So fill the glasses full, my friends, and give one toast with me;
Here's success to dear old Ireland, the bright gem of the sea!
Let us hope the day is drawing nigh, and may we live to see
That poor, down-trodden Emerald Isle a land of liberty.

THE GIRL OF DUNBWOY—*Continued.*

But pale as her cheeks, there's fruit on her lip,
And her teeth flash as white as the crescent
moon's tip,

And her form and her step, like the red
deer's go past—
As lightsome, as lovely, as haughty, as fast.

I saw her but once, and I looked in her eye,
And she knew that I worshipped in passing
her by;

The saint of the wayside—she granted my
prayer,
Though we spoke not a word, for her mother
was there.

I can never think upon Bantry's bright hills,
But her image starts up, and my longing
eye fills;

And I whisper her softly, "Again, love,
we'll meet,

And I'll lie in your bosom, and live at your
feet."

WIDOW MACHREE.

WIDOW MACHREE, pray then open your door,

Och, hone! widow Machree,
And show me the easiest plank in your floor,

Och, hone! widow Machree,
Ye have nothing to fear,

I tell you, my dear,

Not a sound can ye hear

In sleep coming from me;

Barrin' that I should creep,

Or walk in my sleep,

Och, hone! widow Machree.

Widow Machree, for the third and last time,

Och, hone! widow Machree,
Will you listen to reason that's seasoned with
rhyme?

Och, hone! widow Machree,

Just think of the time

When you'd get past your prime,

Would you think it a crime

That you cheated mankind

Of what nature designed?

Darlin' widow Machree, will you fully explain,

Och, hone! widow Machree,
For the good of your conscience and soul, what
I mean?

Och, hone! widow Machree,

Didn't old Adam loan

From his rib a back-bone

To manufacture, och, hone!

For posterity

The first female man?

Deny that if you can,

Och, hone! widow Machree.

Widow Machree, pay your debts, fie for shame,

Och, hone! widow Machree,
As you owe man a rib, I lay claim to that same,

Och, hone! widow Machree,

And by paying the debt,

You'll draw interest yet,

And an armful you'll get

Of that same property:

Shall be yours while life bides,

And a great deal besides,

Och, hone! widow Machree.

THE IRISH REFUGEE.

FARE you well, poor Erin's Isle! I now must leave you for a
while,

The rents and taxes are so high, I can no longer stay;
From Dublin's quay I sailed away and landed here but yesterday;
Me shoes and breeches and shirts now are all that's in my kil.

I have dropped in to tell you now the sights I have seen before I
go,

Of the ups and downs in Ireland since the year of ninety-eight;
But if that nation had its own her noble sons might stay at home,
But since fortune has it otherwise poor Pat must emigrate.

The devil a word I would say at all, although our wages are but
small,

If they left us in our cabins, where our fathers drew their breath;
When they call upon rent day and the devil a cent you haven't to
pay,

They will drive you from your house and home to beg and
starve to death.

What kind of treatment, boys, is that to give an honest Irish Pat?
To drive his family to the road to beg and starve for meat?

But I stood up with heart and hand and sold my little spot of
land.

That is the reason why I left and had to emigrate.

Such sights as that I've often seen, but I saw worse in Skibareen,
In 'Forty-eight (that time is no more), when famine it was great;
I saw fathers, boys, and girls with rosy cheeks and silken curls,
All a-missing and starving for a mouthful of food to eat.

When they died at Skibareen no shrouds or coffins were to be seen,
But patiently reconciling themselves to their desperate, horrid
fate—

They were thrown in graves by wholesale which caused many an
Irish heart to wail—

And caused many a boy and girl to be most glad to emigrate.

Where is the nation or the land that reared such men as Paddy's
land?

Where is the man more noble than he they called poor Irish Pat?
We have fought for England's queen and beat her foes wherever
seen;

We have taken the town of Delhi, if you please, come tell me that!
We have pursued the Indian chief and Nena Sahib, that cursed
thief,

Who skivered babes and mothers and left them in their gore;
But why should we be so oppressed in the land St. Patrick
blessed?

The land from which we love the best poor Paddy must emigrate.

There is not a son from Paddy's land but respects the memory of
Dan,

Who fought and struggled hard to part that poor and plunder'd
country.

He advocated Ireland's rights with all his strength and might,
And he was but poorly recompensed for all his toil and pains.

He told us for to be in no haste, and in him for to place our
trust,

And he would not desert us or leave us to our fate;
But death to him no favor showed, from the begging to the
throne.

Since they took our liberator poor Pat must emigrate.

With spirits bright and purses light, my boys, we can no longer
stay,

For the Shamrock is immediately bound for America;
For there is bread and worth which I cannot get in Donegal,
I told the truth, by great Saint Ruth, believe me what I say.
Good night, my boys, with hand and heart, all you who take old
Ireland's part.

I can no longer stay at home, for fear of being too late;
If ever again I see this land I hope it will be with a Fenian band,
So God be with old Ireland, poor Pat must emigrate!

BONNY IRISH BOY.

His name I love to mention, in Ireland he was born,
I loved him very dearly, but alas! from me he's gone;
He's gone to America, he promised to send for me,
But the face of my bonny Irish boy I can no longer see.

It was in Londonderry that city of note and fame,
Where first my bonny Irish lad a-courting to me came.
He told me pleasant stories, and said his bride I'd be,
But the face of my bonny Irish boy I can no longer see.

I engaged my passage for New York, and, on arriving there,
To seek and find my Irish boy I quickly did prepare;
I searched New York and Providence, and Boston, all in vain,
But the face of my bonny Irish boy was nowhere to be seen.

I went to Philadelphia, and from there to Baltimore,
I searched the State of Maryland, I searched it o'er and o'er.
I prayed that I might find him, wherever he might be,
But the face of my bonny Irish boy I could no longer see.

One night as I lay in my bed, I dreamt I was his bride,
And sitting on the Blue Bell Hill, and he sat by my side.
A-gathering primroses, like the happy days of yore,
I awoke quite broken-hearted in the city of Baltimore.

Early then next morning a knock came to my door,
I heard his voice, I knew it was the lad I did adore;
I hurried up to let him in, I never felt such joy
As when I fell into the arms of my darling Irish boy.

Now that we are married, he never shall go to sea,
He knows I love him dearly, and I'm sure that he loves me;
My first sweet son is called for him, my heart's delight and joy,
He's the picture of his father, he's a darling Irish boy.

Farewell to Londonderry, I ne'er shall see you more,
Ah, many a pleasant night we spent around the sweet Lone Moor;
Our pockets were light, our hearts were good, we longed to be
free,
And talked about a happy home and the land of liberty.

CROOSKEEN LAWN.

LET the farmer praise his grounds, as the hunter does his hounds,
And the shepherd his sweet-scented lawn,
While I, more blest than they, spend each happy night and day
With my smiling little crooskeen lawn, lawn, lawn.
Oh, my smiling little crooskeen lawn,

Leante ruma crooskeen,
Sleante gar, mavourneen.
Agus gramachree, ma colleen, ban, ban, ban
Agus gramachree, ma colleen, ban.

In court with manly grace, should Sir Toby plade his case,
And the merits of his cause made known.
Without his cheerful glass he'd be stupid as an ass,
So he takes a little crooskeen lawn.

Then fill your glasses high, let's not part with lips so dry,
Though the lark should proclaim it is dawn:
But if we can't remain, may we shortly meet again
To fill another crooskeen lawn.

And when grim death appears, after few but happy years,
And tells me my glass it is run.
I'll say: Begone, you slave, for great Bacchus gives me lave
Just to fill another crooskeen lawn.

MOLLEEN OGE.

MOLLEEN oge, my Molleen oge.
Go put on your natest brogue,
And slip into your smartest gown,
You rosy little rogue;
For a message kind I bear
To yourself from oald Adair,
That Pat the piper's come around,
And there'll be dancin' there.
Oh, my Molleen,
Oh, my colleen,
We'll dance to Pat,
And after that
Collogue upon one chair.

Molleen, dear, I'd not presume
To encroach into your room,
But I'd forgot a fairin'
I'd brought you from Macroom;
So open, and I swear
Not one peep upon you—there!
'Tis a silver net to gather
As the glass your golden hair.
Oh, my Molleen, etc.

Molleen pet—my MOLLEEN pet,
Faix, I'm fairly in a fret
At the time you're tittivatin'.
MOLLEEN, aren't you ready yet?
Now net, and gown, and brogue,
Are you sure you're quite the vogue?
But, bedad, you look so lovely,
I'll forgive you, Molleen oge.
Oh, my Molleen,
Oh, my colleen,
We'll dance to Pat,
And after that
Upon one chair collogue.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

THERE is not in the wide world a valley so
sweet
As the vale in whose bosom the bright waters
meet;
Oh, the last rays of feeling and life must de-
part.
Ere the bloom from that valley shall fade
from heart.

Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er the
scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green,
It was not her soft magie of streamlet or lill—
Oh, no; it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom,
were near.
Who made every scene of enchantment more
dear,
And who felt how the best charms of nature
improve
When we see them reflected from looks that we
love.

Sweet vale of Avoca, how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love
best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold
world should cease.
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in
peace.

KITTY NEIL.

"Ah, sweet Kitty Neil, rise up from your wheel;
Your neat little foot will be weary from spinning,
Come, trip down with me to the sycamore tree—
Half the parish is there, and the dance is beginning.

"The sun is gone down, but the full harvest-moon
Shines sweetly and cool on the dew-whitened valley;
While all the air rings with the soft, loving things
Each little bird sings in the green, shaded alley."

With a blush and a smile Kitty rose up, the while
Her eyes in the glass, as she bound her hair, glancing.
'Tis hard to refuse when a young lover sues;
So she could not but choose to go off to the dancing.

And now on the green the glad groups are seen—
Each gay-hearted lad with the lass of his choosing;
And Pat, without fail, leads out sweet Kitty Neil—
Somehow, when he asked, she ne'er thought of refusing!

Now Felix Magee puts his pipes to his knee,
And with flourish so free sets each couple in motion;
With a cheer and a bound the lads patter the ground;
The maids move around, just like swans on the ocean.

Cheeks bright as the rose—feet light as the doe's,
Now coyly retiring, now boldly advancing;
Search the world all around, from the sky to the ground—
No such sight can be found as an Irish lass dancing.

Sweet Kate, who could view your eyes of deep blue
Beaming humidly through their dark lashes so mildly,
Your fair-turned arm, heaving breast, rounded form,—
Nor feel his heart warm and his pulses throb wildly?

Poor Pat feels his heart, as he gazes, depart,
Subdued by the smart of such painful yet sweet love:
The sight leaves his eye, as he cries, with a sigh:
"Dance light, for my heart it lies under your feet, love!"

THE FENIAN'S ESCAPE.

Now, boys, if you will listen to the story I'll relate,
I'll tell you of the noble men who from the foe escaped;
Though bound with Saxon fetters in the dark Australian jail,
They struck a blow for freedom, and for Yankee land set sail,
On the 17th of April last the Stars and Stripes did fly
On board the bark "Catalpa," waving proudly to the sky:
She showed the green above the red, as she did calmly lay
Prepared to take the Fenian boys in safety o'er the sea.

When Breslin and brave Desmond brought the prisoners to the shore
They gave one shout for freedom—soon to bless them evermore—
And manned by gallant hearts, they pulled toward the Yankee flag,
For well they knew, from its proud folds no tyrant could them drag.
They have nearly reached in safety the "Catalpa," taut and trim,
When fast approaching them they saw a vision dark and dim;
It was the steamer "Georgette," and on her deck there stood
One hundred hired assassins, to shed each patriot's blood.

The steamer reached the bounding bark and fired across her bow,
Then in loud voice commanded that the vessel should heave to;
But noble Captain Anthony, in thunder tones did cry:
You dare not fire a shot at that bright flag that floats on high;
My ship is sailing peacefully beneath that flag of stars,
It's manned by Irish hearts of oak, and manly Yankee tars;
And that dear emblem at the fore, so plain now to be seen,
'Tis the banner I'll protect, old Ireland's flag of green.

The Britisher he sailed away—from the stars and stripes he ran—
He knew his chance was slim to fight the boys of Uncle Sam;
So Hogan, Wilson, Harrington, with Darragh off did go,
With Hassett and bold Cranston, soon to whip the Saxon foe.
Here's luck to that noble Captain, who well these men did free,
He dared the English man-of-war to fight him on the sea.
And here's to that dear emblem which in triumph shall be seen,
The flag for which those patriots fought, dear Ireland's flag of green.

LARRY O'GAFF.

NEAR a bog in sweet Ireland, I am told, sure there born I was,
Well I remember a bright Monday morn it was:
My daddy, poor man, would cry: What a greenhorn I was—
Three months I am married, hurrah! how they laugh.
Says he to my mother: Troth, Judy, I'll leave you joy.
Says Judy to him: Oh! the devil may care, my boy.
By St. Patrick, I'll leave you both here to weep and cry,
What shall we do for our daddy O'Gaff?
With my didrewhack off I am, none of your blarney, man,
Keep your brat to your chat all the day so you may.
By the powers! I won't tarry; so he left little Larry,
I never saw more of my daddy O'Gaff.

Och! it's then I grew up, and a sweet looking child I was,
Always the devil for handling the stick I was;
But somehow or other, my numbskull so thick it was.
Go where I would, all the folks they did laugh.
I rambled to England, where I met with a squad of boys,
They got me promoted to carry the hod, my boys;
I crept up a ladder like a cat newly shod, my boys,
A steep way to riches, says Larry O'Gaff.
With my didrewhack in and out, head turning round about,
Ladder crack, break your back, tumble down, crack your crown.
My dear Mr. Larry, this hod that you carry
Disgraces the shoulders of Mr. O'Gaff.

LARRY O'GAFF.—*Continued.*

They made me a master, then dressed like a fop I was,
 Bran new and span new from bottom to top I was;
 But the old fellow popt in as taking a drop I was,
 Says he: Mr. Larry, you bog-trotting calf,
 Get out of my house, or I'll lay this about your back;
 With the twig in his hand like the mast of a herring smack,
 Over my napper he made the switch for to crack:
 Said I: This don't suit you, Mr. O'Gaff.
 With my didrewhack hub bub bo, drums beating row de row,
 O do! my life plays the fife, Patrick's day, fire away;
 In the army so frisky, we'll tippie the whisky,
 With the whack for ould Ireland and Larry O'Gaff.

Then they made me a soldier, mut, oh! how genteel I was!
 Scarlet and tapes from the neck to the heels I was;
 Larry, says I, when brought into the field I was,
 This sort of fighting don't suit you by half.
 We fought like the devil, as Irishmen ought to do,
 So sweetly we beat Mr. Bony at Waterloo;
 But now the wars are over, and peace we've brought home to
 you,
 Welcome to old Ireland and Larry O'Gaff.
 With my didrewhack save my neck, round and sound free from
 wound,
 With a wife to spend my life, sport and play, night and day;
 Arrah with your blarney, for the breed of the Carneys,
 Would fight for old Ireland and Larry O'Gaff.

YELLOW MEAL.

As I walked one morning down by the Sligo dock,
 I overheard an Irishman conversing with Tapscott;
 Good morning, Mr. Tapscott, would you be after telling to me,
 Have you ever a ship bound for New York in the State of Amer-
 ikee?

Oh, yes, my pretty Irish boy, I have a ship or two,
 They're laying at the wharf there, waiting for a crew;
 They are New York Packets, and on Friday they will sail,
 At present she is taking in one thousand bags of meal.

Straightway then I started, 'twas on the yellow-grog road,
 Such roars of mille-murder! oh, the like was never known;
 And there I paid my passage down in solid Irish gold.
 It's often times that I sat down and wished myself at home.

The very day we started, 'twas on the first of May,
 The Captain he came upon the deck, these words to us did say:
 Cheer up, my hearty Irish blades, don't let your courage fail,
 To-day I'll serve you pork and beans, to-morrow yellow meal.

One day as we were sailing in the Channel of St. James,
 A northwest wind came up to us and drove us back again;
 Bad luck to the Josh. A. Walker, and the day that she set sail,
 Likewise to Captain Tapscott, and his dirty yellow meal.

And then I went to Liverpool, walking thro' the street,
 Not a penny in my pocket, not a mouthful for to eat;
 Bad luck to the Josh. A. Walker, and the day that she set sail,
 For the dirty sailors broke open my chest and stole my yellow
 meal.

But now I'm in America, and working upon the canal,
 To cross the stream in one of these boats, I know I never shall;
 But I'll cross it in a great big ship that carries both meat and
 sail,
 Where I'll get lashings of corned meat and none of your yellow
 meal!

HURLING OF THE GREEN.

'Twas night. On Antietam's height
 The weary warriors lay,
 Tired, where the long and bloody fight
 Had tried their worth that day.
 Darkness had stilled the strife's alarm,
 Though streams of life-blood yet were warm,
 Where the drowsy out-post sank,
 And shook his sleeping comrade's arm:
 "You're surely dreaming, Frank."

The startled sleeper gazed toward
 The camp-fire's waning glow;
 "Where are we?" "Here on the sloping
 sward;
 And the beaten foe below."
 "Thunder! I dreamed of Ireland, lad,
 And a hurling-match." "Well, our foes have
 had
 Full plenty of that I ween."
 "But I dreamed we tossed the ball like mad
 On a fair broad Irish green."

"Ah, Frank, full many a ball we've hurled,
 And many a head to-day.
 The game we've played with our flag unfurled
 Is the game I love to play;
 When that glorious flag at our front floats out,
 And with rifle clubbed, and with ringing shout,
 We spring 'neath its emerald sheen.
 And scatter the foes like a rabble-rout,
 On the crimson-dappled green!"

"Shall we ever again see Ireland, Frank,
 And play upon Irish ground,
 This glorious game, where our brethren sank
 In the death of the starved hound?
 On our side Erin,* our island mother.
 Each hurler true as a sworn brother;
 Blither game had ne'er been seen
 Than I hope to play some day or other
 To the goal of an Irish green!"

The foe was gone with the morning's light,
 And the flag of emerald hue
 Waved proudly above the wooded height,
 Begemmed with the morning's dew.

And o'er many a fight did that banner wave,
 And o'er many an Irish warrior's grave
 Its mourning folds were seen;—
 But how many of all that phalanx brave
 Will again see an Irish green?

* Eire ar taev-ne; a frequent cry at Irish hurling
 matches

THE SHAMROCK AND LAUREL.

THERE'S a lofty love abounding
 In the emblem of a land;
 There's fellowship confounding
 The evil mind and hand;
 In the token of a nation.
 In the flow'ret of a race;
 And a multiform oblation
 Is uplifted by the grace
 And patriotism of millions—
 To the hearthstones and hamlets
 Where gush the native fountains;
 To the valleys and the streamlets,
 The cities and the mountains—
 With a pride as high as Hion's!

THE SHAMROCK AND LAUREL—*Continued.*

As the lily was the glory
Of the olden flag of France;
As the rose illumines the story
Of the Albion's advance—
In the shamrock is communion
Of all Irish faith and love;
And the laurel crowns the union
Of grandsieurs interwove
'Round the temple of the chainless
To the laurel fill libations,
The eup with shamrocks wreathing;
And before the monarch-nations
Raise the symbol, breathing:
"Equal Rights"—to lordlings gaimless!

Interweave the lowly shamrock,
Freedom's laurel to endow:
Ay! unite with Ireland's shamrock
Columbia's laurel bough—
For there's hope and help unehary
Columbia's skies beneath,
And from every cliff and prairie,
To Erin's hills of heath,
Salutations, clear and cheerful,
Resound across the ocean;
And Celts, in might increasing,
With patriot emotion,
Vow in their souls unceasing:
"We'll avenge thee, Mother Tearful!"

THE DEAR IRISH BOY.

May Connor's cheeks are as ruddy as morn;
The brightest of pearls but mimic his teeth:
While nature with ringlets his mild brow
adorn,
His hair's Cupid's low strings, and roses his
breath.

CHORUS.

Smiling, beguiling, cheering, endearing,
Together oft o'er the mountain we've
strayed;
By each other delighted, and fondly united,
I've listened all day to my dear Irish boy.

No roebuck more swift can flee o'er the moun-
tain,
No Briton bolder 'midst danger or fear;
He's sightly, he's rightly, he's as clear as the
fountain,
His eye's twinkling love, and he's gone to the
war.

The soft tuning lark its notes shall cease to
mourning,
The dull screaming owl shall cease its night's
sleep;
While seeking lone walks in the shades of the
evening,
If my Connor return not, I'll ne'er cease to
weep.

The war is all over, and my love is not return-
ing,
I fear that some envious plot has been laid;
Or some cruel goddess has him captivated,
And left me to mourn here, a dear Irish maid.

THAT ROGUE, REILLY.

THERE'S a boy that follows me every day, although he declares
that I use him vilely,
But all I can do he won't go away, this obstinate, ranting Reilly;
In every street 'tis him I meet, in vain the byway path I try,
The very shadow of my feet, I might as well attempt to fly,
As that boy that follows me every day, although he declares that
I use him vilely.
Yet all I can say he won't go away, that raking, ranting Reilly.

My mother she sent me ten miles away in hopes that the fellow
would never find me;
But the very next day we were making hay the villain stood
close behind me;
For this, says I, you shall dearly pay, how dare you such a free-
dom take?
Says he, I heard you were making hay, and I thought, my dear,
you'd want a rake;
And therefore I followed you here to-day with your diamond eye
and your point,
Like a needle concealed in a bundle of hay, but I found you out,
said Reilly.

I told him at last, in a rage, to pack, and then for a while he
fought more shyly;
But, like a bad shilling, he soon came back, that counterfeit rogue,
that Reilly.
To hunt me up he takes disguise, one day a beggar wench appears.
'Twas that rogue himself, but I knew his eyes, and didn't I box
the rascal's ears?
Yet still he keeps following every day, plotting and planning so
cute and slyly,
And there isn't a fox more tricks can play than raking, ranting
Reilly.

A nunnery, now, my old maiden aunt, declares for young women
the best protection,
But shelter so very secure I can't consider without objection.
A plague on the fellows, both great and small, they bother us so
till they find a wife.
Yet if we should never be bothered at all I think 'twould be rather
a stupid life;
So the rogue still follows me every day and I continue to use him
vilely,
But the neighbors all say till I'm turn'd to clay I'll never get rid
of Reilly.

THE IRISH WEDDING.

SURE won't you hear what roaring cheer was spread at Paddy's
wedding, O?
And how so gay they spend the day from eburching to the bed-
ding, O?
First, book in hand, came Father Quipes with the bride's dadda,
the bailie, O,
While the chaunter with her merry pipes struck up a lilt so
gaily, O.

Tiddery, teddery, etc.

Now there was Mat and sturdy Pat and merry Morgan Murphy, O,
And Murdock Maggs, and Tirlogh Shaggs, McLoughlin and Dick
Durfy, O;
And then the girls, rigged out in white, led on by Ted O'Rilly, O,
While the chaunter with her merry pipes struck up a lilt so
gaily, O.

When Pat was asked if his love would last, the chapel echoed with
laughter, O,
By my soul, says Pat, you may say that to the end of the world
and after, O.
Then tenderly her hand he gripes and kisses her genteely, O,
While the chaunter with her merry pipes struck up a lilt so
gaily, O.

THE IRISH WEDDING.—*Continued.*

Then a roaring set at dinner met, so frolicsome and so frisky, O,
Potatoes galore a skirrig or more with a flowing madder of
whisky, O.

Then around, to be sure, didn't go the wipes, at the bride's ex-
pense so freely, O.

While the chaunter with the merry pipes struck up a lilt so
gaily O.

And then at night, oh, what delight to see them capering and
prancing, O.

An opera or ball were nothing at all compared to the style of
their dancing, O;

And then to see old Father Quipes beating time with his shillelah,
O,

While the chaunter with the merry pipes struck up a lilt so
gaily, O.

And now the lot so tipsy are got, they'll go to sleep without rock-
ing, O.

While the bridesmaids fair so gravely prepare for the throwing of
the stocking, O;

Decadorous we'll have, says Father Quipes, then the bride was
kissed round, genteely, O;

While to wish them good night, the merry pipes struck up a lilt
so gaily, O.

THE GREEN ABOVE THE RED.

FULL often when our fathers saw the red above the green,
They rose in rude but fierce array, with saber, pike, and skian,
And over many a noble town, and many a field of dead,
They proudly set the Irish green above the English red.

But in the end, throughout the land, the shameful sight was
seen—

The English red in triumph high above the Irish green;
But well they died in breach and field, who, as their spirits fled,
Still saw the green maintain its place above the English red.

And they who saw, in after times, the red above the green,
Were withered as the grass that dies beneath the forest screen;
Yet often by this healthy hope their sinking hearts were fed,
That, in some day to come, the green should flutter o'er the red.

Sure 'twas for this Lord Edward died, and Wolfe Tone sunk
serene—

Because they could not bear to leave the red above the green;
And 'twas for this Owen fought and Sarsfield nobly bled—
Because their eyes were hot to see the green above the red.

So when the strife began again, our darling Irish green
Was down upon the earth, while high the English red was seen;
Yet still we hold our fearless course, for something in us said,
Before the strife is o'er you'll see the green above the red.

And 'tis for this we think and toil, and knowledge strive to glean,
That we may pull the English red below the Irish green;
And leave our sons sweet liberty and smiling plenty spread,
Above the land once dark with blood—the green above the red.

The jealous English tyrant now has banned the Irish green,
And forced us to conceal it like a something foul and mean;
But yet, by heaven! he'll sooner raise his victims from the dead,
Than force our hearts to leave the green and cotton to the red.

We'll trust ourselves, for God is good, and blesses those who lean
On their brave hearts, and not upon an earthly king or queen;
And, freely as we lift our hands we vow our blood to shed,
Once and forever more to raise the green above the red.

"STAMPING OUT."

Ay, stamp away! Can you stamp it out—

This quenchless fire of a nation's freedom?
Your feet are broad and your legs are stout,
But stonter for this you'll need 'em!

You have stamped away for six hundred years,
But again and again the Old Cause rallies,
Pikes gleam in the hands of our mountaineers,
And with scythes come the men from our
valleys;

The steel-clad Norman as he roams
Is faced by our naked gallowglasses,
We lost the plains and our pleasant homes,
But we held the hills and passes!

And still the beltane fires at night,
If not a man were left to feed 'em—
By widows' hands piled high and bright,
Flashed far the flame of Freedom!

Ay, stamp away! Can you stamp it out,
Or how have your brutal arts been baffled?

You have wielded the power of rope and knot,
Fire, dungeon, sword and scaffold.

But still, as from each martyr's hand
The Fiery Cross fell down in fighting,
A thousand sprang to seize the brand,
Our beltane fires relighting!

And once again through Irish nights,
O'er every dark hill redly streaming,

And numerous as the heavenly lights
Our rebel fires were gleaming!

And though again might fail that flame,
Quenched in the blood of its devoted,
Fresh chieftains 'rose, fresh clansmen
came,

And again the Old Flag floated!

That fire will burn, that flag will float.

By Virtue nursed, by Valor tended—
Till with one fierce clutch upon your throat
Your Moloch reign is ended!

It may be now, or it may be then.

That the hour will come we have hoped for
ages—

But, failing and failing, we try again,
And again the conflict rages.

Our hate though hot is a patient hate,
Deadly and patient to catch you tripping—
And your years are many, your crimes are
great.

And the scepter is from you slipping.

But stamp away with your brutal hoof,
While the fires to scorch you are upward
cleaving.

For, with bloody shuttles, the warp and
wool

Of your shroud the Fates are weaving!

THE PRETTY MAID MILKING HER COW.

It being on a fine summer's morning.

As birds sweetly tuned on each bough,
I heard a fair maid sing most charming,
As she sat a-milking her cow.

Her voice was enchanting—melodious,
Which left me scarce able to go;

My heart it was soothed in solace,
By the pretty maid milking her cow.

PRETTY MAID MILKING HER COW.—Continued.

With courtesy I did salute her;
 "Good-morrow, most amiable maid,
 I am your captive slave for the future."
 "Kind sir, do not banter," she said,
 "I am not such a precious rare jewel,
 That I should enamour you so;
 I am but a plain country girl!"
 Said this pretty maid milking her cow.

"The Indies afford no such jewel,
 So precious and transparent clear;
 Oh! do not refuse to be my jewel,
 But consent and love me, my dear.
 Take pity and grant my desire,
 And leave me no longer in woe;
 Oh! love me or else I'll expire,
 Sweet colleen dhas cruthin amoe."

"I don't understand what you mean, sir,
 I never was a slave yet to love;
 These emotions I cannot experience,
 So, I pray, these affections remove.
 To marry, I can assure you,
 That state I will not undergo;
 So, young man, I pray, you'll excuse me!"
 Said this pretty maid milking her cow.

"Had I the wealth of great Omar,
 Or all on the African shore;
 Or had I great Devonshire's treasure,
 Or had I ten thousand times more;
 Or had I the lamp of Aladdin,
 And had I his genius also,
 I'd rather live poor on a mountain
 With colleen dhas cruthin amoe."

"I beg you withdraw and don't tease me,
 I cannot consent unto thee;
 I prefer to live single and airy
 Till more of the world I see,
 New cares they would me embarrass,
 Beside, sir, my fortune is low;
 Until I get rich I'll not marry!"
 Said the colleen dhas cruthin amoe.

"A young maid is like a ship sailing,
 She don't know how long she may steer;
 For in every blast she is in danger,
 So consent and love me, my dear.
 For riches I care not a farthing.
 Your affection I want, and no more;
 In wedlock I wish to bind you,
 Sweet colleen dhas cruthin amoe."

ERIN.

WHEN Erin first rose from the dark swelling
 flood,
 God bless'd the green island, and saw it was
 good;
 The emerald of Europe, it sparkled and shone,
 In the ring of the world, the most precious
 stone.
 In her sun, in her soil, in her station thrice
 blest,
 With her back towards Britain, her face to the
 West,
 Erin stands proudly insular, on her steep
 shore,
 And strikes her high harp 'mid the ocean's
 deep roar.

BRENNEN ON THE MOOR.

It's of a fearless Irishman, a long story I shall tell;
 His name is Willie Brennen, in Ireland he did dwell;
 It was on the Calvert Mountains he commenced his hellish career,
 Where many a wealthy gentleman before him shook with fear.

CHORUS

Brennen on the moor, Brennen on the moor,
 Bold and undaunted, stood Brennen on the moor.

A brace of loaded pistols he carried with him each day;
 He never robbed a poor man upon the Queen's highway;
 For what he'd taken from the rich, like Turpin and black Bess,
 He always did divide it with the widows in distress.

One night he robbed an Irishman by the name of Juler Bawn,
 They traveled on together till the day began to dawn;
 The Juler found his money gone, likewise his watch and chain,
 He at once encountered him and robbed him back again.

When Willie found the packman was as good a man as he,
 He took him on the highway his companion for to be;
 The Juler threw away his pack without any more delay,
 And he proved a faithful comrade amidst his Agnus-dei.

One day upon the highway, as Willie he sat down,
 He met the Mayor of Cashil a mile outside the town;
 The Mayor he knew his features—I think, young man, said he,
 That your name is Willie Brennen, you must come along with
 me.

Willie's wife, she being in town provisions for to buy,
 When she saw her Willie she began to weep and cry;
 I wish he handed me the temperers; as soon as Willie spoke,
 She handed him a blunderbuss from underneath her cloak.

It's with this loaded blunderbuss, the truth I will unfold,
 He made the Mayor to tremble and robbed him of his gold;
 One hundred pounds he offered for his apprehension there,
 And he with horse and saddle to the mountains then repaired.

Willie, being an outlaw upon the mountains high,
 With cavalry and infantry to take him they did try;
 He laughed at them with scorn, until at length did say:
 Ah! a false-hearted young woman did basely me betray.

In the county of Tipperary, in a place called Clonmore,
 Brennen and his comrade was made to suffer sore;
 He lay amongst the briars, that grew thick upon the field,
 And he received nine wounds before that he would yield.

They were taken prisoners, in irons they were bound.
 Conveyed to Clonmel jail, and strong walls did them surround;
 The jury found them guilty, the Judge made this reply:
 For robbing on the Queen's highway, you're both condemned to die.

Farewell unto my wife, and you my children three!
 And you my aged father, that may shed tears for me!
 And you my loving mother, tore her gray locks and cried:
 It were better, Willie Brennen, in your cradle Agall Chigh!

ERIN.—Continued.

But when its soft tones seem to mourn and to weep,
The dark chain of silence is thrown o'er the deep;
At the thought of the past the tears gush from her eyes,
And the pulse of her heart makes her white bosom rise.
O! sons of green Erin, lament o'er the time,
When religion was war, and our country a crime,
When man, in God's image, inverted his plan,
And moulded his God in the image of man.
When the int'rest of state wrought the general woe,
The stranger a friend, and the native a foe;
While the mother rejoic'd o'er her children oppressed,
And clasped the invader more close to her breast.
When with pale for the body and pale for the soul
Church and state joined in compact to conquer the whole;
And as Shannon was stained with Milesian blood,
Ey'd each other askance and pronounced it was good.
By the groans that ascend from your forefathers' grave,
For the country thus left to the brute and the slave,
Drive the Demon of Bigotry home to his den,
And where Britain made brutes now let Erin make men.
Let my sons like the leaves of the shamrock unite,
A partition of sects from one footstalk of right,
Give each his full share of the earth and the sky,
Nor fatten the slave where the serpent would die.
Alas! for poor Erin that some are still seen,
Who would dye the grass red from their hatred to Green;
Yet, oh! when you're up and they're down, let them live,
Then yield them that mercy which they would not give.
Arm of Erin, be strong! but be gentle as brave!
And uplifted to strike, be still ready to save!
Let no feeling of vengeance presume to defile
The cause of, or men of, the Emerald Isle.
The cause it is good, and the men they are true,
And the Green shall outlive both the Orange and Blue!
And the triumphs of Erin her daughters shall share,
With the full swelling chest, and the fair flowing hair.
Their bosom heaves high for the worthy and brave,
But no coward shall rest in that soft-swelling wave;
Men of Erin! awake, and make haste to the West,
Rise—Areh of the Ocean and Queen of the West!

A PRIVATE STILL.

AN exciseman, once, in Dublin, at the time that I was there,
He fancied that a private still was being worked somewhere;
He met me out one morning, perhaps he fancied that I knew,
But I didn't; Never mind that, says he, Pat, how do you do?
Says I: I'm very well, your honor, but allow me for to say,
I don't know you at all, by jove! But, says he, but, perhaps, you may!

I want to find a something out, assist me if you will,
Here's fifty pounds if you can tell me where's a private still.

Give me the fifty pounds, says I, upon my soul! I can,
I'll keep my word, the devil a lie, as I'm an Irishman!
The fifty pounds he then put down, I pocketed the fee.
Said I: Now, button up your coat and straightway follow me.
I took him walking up the street, and talking all the while,
He little thought I'd got to take him a thund'ring many miles.
Says he: How much further, Pat? for I am getting very tired.
Said I: Then let us have a car. And a jaunting car he hired.

As soon as we got in the car, said he: Now tell me, Pat,
Where is this blessed private still? don't take me for a flat.
A flat! your honor, no! says I, but hear me, if you will,
And I, at once, will tell you, sir, where there's a private still.
Go on at once, says he. Says I: All right, now mark me well,
I have a brother that is close by here, in the barracks he does dwell;

I assure you he's a soldier, though he went against his will.
The devil take your brother! says he, where's the private still?

Hold your wist! says I, old chap! and I will plainly show
That in the army, why, of course, promotion is very slow.
Said the exciseman, Yes, I'm sure it is they're only meant to kill;
But never mind your brother, tell me where's the private still?
Said I, I'm coming to it; the barrack's close at hand,
And, if you look straight thro' the gates you'll see and hear the band,

And when the band's done playing, you'll see the soldiers drill.
The blazes take the soldiers! tell me, where's the private still?

Half a minute more, says I, I'll point him out to you.
Faith! there he is, says I, old chap, standing 'twixt them two!
Who the blazes do you mean? said he. I said: My brother Bill.
Well! says he. Well, says I, they won't make him a corporal, so he's a private still!

The exciseman stamped and—and said he'd have his money back,
But I jumped in the car myself, and off was in a crack!
And the people, as he walked along, tho' much against his will,
Shout after him: Exciseman, have you found the private still?

TERRY O'RANN.

TERRY O'RANN was a fine young man, and from a boy it was his joy

To tittle and drink, and lovingly wink at all the gay lasses in Derry;

And when his first love he was making, the girls for him had such a taking.

If he'd just wink his eye, oeh, wouldn't they sigh, you'd think all their backs was a-breaking.

He took whisky punch every night to his lunch, all the thoughts of his love to bury,

And then he would roam far away from his home, to the grief of the lasses of Derry.

Day and night 'twas his delight to play this game, without any shame,

Till stopped by death, which took his breath, and killed him with whisky in Derry;

His loss to the lasses was grievous, but from death there is nothing can save us,

TERRY O'RANN.—*Continued.*

And every soul in terror dia howl, saying, Oeh, Terry, why did ye lave us?
That night at the wake every head it did ache, and when they went with the coffin to bury,
A crowd was seen that covered the green in the black-looking churchyard in Derry.

The Mayor of the town was a man of renown, he was a shoemaker, a tailor,
A baker, a doctor besides, and undertaker to all the people in Derry;

And when they were all merry making, himself to his bed he was taking.

When Terry's dead ghost stood at his bedpost, says he: 'Tis a shame to the waking.

Nor I don't ask your lave to come from the grave, your conduct is shocking, oeh, very.

I say to your face, you must alter my case, or I'll tell all the people in Derry.

I was buried to-day, but where I lay the ground was damp and gave me the cramp.

All over my body the wet did get, there was water enough for a ferry;

And besides my feelings to harrow, I was doubled up as if in a barrow,

I was wedged in tight-bound, I couldn't turn 'round, my coffin was too devilish narrow.

It was made of bad stuff, not half long enough, and as sure as my name it is Terry,

I will not lay quiet, but I'll kick up a riot, I'll haunt all the people in Derry.

Pray, says the Mayor, now take a chair, if you'll allow, I'll measure you now,

For a new coffin, longer and broader and stronger, if that'll make your heart merry;

Then the ghost brightened up in a jiffy, his frolicsome spirits grew frisky.

Says he: With pleasure, you make take my measure, and I'll take a measure of whisky;

For you needn't be told that the grave's very cold, and doesn't agree with poor Terry.

I'm a comical elf, so I'll drink a good health to all the live lasses in Derry.

While the bottle and glass merrily pass, and Terry was ripe for a song or a fight,

The clock struck one, and ended the fun of the frolicsome corpse of poor Terry;

For the sound of the clock was a warning that no ghost e'er was scorning.

So tipsy and drunk away he slunk to get into his grave before morning.

But the old women say that he missed his way, for the coffin they did bury

Was quite empty found in the turned-up ground, to the grief of the lasses in Derry.

The truth to suppose, for there's nobody knows, the ghost ran hard to gain the churchyard.

But to his distress he got into a mess by meeting some blackguards in Derry;

Surrounded in every direction, no shillelah had he for protection,
So they, in a crack, popped him in a sack and carried him off for dissection.

He told all the house he was but a poor ghost, but they wouldn't believe him, poor Terry.

With hearts hard as stones, cut the flesh off his bones, and anatomised Terry of Derry.

MRS. McLAUGHLIN'S PARTY.

OULD Ireland is the place for a frolic,
The boys and the girls are frisky;
They never can feel melancholic,
They're the devils for tipping the whisky.
For a row or a ruction, oh, murther!
The boys they go in strong and hearty;
Now I'll tell yez, before I go further,
Of Mrs. McLaughlin's party.

CHORUS.

Whoo! it's welt the flure, Peter O'Doherty,
Shake your leg, Biddy McCarty;
Dance to your partners, ye devils,
At Mrs. McLaughlin's party.

Moll Dolan, a buxom young craythur,
Had lately been raising my dandher;
I met her going down to McGuffin's
To borry the loan of a gandher.
The gandher the geese had been coorting,
She sould it to Paddy McCarty;
To buy her a pair of white slippers
To go to McLaughlin's party.

For a week or two I was preparing,
Determined in style for to shank it;
Put a pair of new tails to my coat
With a piece I cut off the blanket.
I turned the corduroy breeches
I borrowed from Phelim O'Flaherty;
And I put a new patch on the sate,
For to cut a big swell at the party.

They hired a fiddler and piper.
An' stuck them on top of a barrel,
With a jug full of whisky between 'em,
To kep them from having a quarrel.
When the piper struck up "Garryowen,"
Faix! the fiddler another tune started;
And they welted the soles off their brogues,
Whoo! at Mrs. McLaughlin's party.

Tim Fagin got up for a reel,
But he jiggid it on every one's corns;
To try for to stop him was worse
Than to take a mad bull by the horns.
He skinned Dinny Haggerty's shins,
Tore the skirts off Winny O'Doherty;
And exposed the dear crathur's fat limbs
To all the gay boys at the party.

Now while they were dancing and jiggig,
Tom Cassidy burst in the dure, sir;
Thin the ducks and the dhrakes and the pigs,
They came all flying in on the flure, sir.
The ould sow it set up a-grunting,
The girls laughed merry and hearty;
While the pig balaneayed down the middle,
At Mrs. McLaughlin's party.

Thin the party was brought to an ending,
The fiddler fell drunk from the table;
Thy carried him home on a shutter,
Tore off the dure of the stable.
We'd an elegant fight on the way
With a faction from Ballykillarty;
And I'll be d—d if we hadn't to pay
For the frolic we had at the party.

BACON AND GREENS.

I HAVE lived long enough to be rarely mistaken,
 And had my full share of life's changeable
 scene;
 But my woes have been solaced by good greens
 and bacon,
 And my joys have been doubled by bacon and
 greens.
 What a thrill of remembrance e'en now they
 awaken
 Of childhood's gay morning and youth's
 merry scenes—
 When one day, we had greens and a plateful of
 bacon,
 When one day we had greens and a plateful of
 greens!

Ah! well I remember, when, sad and forsaken,
 Heart-wrung by the scorn of a miss in her
 teens,
 How I fled from her sight to my loved greens
 and bacon,
 And forgot my despair over bacon and greens.
 When the banks refused specie, and credit was
 shaken,
 I shared in the wreck, and was ruined in
 means;
 My friends all declared I had not saved my
 bacon,
 But I lived—for I still had my bacon and
 greens.

If some fairy a grant of three wishes could
 make one
 So worthless as I and so laden with sins;
 I'd wish all the greens in the world—then the
 bacon—
 And then wish for a little more bacon and
 greens.
 Oh! there is a charm in the dish, rightly
 taken,
 That from custards and jellies an epicure
 weans;
 Stick your fork in the fat, wrap your greens
 round your bacon,
 And you'll vow there's no dish like good
 bacon and greens.

KATE OF KILLASHEE.

BRIGHT are the heath-blossoms on Beara's
 mountain brown,
 And bright the waves of Camolin that roll past
 Longford town;
 But the brighter still than flower or rill, and
 lovelier far is she,
 The pride and boast of Longford, fair Kate of
 Killashee.
 Sweet is the rippling laughter, the music of
 the tongue,
 Like some old Irish melody by siren played or
 sung;
 And like the sunny waters that go dancing to
 the sea,
 In light and beauty beaming, is Kate of Kil-
 lashee.

TEDDY O'MONAGHAN'S COURTSHIP.

I FIRST courted Judy Magrah at her mother's,
 She had two fine black eyes and she gave me two others,
 When swate Peggy Nolan stole from her the heart of me,
 And vowed, all for love, Judy should have no part of me.
 When tall Katty caught me, Peg 'gan to pout at that,
 But Katty cried: Peggy, you eratur, come out o' that!
 Yet cut out was Katty by Shelah O'Donaghan—
 The eratur's now mad after Teddy O'Monaghan.

CHORUS.

Whack row de row, etc.

Then Molly Maloney she threw a sheep's eye at me
 Which made Biddy Byrne most voraciously fly at me;
 Teddy, said she, I've the vows had before you!
 Said I: For me, dying in love there's a score of you,
 But I am not the grand Turk, so, I only can marry one.
 Said she: That's myself—oh! (said I) dot and carry one;
 Biddy, my darling, you tricked Pat O'Ronaghan,
 But your capers won't carry with Teddy O'Monaghan.

CHORUS.

Whack row de row, etc.

Then Norah O'Neil to my mug took a fancy,
 But Phelim O'Foy had a daughter called Nancy,
 Whose nose was so beautiful, I thought my lot was east;
 But Shelah Macshane put her nose out of joint at last.
 Shelah oft vowed she no falsehood could harbor,
 But slipped off, like soap, with a bothering barber;
 I lathered the barber, one Mr. O'Gonaghan.
 As a hint to the rivals of Teddy O'Monaghan.

WIDOW MALONE.

DID you hear of the Widow Malone, ohone!
 Who lived in the town of Athlone, ohone!
 Oh! she melted the hearts of the swains in them parts,
 So lovely the Widow Malone, ohone!
 So lovely the Widow Malone.

Of lovers she had a full score, or more,
 And fortunes they all had galore, in store;
 From the minister down to the clerk of the crown,
 All were courting the Widow Malone, ohone!
 All were courting the Widow Malone.

But so modest was Mistress Malone, 'twas known,
 That no one could see her alone, ohone!
 Let them ogle and sigh, they could ne'er catch her eye,
 So bashful the Widow Malone, ohone!
 So bashful the Widow Malone.

Till one Mister O'Brien, from Clare—how quare!
 It's little for blushing they care down there,
 Put his arm round her waist—gave ten kisses at last—
 "Oh," says he, "you're my Molly Malone, my own!
 Oh," says he, "you're my Molly Malone."

And the widow they all thought so shy, my eye!
 Ne'er thought of a simper or sigh, for why?
 "But, Lueius," says she, "since you've now made so free,
 You may marry your Mary Malone, ohone!
 You may marry your Mary Malone."

KATE OF KILLASHEE.—Continued.

How bright her blushing glances of love when-
e'er we met,
Like rainbow tints upon the rose with dew of
morning wet,
And bright the love-light shining from her eyes
of hazel brown—
Oh! she's the star of Leinster, the pride of
Longford town.

Fair Kate, 'tis mine to wander afar from Erin's
strand—
Alone beside the Hudson's wave, within the
strangers' land;
But backward ever flies my heart to home and
love and thee—
To Longford's pleasant valleys and the Rose
of Killashee.

DRINANE DHUN.

Of late I'm captivated by a handsome young
man,
I'm daily complaining for my own darling
John;
I'll be roving all day until night does come on,
And I'll be shaded by the green leaves of the
Drinane Dhun.

Next fair day I'll get a fairing from my hand-
some young man,
Twenty bright kisses from my own darling
John;
Confuse them, consume them that say I'm not
true,
Through green groves and lofty mountains I'll
rove with you.

My love is far fairer than a fine summer day,
His breath is far sweeter than the new mown
hay;
His hair shines like gold when exposed to the
sun,
He is fair as the blossom of the Drinane Dhun.

My love his is going to cross over the main,
May the Lord send him safe to his virtuous
love again;
He is gone and he's left me in grief for to tell,
O'er the green hills and lofty mountains be-
tween us to dwell.

I wish I had a small boat on the ocean to
float,
I'd follow my darling wherever he did resort;
I'd sooner have my true love to roll, sport and
play,
Than all the golden treasure by land or by
sea.

I'm patiently waiting for my true love's return,
And for his long absence I'll ne'er cease to
mourn;

I'll join with the sweet birds till the summer
comes on

To welcome the blossoms of the Drinane Dhun.

Come, all you pretty fair maids, get married in
time

To some handsome young man that will keep
up your prime;

Beware of the winter morn, cold breezes come,
Which will consume the blossoms early of the
Drinane Dhun.

THE WEDDING OF BALLYPOREEN.

DESCEND, ye chaste nine, to a true Irish bard,
You're old maids, to be sure, but he sends you a card,
To beg you'll assist a poor musical elf,
With a song ready-made, he'll compose it himself;
About maids, boys, a priest, and a wedding,
With a crowd you could scarce thrust your head in;
A supper, good cheer, and a bedding, which happened at Bally-
poreen.

'Twas a fine summer's morn, about twelve in the day,
All the birds fell to sing, all the asses to bray,
When Patrick, the bridegroom, and Oonagh, the bride,
In their best bibs and tuckers, set off, side by side.
O, the pipers play'd first in the rear, sir,
The maids blushed, the bridesmen did swear, sir;
O, Lord! how the spalleens did stare, sir, at this wedding of
Ballyporeen.

They were soon tacked together, and home did return,
To make merry the day at the sign of the churn;
When they sat down together, a frolicsome troop,
O, the banks of old Shannon ne'er saw such a group.
There were turf-cutters, threshers, and tailors,
With harpers, and pipers, and nailors,
And pedlers, and smugglers, and sailors, assembled at Ballyporeen.

There was Bryan MacDermot and Shaughnessy's brat,
With Terence and Triscoil, and platter-faced Pat;
There was Norah Macormic and Bryan O'Lynn,
And the fat, red-haired cook-maid, who lives at the inn.
There was Shelah, and Larry, the genius,
With Pat's uncle, old Derby Dennis;
Black Thady and crooked Macgennis, assembled at Ballyporeen.

Now the bridegroom sat down to make an oration,
And he charmed all their souls with his kind botheration;
They were welcome, he said, and he swore, and he curs'd,
They might eat till they swelled, and might drink till they burst.
The first christening I have, if I thrive, sirs,
I hope you all hither will drive, sirs;
You'll be welcome all, dead or alive, sirs, to the christening at
Ballyporeen.

Then the bride she got up to make a low bow,
But she twittered, and felt so—she could not tell how—
She blushed and she stammered—the few words she let fall,
She whispered so low that she bothered them all.
But her mother cried: "What, are you dead, child?
O, for shame of you, hold up your head, child;
Though sixty, I wish I was wed, child, oh, I'd rattle all Bally-
poreen."

Now they sat down to meat—Father Murphy said grace,
Smoking hot were the dishes, and eager each face;
The knives and forks rattled, spoons and platters did play,
And they elbowed and jostled, and wollopd away.
Rumps, chines, and fat sirloins did groan, sirs,
Whole mountains of beef were cut down, sirs;
They demolished all to the bare bone, sirs, at this wedding at
Ballyporeen.

There was bacon and greens, but the turkey was spoiled,
Potatoes dressed both ways, both roasted and boiled;
Hog's puddings, red herrings—the priest got the snipe,
Culcannon pies, dumpling, eod, cow-heel and tripe.
Then they ate till they could eat no more, sirs,
And the whisky come pouring galore, sirs;
Such piping, such figuring and dancing, was ne'er known at Bally-
poreen.

THE WEDDING OF BALLYPOREEN.—*Continued.*

Now the whisky went round, and the songsters did roar,
 Tim sung "Paddy O'Kelly," Nell sung "Molly Asthore;"
 Till a motion was made that their songs they'd forsake,
 And each lad take his sweetheart, their trotters to shake.
 Then the piper and couples advancing,
 Pumps, brogues, and bare feet fell a-prancing;
 Such piping, such figuring and dancing, was ne'er known at Ballp-
 poreen.

Now to Patrick, the bridegroom, and Oonagh, the bride,
 Let the harp of old Ireland be sounded with pride;
 And to all the brave guests, young or old, gray or green,
 Drunk or sober, that jigged it at Ballyporeen.
 And when Cupid shall lend you his wherry,
 To trip o'er the conjugal ferry,
 I wish you may be half so merry as we were at Ballyporeen.

BRYAN O'LYNN.

BRYAN O'LYNN was a gentleman born,
 He lived at a time when no clothes they were worn;
 But as fashions walked out, of course, Bryan walked in—
 "Whoo! I'll soon lead the fashions," says Bryan O'Lyinn.

Bryan O'Lyinn had no breeches to wear,
 He got a sheep skin for to make him a pair;
 With the fleshy side out, and the woolly side in—
 "Whoo! they're pleasant and cool," says Bryan O'Lyinn.

Bryan O'Lyinn had no shirt to his back,
 He went to a neighbor's and borrowed a sack;
 Then he puckered the meal bag up under his chin—
 "Whoo! they'll take them for ruffles," says Bryan O'Lyinn.

Bryan O'Lyinn had no hat to his head,
 He stuck on the pot, being up to the dead;
 Then he murdered a cod for the sake of its fin—
 "Whoo! 'twill pass for a feather," says Bryan O'Lyinn.

Bryan O'Lyinn was hard up for a coat,
 He borrowed a skin of a neighboring goat,
 With the horns sticking out from his oxters, and then—
 "Whoo! they'll take them for pistols," says Bryan O'Lyinn.

Bryan O'Lyinn had no stockings to wear,
 He bought a rat's skin to make him a pair;
 He then drew them over his manly shin—
 "Whoo! they're illegant wear," says Bryan O'Lyinn.

Bryan O'Lyinn had no brogue to his toes,
 He hopped in two crab shells to serve him for those;
 Then he split up two oysters that matched like twins—
 "Whoo! they'll shine out like buckles," says Bryan O'Lyinn.

Bryan O'Lyinn had no watch to put on,
 He scooped out a turnip to make him a one;
 Then he planted a cricket right under the skin—
 "Whoo! they'll think it's a ticking," says Bryan O'Lyinn.

Bryan O'Lyinn to his house had no door,
 He'd the sky for a roof, and the bog for a floor;
 He'd a way to jump out, and a way to swim in—
 "Whoo! it's very convaynient," says Bryan O'Lyinn.

Bryan O'Lyinn, his wife, and wife's mother,
 They all went home o'er the bridge together;
 The bridge it broke down, and they all tumbled in—
 "Whoo! we'll go home by water," says Bryan O'Lyinn.

THE COOLUN.

THE scene is beside where the Avonmore flows—
 'Tis the spring of the year, and the day's near
 its close;

And an old woman sits with a boy on her
 knee—

She smiles like the evening, but *he* like the
 sea!

Her hair is as white as the flax ere it's spun—
 It is brown as yon tree that is hiding the sun!

Beside the bright river—
 The calm, glassy river,
 That's sliding and gliding all peace-
 fully on.

"Come, granny," the boy says, "you'll sing
 me, I know,

The beautiful Coolun, so sweet and so low;
 For I love its soft tones more than blackbird
 or thrush,

Though often the tears in a shower will gush
 From my eyes when I hear it. Dear granny,
 say why,

When my heart's full of pleasure, I sob and I
 cry

To hear the sweet Coolun—

The beautiful Coolun—
 An angel first sank it above in the sky?"

And *she* sings and *he* listens; but many years
 pass,

And the old woman sleeps 'neath the chapel-
 yard grass;

And a couple are seated upon the same stone,
 Where the boy sat and listened so oft to the
 crone—

'Tis the boy—'tis the man, and he says while
 he sighs,

To the girl at his side with the love-streaming
 eyes,

"O! sing me, sweet Oonagh,
 My beautiful Oonagh,
 O! sing me the Coolun," he says and he
 sighs.

That air, *mo stor*, brings back the days of my
 youth,

That flowed like a river there, sunny and
 smooth!

And it brings back the old woman, kindly and
 dear—

If her spirit, dear Oonagh, is hovering near,
 'Twill glad her to hear the old melody rise

Warm, warm, on the wings of our love and our
 sighs—

"O! sing me the Coolun,

The beautiful Coolun!"

Is the dew or a tear-drop is moistening
 his eyes?

There's a change on the scene far more grand,
 far less fair—

By the broad rolling Hudson are seated the
 pair;

And the dark hemlock-fir waves its branches
 above,

As they sigh for their land, as they murmur
 their love;

Hush!—the heart hath been touched, and its
 musical strings

THE COOLUN.—*Continued.*

Vibrate into song—'tis the Coolun she sings—
The home-sighing Coolun,
The love-breathing Coolun—
The well of all memory's deep-flowing
springs.

They think of the bright stream they sat down
beside,
When he was a bridegroom and she was his
bride;

The pulses of youth seem to throb in the
strain—
Old faces, long vanished, look kindly again—
Kind voices float round them, and grand hills
are near,

Their feet have not touched, ah, this many a
year—

And, as ceases the Coolun,
The home-loving Coolun,
Not the air, but their native land faints
on the ear.

Long in silence they weep, with hand clasped
in hand—

Then to God send up prayers for the far-off
old land;

And while grateful to Him for the blessings
He's sent—

They know 'tis His hand that withholdeth con-
tent—
For the Exile and Christian must evermore
sigh

For the home upon earth and the home in the
sky—

So they sing the sweet Coolun,
The sorrowful Coolun,
That murmurs of both homes—they sing
and they sigh.

Heaven bless thee, Old Bard, in whose bosom
were nursed
Emotions that into such melody burst!
Be thy grave ever green!—may the softest of
showers

And brightest of beams nurse its grass and its
flowers—

Oft, oft, be it moist with the tear-drop of love,
And may angels watch round thee, forever
above!

Old Bard of the Coolun,
The beautiful Coolun,
That's sobbing, like Eire, with *Sorrow and
Love.*

BARNEY O'HEA.

Now let me alone, though I know you won't,
I know you won't, I know you won't;
Now let me alone, though I know you won't.
Impudent Barney O'Hea.

It makes me outrageous when you're so con-
tagious—

You'd better look out for the stout Corney
Creagh!

For he is the boy that believes I'm his joy—
So you'd better behave yourself, Barney
O'Hea.

Impudent Barney, none of your blarney,
Impudent Barney O'Hea.

CUSHLA-MO-CHREE.*

By the green banks of Shannon I wooed thee, dear Mary,
When the sweet birds were singing in summer's gay pride,
From those green banks I turn now, heart-broken and dreary,
As the sun sets to weep o'er the grave of my bride.
Idly the sweet birds around me are singing;
Summer, like winter, is cheerless to me;
I heed not if snow falls or flow'rets are springing,
For my heart's-light is darkened—my *Cushla-mo-chree!*

O! bright shone the morning when first as my bride, love,
Thy foot, like a sunbeam, my threshold cross'd o'er.
And blest on our hearth fell that soft eventide, love,
When first on my bosom thy heart lay, *asthore!*
Restlessly now, on my lone pillow turning,
Wear the night-watches, still thinking on thee;
And darker than night, breaks the light of the morning,
For my aching eyes find thee not, *Cushla-mo-chree!*

O, my loved one! my lost one! say, why didst thou leave me
To linger on earth with my heart in the grave!
O! would thy cold arms, love, might open to receive me
To my rest 'neath the dark boughs that over thee wave.
Still from our once happy dwelling I roam, love,
Evermore seeking, my own bride, for thee;
Ah, Mary! wherever thou art is my home, love,
And I'll soon lie beside thee, my *Cushla-mo-chree!*

THE OLD BOG HOLE.

The pig is in the mire, and the cow is in the grass,
And a man without a woman through this world will sadly pass;
My mother likes the ducks, and the ducks likes the drakes.
Arrah! sweet Judy Flanagan, I'd die for your sakes.
My Judy she's as fair as the flowers on the lea,
She's neat and complete from the neck to the knee;
We met the other night, our hearts to condole,
And I set my Judy down by the old bog hole.

CHORUS.

Arrah! cushla mavourneen, will you marry me?
Arrah! gramacree mavourneen, will you marry me?
Arrah! cushla mavourneen, will you marry me?
Arrah! would you fancy the bold, bouncing Barney Magee?

Judy, she blushed, and she hung down her head.
Saying: Barney, you blackguard, I'd like to get wed.
But you are such a rogue, and you are such a rake;
Don't believe it, says I, it is all a mistake.
I'll handle a hook, a shovel, and spade;
To keep you genteel, I'll work at my trade,
And the turf I'll procure, which is better than coal,
And I'll dig to my knees in the old bog hole.

Fine children we will have, for you must mind that,
There will be Darby, Judy, Barney, Pat;
There will be Mary, so meek, and Kitty, so bluff,
And—Stop, stop! she cries, have you not got enough?
I will not, says I, nor I won't be content,
Till once I have as many as there's days in Lent;
How the people they will stare when we go for a stroll,
When we are promenading by the old bog hole.

By the hokey, says she, I can scarcely refuse,
For Barney the blarney he knows how to use;
He has bothered my heart with the picture he has drawn,
If I thought I could trust you the job might be done.
Holy murthur! says I, do you doubt what I say,
If I thought I could trust you, I'd swear half a day;
Oh! no, she says, it's of no use at all—
And she gave her consent by the old bog hole.

BARNEY O'HEA.—Continued.

I hope you are not going to Brandon fair,
To Brandon fair, to Brandon fair;
For sure I'm not wanting to meet you there,
Impudent Barney O'Hea.
For Corney's at Cork, and my brother's at
work,
And my mother sits spinning at home all the
day,
So no one will be there, of me to take care,
And I hope you won't follow me, Barney
O'Hea.
Impudent Barney, none of your blarney,
Impudent Barney O'Hea.
When I got to the fair, sure the first I met
there,
The first I met there, the first I met there—
When I got to the fair, the first I met there,
Was impudent Barney O'Hea.
He bothered and teased me, though somehow
he pleased me,
Till at last—oh! the saints—what will poor
Corney say!
But I think the boy's honest, so on Sunday I've
promised,
For better or worse to take Barney O'Hea.
Impudent Barney, so sweet was his
blarney,
Impudent Barney O'Hea.

CORMAC.

Och! Cormac O'Grady, do cease your wild talk-
ing,
Your likes at the blarney I niver did see;
Your tongue's a machine that is always a-goin',
And grindin' out nonsense you're givin' to
me;
Your brain is astray, and faith it's no
wonder,—
Now will you behave yourself, Cormac, I
say?
Take your arm from my waist—nodo; do you
hear me?
If you don't, 'pon my word I'll be goin'
away.
That's right now; be aisy,—hush! don't begin
talkin',
But listen,—I think I should now say a
word;
With your blather, and foolin', and nonsense,
and capers,
I can't find the manes for to make myself
heard.
Sit still now,—don't move,—if you do I'll be
goin';
If you want to come 'round here, come
dacin'tly, pray.
You ought to get some one to tache you more
manners;
Faith, whin you are married you'll not be so
gay.
Aha! buit it's thin you will sit in a corner,
Wid niver a word comin' out of your mouth;
If your wife don't conthrol you I'm greatly
mistaken;
And larrup, and bate you, and bang you
about;
Ha! ha! What a figure you'll make—gracious
goodness!

THE BIRTH OF IRELAND.

"WITH due condescension, I'd call your attention to what I shall
mention of Erin so green,
And, without hesitation, I'll show how that nation became, of
creation, the gem and the queen.
"Twas early one morning, without any warning, that Vanus was
born in the beautiful Say,
And, by the same token, and sure 'twas provoking, her pinions
were soaking, and wouldn't give play.
"Old Neptune, who knew her, began to pursue her, in order to
woo her—the wicked old Jew—
And almost had caught her atop of the water—great Jupiter's
daughter!—which never would do!
"But Jove, the great janins, looked down and saw Vanus, and
Neptune so heinous pursuing her wild,
And he spoke out in thunder he'd rend him asunder—and sure
'twas no wonder—for tazing his child.
"A star that was flying hard by him espying, he caught with
small trying and down let it snap;
It fell quick as winking on Neptune a-sinking, and gave him, I'm
thinking, a bit of a rap.
"That star it was dryland, both lowland and highland, and
formed a sweet island, the land of my birth:
Thus plain is the story that, sent down from glory, old Erin
asthore is the gem of the earth!
"Upon Erin nately jumped Vanus so stately, but fainted *kase*
lately so hard she was pressed;
Which much did bewilder, but, ere it had killed her, her father
distilled her a drop of the best.
"That sup was victorious; it made her feel glorious—a little up-
roarious, I fear it might prove—
So how can you blame us that Ireland's so famous for drinking
and beauty, for fighting and love?"

AN IRISH GIRL'S OPINION.

An Irish girl, and proud of it, a word I'd like to say
About the state of Erin's isle, my native place, to-day;
And those with Irish blood in them will understand me best,
And feel for those poor peasants who are starving in the west—
Rack-rented, oft evicted, and turned out in the snow;
The sky their only shelter, not knowing where to go.
'Tis scenes like these that shake our faith in England and its
throne;
Oh! is the good time coming when the land shall be our own!

CHORUS.

For John Bull lives in England, Taffy lives in Wales,
Sandy lives in Scotland, and weathers all the gales;
Paddy fights for England, as everybody knows,
Then give to him old Ireland where the shamrock grows.

I've seen the big ship crowded and ready for to start,
I've seen the aged mother from her only darling part;
I've seen the bitter tears that fell upon the big ship's deck,
From a soldier-lad whose new-made bride was clinging 'round his
neck.

In days gone by, they tell us, in story-book and rhyme,
The hangman and his rope were very busy all the time;
But, thanks to Dan O'Connell, whose picture you have seen,
There's not a pow'r can hang us now for wearing of the green.—
CHORUS.

CORMAC.—Continued.

You mane man; how dar' you? how dar' you,
I say?
To kiss me so bouldly—well, well! but that's
awful:—
How dar' you act in such a hathenish way?

Get up off your knees, you will soil your new
trousers;

What! marry you? well, but that bates all
an' all;
Don't you know you are axin' an impidint
question?

But I'll think, and I'll tell you the next
time you call.

Why! where are you goin'? Now sure you're
not angry,—

You know 'twas but jokin' the words that I
said;

Here's my hand if you wish it, and Cormac,
my darlin',

I'll be yours till the sod closes over my head.

Why, Cormac—he's gone;—he has left me in
anger,—

I've druv him away; O what shall I do!

But sure he'll come back—Saints in heaven for-
give me!

O yes, he'll come back, he's too honest and
thru:—

Who's that at the dure? 'Tis himself! O my
darlin',

Forgive me—'twas wrong for to plague you,
I know;

I'll marry you now, and o'erjoyed and con-
tinted,

I'll be as your spouse through life's journey
to go.

SONG OF INNISFAIL.

THEY come from a land beyond the sea,
And now o'er the western main
Set sail, in their good ships, gallantly,
From the sunny land of Spain.
"O, where's the Isle we've seen in dreams,
Our destin'd home or grave?"
Thus sung they as, by the morning's beams,
They swept the Atlantic wave.

And, lo, where afar o'er ocean shines
A sparkle of radiant green,
As though in that deep lay emerald mines,
Whose light through the wave was seen.
" 'Tis Innisfail—'tis Innisfail!"
Rings o'er the echoing sea;
While bending to heav'n the warriors hail
That home of the brave and free.

Then turn'd they unto the Eastern wave,
Where now their Day-God's eye
A look of such sunny omen gave
As lighted up sea and sky.
Nor frown was seen through sky or sea,
Nor tear o'er leaf or sod,
When first on their Isle of Destiny
Our great forefathers trod.

THE HUSBAND'S DREAM.

WHY, Dermot, you look healthy, now your dress is neat and clean,
I never see you drunk about, oh, tell me where you've been;
Your wife and family all are well, you once did use them strange,
Oh, you are kinder to them now, how came the happy change?
It was a dream, a warning voice, which heaven sent to me,
To snatch me from a drunkard's curse, grim want and misery;
My wages were all spent in drink, oh, what a wretched view!
I almost broke my Mary's heart, and starved my children, too.

What was my home or wife to me? I heeded not her sigh,
Her patient smile has welcomed me when tears bedimmed her
eye;

My children, too, have oft awoke, Oh, father, dear, they've said,
Poor mother has been weeping so because we've had no bread.

My Mary's form did waste away, I saw her sunken eye,
On straw my babes in sickness laid, I heard their wailing cry;
I laughed and sung in drunken joy, while Mary's tears did
stream,

Then like a beast I fell asleep and had this warning dream:

I thought I once more staggered home, there seemed a solemn
gloom,

I missed my wife, where can she be? and strangers in the room;
Then I heard them say: Poor thing, she's dead, she led a wretched
life,

Grief and want has broken her heart—who'd be a drunkard's
wife?

I saw my children weeping 'round, I scarcely drew my breath,
They called and kissed her lifeless form forever stilled in death;
Oh, father, come and wake her up, the people say she's dead,
Oh, make her smile and speak once more, we'll never cry for
bread.

She is not dead, I frantic cried, and rushed to where she lay,
And madly kissed her once warm lips, forever cold as clay;
Oh, Mary, speak once more to me, no more I'll cause you pain,
No more I'll grieve your loving heart, nor ever drink again.

Dear Mary, speak, 'tis Dermot calls. Why, so I do, she cried,
I awoke, and true, my Mary, dear, was kneeling at my side;
I pressed her to my throbbing heart, while joyous tears did
stream,

And ever since I've heaven blessed for sending me that dream.

TIPPERARY.

WERE you ever in sweet Tipperary, where the fields are so sunny
and green,
And the heath-brown Slieve-bloom and the Galtees look down
with so proud a mien?

'Tis there you would see more beauty than is on all Irish ground—
God bless you, my sweet Tipperary, for where could your match
be found?

They say that your hand is fearful, that darkness is in your eye:
But I'll not let them dare to talk so black and bitter a lie.
Oh! no, *machusla storin!* bright, bright, and warm are you,
With hearts as bold as the men of old, to yourselves and your
country true.

And when there is gloom upon you, bid them think who has
brought it there—

Sure a frown or a word of hatred was not made for your face
so fair;

You've a hand for the grasp of friendship—another to make them
quake,

And they're welcome to whichever it pleases them most to
take.

Shall our homes, like the huts of Connaught, be crumbled before
our eyes?

Shall we fly, like a flock of wild geese, from all that we love and
prize?

ROSANNA CARNEY.

Is there any one here that's in love?
 If so, you can guess how I feel,
 When I say I've a charming young girl,
 And her age it is sweet seventeen.
 When Cupid his arrow did fire,
 It struck my heart, but that didn't harm me;
 The girl that I fondly admire
 Is the elegant Rosanna Carney.

CHORUS.

Handsome and tall, waist very small,
 Brim full of real Irish blarney;
 The bells they will ring, the birds they will
 sing,
 The morn I wed Rosanna Carney.

Her father is a man of great wealth,
 And climbed up the ladder of fame;
 Some say he carried a hod—
 There's lots of good men done the same.
 And brim full of real Irish blarney;
 His daughter's the hard-working girl,
 All the dudes down our street are in love
 With the elegant Rosanna Carney.

THE SHILLALEH.

On the beautiful banks of the Shannon
 There grows such an illigant tree,
 And the fruit that it bears is shillaleh,
 I've a sprig of it here, you may see.
 'Tis the remnant of all my large fortune,
 It's the friend that ne'er played me a trick,
 And I'd rather lose half my supportin'
 Than part with this illigant stick.

It's the porter that carried my luggage,
 For I've shouldered it many a mile,
 And from thieves it will safely protect me,
 In a beautiful delicate style.
 It is useful for rows in the summer,
 And when winter comes on with a storm,
 If you're short of a fire in the cabin,
 You can burn it to keep yourself warm.

It's a friend both so true and so constant,
 Its constancy pen cannot paint;
 For, it always is there, when it's wanted,
 And sometimes it's there when it ain't.
 It beats all your guns and your rifles;
 For, it goes off whene'er you desire.
 And it's sure to hit whate'er it's aimed at—
 For, shillalehs they never miss fire.

It's a talisman so upright and honest,
 Twenty shillings it pays to the pound;
 So if ever it gets you in debt, sir,
 You are sure to be paid, I'll be bound.
 It never runs up a long score, sir,
 In trade it's not given to fail,
 There's no danger of its being insolvent;
 For, it always pays down on the nail.

And, faith! at an Irish election,
 An argument striking it's there;
 For with brickbats and sprigs of the Shannon,
 We see things go all right and square.
 It's then there's no bribery at all, sir,
 They vote as they like, every soul;
 But it's no use opposing shillaleh,
 Or it's sure to come down on the poll.

THE BANKS OF SWEET DUNDEE.

It is of a farmer's daughter so beautiful I'm told,
 Her parents died and left her a large amount in gold;
 She lived with her uncle, the cause of all her woe,
 But you soon shall hear this maiden fair did prove his overthrow.

Her uncle had a plow-boy young Mary loved quite well,
 And in her uncle's garden their tales of love would tell;
 There was a wealthy squire that oft came her to see,
 But still she loved her plow-boy on the banks of sweet Dundee.

It was on a summer's morning, her uncle went straightway,
 He knocked at this maiden's door and unto her did say:
 "Arise, arise, my pretty maid, and a lady you may be,
 For the squire is waiting for you on the banks of sweet Dundee."

"I care not for your squires, your dukes, or lords likewise,
 My Willie's eyes appear to me like diamonds in the skies."
 "Begone! unruly female, you ne'er shall happy be,
 For I intend to banish William from the banks of sweet Dundee."

Her uncle and the squire rode out one summer's day.
 "Young William is in favor," her uncle he did say;
 "Indeed, it is my intention to tie him to a tree,
 And then to bribe a press-gang on the banks of sweet Dundee."

A press-gang came to William when he was all alone,
 He boldly fought for liberty, but they were six to one;
 The blood did flow in torrents—"Pray, kill me now," said he,
 "For I will die for Mary on the banks of sweet Dundee!"

This maiden fair walking, lamenting for her love,
 She met this wealthy squire down in her uncle's grove,
 He put his arms around her—"Stand off, base man," said she,
 "You have sent the only lad I loved from the banks of sweet
 Dundee!"

He put his arm around her and tried to throw her down,
 Two pistols and a sword she saw beneath his morning gown;
 She took the weapons from him, his sword he used so free,
 But she did fire and shot the squire on the banks of sweet Dundee.

Her uncle overheard the noise, and hastening to the ground,
 Saying: "Since you have killed the squire I'll give you your death
 wound."
 "Stand off," then cried Mary, "undaunted I will be!"
 She the trigger drew and her uncle slew on the banks of sweet
 Dundee.

A doctor soon was sent for, a man of noted skill,
 And then there came a lawyer for him to sign his will;
 He willed his gold to Mary, who fought so manfully,
 Then he closed his eyes no more to rise on the banks of sweet
 Dundee.

HOW PADDY STOLE THE ROPE.

THERE were once two Irish laboring men, to America they came
 over,
 And they tramped about in search of work from New York to
 Dover;
 Said Paddy to Mick, "I'm tired of this, we're both left in the
 lurch,
 And if we don't get work, bedad! I'll go and rob a church!"
 "What! rob a church!" said Mick to Paddy, "how could you be
 so vile?
 Sure something bad will happen you when in the sacred aisle;
 But if ye do, I will go with you, we'll get safe out, I hope,"
 So listen, and I'll tell ye true, how Paddy stole the rope:

HOW PADDY STOLE THE ROPE.—*Continued.*

They tramped about through mud and mire, and the place they wanted finding,

They got inside a country church, which nobody was minding;
They scraped together all they could, and then prepared to slope,
When Paddy said, "Hold on now, Mick, what shall we do for rope?"

We've got no bag to hold our swag, and before we go outside,
With something stout and strong, me lad, the bundle must be tied;"

Just then he spied the church-bell rope, and swift as an antelope,

He scrambled up on the belfry high, to go and steal the rope.

When Paddy reached the belfry-ropes, "Be jabbers!" said he,
"stop,

To get a piece that's long enough I must climb to the top;"
So like a sailor up he went, and when near the end said he:
"I think the piece that's underneath quite long enough will be."
So holding by one arm and leg, he pulled his clasp-knife out,
And right above his head and hand he cut the rope so stout;
He quite forgot it held him up. By the powers of Doctor Pope!
Down to the bottom of the church fell Paddy and the rope.

Says Mick to Paddy, "Come out of that!" as he on the floor lay
groaning,

"Is that the way to steal a rope? No wonder now ye're moaning;

I'll how yez how to cut a rope. There! just lend me your knife."
"Yerra, Mick, be careful!" cried out Paddy, "or else you'll lose
your life!"

Mick bounded up the rope, and, like an artful thief,
Instead of cutting it up above, he cut it underneath;
The piece fell down, and he was left to hang up there and mope—
"Bad cess unto the day," said he, "when we came stealing rope."

There was Paddy groaning on the floor, while Mick hung up on
high,

"Come down," says Paddy. "I can't," says Mick, "for if I drop
I'll die;"

Their noise soon brought the preacher 'round, the sexton and
police,

But they set poor Micky free, the pair got no release;
They took them to the station, where their conduct they now rue,
For if they had no work before, they've plenty now to do;
And for their ingenuity they have a larger scope
Than when they broke into the church and tried to steal the rope.

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.

Oh, Paddy, dear, and did you hear the news that's going 'round?
The shamrock is forbid, by law, to grow on Irish ground;
No more St. Patrick's day we'll keep—his color last be seen,
For there's a bloody law agin the wearing of the green.
Oh! I met with Napper Tandy, and he tuk me by the hand,
And he says: How is poor ould Ireland, and how does she stand?
She's the most distressed country that ever I have seen,
For they are hanging men and women for the wearing of the
green.

And since the color we must wear is England's cruel red,
Ould Ireland's sons will ne'er forget the blood that they have
shed;

Then take the shamrock from your hat and cast it on the sod,
It will take root, and flourish still, tho' under foot 'tis trod.
When the law can stop the blades of grass from growing as they
grow,

And when the leaves in summer time their verdure do not show,
Then I will change the color I wear in my caubeen,
But till that day, plaze God, I'll stick to the wearing of the
green.

EMMET'S DEATH.

"He dies to-day," said the heartless judge,
Whilst he sate him down to the feast,
And a smile was upon his ashy lip
As he uttered a ribald jest;
For a demon dwelt where his heart should be,
That lived upon blood and sin,
And oft as that vile judge gave him food
The demon throbb'd within.

"He dies to-day," said the jailer grim,
While a tear was in his eye;
"But why should I feel so grieved for him?
Sure I've seen many die!
Last night I went to his stony cell,
With the scanty prison fare—
He was sitting at a table rude,
Plaiting a lock of hair!
And he look'd so mild, with his pale—pale face,
And he spoke in so kind a way,
That my old breast heav'd with a smothering
feel,
And I knew not what to say!"
"He dies to-day," thought a fair, sweet girl—
She lacked the life to speak,
For sorrow had almost frozen her blood,
And white were her lip and cheek—
Despair had drank up her last wild tear,
And her brow was damp and chill,
And they often felt at her heart with fear,
For its ebb was all but still.

THE BOATMAN OF KINSALE.

His kiss is sweet, his word is kind,
His love is rich to me;
I could not in a palace find
A truer heart than he.
The eagle shelters not his nest
From hurricane and hail,
More bravely than he guards my breast—
The Boatman of Kinsale.

The wind that round the Fastnet sweeps
Is not a whit more pure—
The goat that down Cnoc Sheehy leaps
Has not a foot more sure.
No firmer hand nor freer eye
E'er faced an Autumn gale—
De Courcey's heart is not so high—
The Boatman of Kinsale.

The brawling squires may heed him not,
The dainty stranger sneer—
But who will dare to hurt our cot,
When Myles O'Hea is here?
The scarlet soldiers pass along—
They'd like, but fear to rail—
His blood is hot, his blow is strong—
The Boatman of Kinsale.

His hooker's in the Scilly van,
When seines are in the foam;
But money never made the man,
Nor wealth a happy home.
So, blest with love and liberty,
While he can trim a sail,
He'll trust in God, and cling to me—
The Boatman of Kinsale.

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.—*Continued.*

But if, at last, her colors should be torn from Ireland's heart,
Her sons with shame and sorrow from the dear old soil will part;
I've heard whispers of a country that lies far beyond the sea,
Where rich and poor stand equal in the light of freedom's day.
Oh Erin! must we leave you, driven by the tyrant's hand?
Must we ask a mother's blessing in a strange but happy land,
Where the cross of England's thralldom is never to be seen,
But where, thank God, we'll live and die still wearing of the
green?

No! by those who were here before us, no churl shall our tyrant
be;

Our land it is theirs by plunder, but, by Brigid, ourselves are
free.

No! we do not forget the greatness did once to sweet Erie be-
long;

No treason or craven spirit was ever our race among;

And no frown or no word of hatred we give—but to pay them
back,

In evil we only follow our enemies' darksome track.

Oh! come for a while among us, and give us the friendly hand,
And you'll see that old Tipperary is a loving and gladsome land;
From Upper to Lower Ormond, bright welcomes and smiles will
spring—

On the plains of Tipperary the stranger is like a king.

BURKE'S DREAM.

SLOWLY and sadly one night in November

I laid down my weary head to repose
On a pillow of straw, which I long shall remember;
O'erpowered by sleep I feel into a doze,
Tired from working hard, down in a felon's yard;
Night brought relief to my well-tortured frame,
Locked in my prison cell, surely an earthly hell;
I fell asleep and began for to dream.

Methought that I sat on the green hills of Erin,

Premeditating her victory won;
Surrounded by comrades, no enemy fearing.
Stand was the cry, every man to his gun!
Then on came the Samagh facing our Irishmen,
But they soon rallied back from our Pike volunteers,
Whose cry it was shrill, hurrah, boys! Father Murphy
And his brave Shellamires.

Then methought that I seen our brave, noble commanders
All mounted on chargers and in gorgeous array,
In green, trimmed with gold, with their bright-shining sabers,
On which danced the sunbeams of freedom that day;
On, was the battle-cry, conquer this day or die;
Sons of Hibernia, fight for liberty.

Show neither fear nor dread, vanquish the foe ahead!
Cut down their horse, foot and artillery.

Then on the cannon balls flew, men from both sides drew,
Our men were bound by oath to die or hold their ground;
So from our vengeance the Samagh fled,
Leaving the fields covered with dead,
While each man cried out gloriously:

Come from your prison, Burke! Irishmen have done their work,
God he was with us, old Erin is free!

Then methought, as the clouds were repeatedly flowing,
I saw a lion stretched on the crimson-gold places,
Beneath the pale moonbeams in death's sleep reposing,
The comrades I knew I would never see again;

Then over the mountain path homewards I hastened back,
There saw my mother, who fainted, gave a loud scream,
At the shock of which I awoke, just at daybreak,
And found myself a prisoner, and all but a dream.

KATE OF KENMARE.

O! MANY bright eyes full of goodness and glad-
ness,

Where the pure soul looks out, and the heart
loves to shine,

And many cheeks pale with the soft hue of sad-
ness,

Have I worshiped in silence and felt them
divine!

But hope in its gleamings, or love in its dream-
ings,

Ne'er fashioned a being so faultless and fair
As the lily-cheeked beauty, the rose of the

Roughly,
The fawn of the valley, sweet Kate of Ken-
mare!

It was all but a moment, her radiant existence,
Her presence, her absence, all crowded on
me;

But time has not ages, and earth has not dis-
tance

To sever, sweet vision, my spirit from thee!
Again am I straying where children are play-
ing—

Bright is the sunshine and balmy the air,
Mountains are heathy, and there I do see thee,
Sweet fawn of the valley, young Kate of
Kenmare!

Thy own bright arbutus hath many a cluster
Of white waxen blossoms like lilies in air;
But, O! thy pale cheek hath a delicate luster,
No blossoms can rival, no lily doth wear;
To that cheek softly flushing, to thy lip
brightly blushing.

O! what are the berries that bright tree doth
bear?

Peerless in beauty, that rose of the Roughly,
That fawn of the valley, sweet Kate of Ken-
mare!

O! beauty, some spell from kind Nature thou
bearest,

Some magic of tone or enchantment of eye,
That hearts that are hardest, from forms that
are fairest,

Receive such impressions as never can die!
The foot of the fairy, though light-some and
airy.

Can stamp on the hard rock the shape it doth
wear,

Art cannot trace it nor ages efface it—
And such are thy glances, sweet Kate of Ken-
mare!

To him who far travels how sad is the feeling—
How the light of his mind is o'ershadowed
and dim,

When the scenes he most loves, like the river's
soft stealing

All fade as a vision and vanish from him!
Yet he bears from each far land a flower for
that garland,

That memory weaves of the bright and the
fair;

Whi'e this sigh I am breathing my garland is
wreathing,

And the rose of that garland is Kate of
Kenmare!

KATE OF KENMARE.—Continued.

In lonely Lough Quinlan in summer's soft
hours,
Fair islands are floating that move with the
tide,
Which, sterile at first, are soon covered with
flowers,
And thus o'er the bright waters fairy-like
glide!
Thus the mind the most vacant is quickly awak-
ened,
And the heart bears a harvest that late was
so bare,
Of him who in roving finds objects in loving,
Like the fawn of the valley—sweet Kate of
Kenmare!

Sweet Kate of Kenmare, though I ne'er may
behold thee—
Though the pride and the joy of another may
be—
Though strange lips may praise thee and
strange arms enfold thee!
'A blessing, dear Kate, be on them and on
thee!
One feeling I cherish that never can perish—
One talisman proof to the dark wizard care—
The fervent and dutiful love of the Beautiful,
Of which thou art a type, gentle Kate of
Kenmare!

MOTHER, HE'S GOING AWAY.

Now what are you crying for, Nelly?
Don't be blubbing there like a fool;
With the weight o' the grief, faith, I tell you
You'll break down the three-legged stool.
I suppose now you're crying for Barney,
But don't b'lieve a word that he'd say,
He tells nothing but big lies and blarney—
Sure you know how he served poor Kate
Karney.

Daughter. But, mother!

Mother. O, bother.

Daughter. Oh, mother, he's going away,
And I dreamt the other night
Of his ghost—all in white!

[*Mother speaks in an undertone.*] The dirty
blackguard!

Daughter. Oh, mother, he's going away.

If he's going away, all the better—

Blessed hour when he's out of your sight!
There's one comfort—you can't get a letter—
For yiz neither can read nor can write.
Sure 'twas only last week you protested,
Since he courted fat Jinney M'Cray,
That the sight o' the scamp you detested—
With abuse sure your tongue never rested—

Daughter. But, mother!

Mother. Oh, bother!

Daughter. Oh, mother, he's going away.

[*Mother, speaking again with peculiar parental
picty.*] May he never come back!

Daughter. And I dream of his ghost,
Walking round my bedpost—
Oh, mother, he's going away.

THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE.

A. D. 1690.

It was upon a summer's morn, unclouded rose the sun.
And lightly o'er the waving corn their way the breezes won;
Sparkling beneath that orient beam, 'mid banks of verdure gay,
Its eastward course a silver stream held smilingly away.

A kingly host upon its side a monarch camp'd around,
Its southern upland far and wide their white pavilions crowned;
Not long that sky unclouded show'd, nor long beneath the ray
That gentle stream in silver flowed, to meet the new-born day.

Through yonder fairy-haunted glen, from out that dark ravine,*
Is heard the tread of marching men, the gleam of arms is seen;
And plashing forth in bright array along yon verdant banks,
All eager for the coming fray, are rang'd the martial ranks.

Peals the loud gun—its thunders boom the echoing vales along,
While curtain'd in its sulph'rous gloom moves on the gallant
throng;
And foot and horse in mingled mass, regardless all of life,
With furious ardor onward pass to join the deadly strife.

Nor strange that with such ardent flame each glowing heart beats
high,
Their battle word was William's name, and "Death or Liberty!"
Then, Oldbridge, then thy peaceful bowers with sounds unwonted
rang,
And Tredagh, 'mid thy distant towers, was heard the mighty
clang;

The silver stream is crimson'd wide, and clogg'd with many a
corse,
As floating down its gentle tide come mingled man and horse.
Now fiercer grows the battle's rage, the guarded stream is
cross'd,
And furious, hand to hand engage each bold contending host;

He falls—the veteran hero falls, renowned along the Rhine—
And *he* whose name, while Derry's walls endure, shall brightly
shine.
Oh! would to heav'n that churchman bold, his arms with triumph
blest,
The soldier spirit had controll'd that fir'd his pious breast.

And he, the chief of yonder brave and persecuted band,
Who foremost rush'd amid the wave and gained the hostile
strand;
He bleeds, brave Caillemonte—he bleeds—'tis closed, his bright
career,
Yet still that band to glorious deeds his dying accents cheer.

And now that well-contested strand successive columns gain,
While backward James's yielding band are borne across the plain.
In vain the sword green Erin draws, and life away doth fling—
Oh! worthy of a better cause and of a bolder king.

In vain thy bearing bold is shown upon that blood-stain'd
ground;
Thy tow'ring hopes are overthrown, thy choicest fall around;
Nor, sham'd, abandon thou the fray, nor blush, though conquer'd
there,
A power against thee fights to-day no mortal arm may dare.

Nay, look not to that distant height in hope of coming aid—
The dastard thence has ta'en his flight, and left his men betray'd.
Hurrah! hurrah! the victor shout is heard on high Dunore;
Down Platten's vale, in hurried rout, thy shatter'd masses pour.

THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE.—*Continued.*

But many a gallant spirit there retreats across the plain,
Who, change but kings, would gladly dare that battle-field again.
Enough! enough! the victor cries; your fierce pursuit forbear,
Let grateful prayer to heaven arise, and vanquished freemen spare.

Hurrah! hurrah! for liberty, for her the sword we drew,
And dar'd the battle, while on high our Orange banners flew;
Woe worth the hour—woe worth the state, when men shall cease
to join
With grateful hearts to celebrate the glories of the Boyne!

PATRICK SHEEHAN.

My name is Patrick Sheehan, my years are thirty-four,
Tipperary is my native place, not far from Galtymore;
I came of honest parents—but now they're lying low—
And many a pleasant day I spent in the Glen of Aherlow.

My father died, I closed his eyes outside our cabin door—
The landlord and the sheriff, too, were there the day before—
And then my loving mother, and sisters three also,
Were forced to go with broken hearts from the Glen of Aherlow.

For three long months, in search of work, I wandered far and
near,
I went then to the poorhouse to see my mother dear;
The news I heard nigh broke my heart, but still, in all my woe,
I blessed the friends who made their graves in the Glen of
Aherlow.

Bereft of home, and kith and kin, with plenty all around,
I starved within my cabin, and slept upon the ground;
But cruel as my lot was, I ne'er did hardship know,
Till I joined the English army, far away from Aherlow.

"'Rouse up there," says the corporal, "you lazy Irish 'omd;
Why don't you hear, you sleepy dog, the call 'to arms!' sound?"
Alas, I had been dreaming of days long, long ago.
I woke before Sebastopol, and not before Aherlow.

I groped to find my musket—how dark I thought the night;
O blessed God, it was not dark, it was the broad daylight!
And when I found that I was blind my tears began to flow,
I longed for even a pauper's grave in the Glen of Aherlow.

O blessed Virgin Mary, mine is a mournful tale,
A poor blind prisoner here I am, in Dublin's dreary jail,
Struck blind within the trenches, where I never feared the foe,
And now I'll never see again my own sweet Aherlow.

A poor neglected mendicant I wandered through the street,
My nine months' pension now being out, I beg from all I meet;
As I joined my country's tyrants, my face I'll never show
Among the kind old neighbors in the Glen of Aherlow.

Then, Irish youths—dear countrymen—take heed of what I say,
For if you join the English ranks you'll surely rue the day;
And whenever you are tempted a-soldiering to go,
Remember poor blind Sheehan of the Glen of Aherlow.

BELLEWSTOWN RACES.

If a respite ye'd borrow from turmoil or
sorrow,

I'll tell you the secret of how it is done;
'Tis found in this statement of all the excite-
ment

That Bellewstown knows when the races
come on.

Make one of a party whose spirits are hearty,
Get a seat on a trap that is safe not to spill,
In its well pack a hamper, then off for a saun-
per,

And hurroo for the glories of Bellewstown
Hill!

On the road how they dash on, rank, beauty,
and fashion,

It Banagher bangs, by the table o' war!
From the coach of the quality, down to the jol-
lity

Jogging along on an ould low-backed car.
Though straw cushions are placed, two feet
thick at laste,

It's jiggling and jumping to mollify still;
Oh, the cheeks of my Nelly are shaking like
jelly,

From the jolting she gets as she jogs to the
Hill.

In the tents play the pipers, the fiddlers and
fifers,

Those rollicking liltis such as Ireland best
knows;

While Paddy is praneing, his colleen is dane-
ing,

Demure, with her eyes quite intent on his
toes.

More power to you, Micky! faith, your foot
isn't sticky;

But bounds from the boards like a pay from
the quill.

Oh, 'twould cure a rheumatic,—he'd jump up
ecstatic

At "Tatter Jaek Walsh" upon Bellewstown
Hill.

Oh, 'tis there 'neath the haycocks, all splendid
like paycocks,

In chattering groups that the quality dine:
Sitting cross-legged like tailors the gentlemen
dealers

In fattery spout and come out mighty fine.
And the gentry from Navan and Cavan are
"having."

'Neath the shade of the trees, an Arcadian
quadrille.

All we read in the pages of pastoral ages
Tell of no scene like this upon Bellewstown
Hill.

Arrived at its summit, the view that you come
at,

From etherealized Mourne to where Tara
ascends,

There's no scene in our Ireland, dear Ireland,
old Ireland!

To which nature more exquisite loveliness
lends.

And the soil 'neath your feet has a memory
sweet,

BELLEWSTOWN RACES.—*Continued.*

The patriots' deeds they hallow it still;
 Eighty-two's volunteers (would to-day saw
 their peers!)
 Marched past in review upon Bellewstown
 Hill.

But hark! there's a shout—the horses are
 out,—

'Long the ropes, on the stand, what a hulla-
 balloo!

To old *Cock-a-Fatha*, the people that dot the
 Broad plateau around are all for a view.
 "Come, Ned, my tight fellow, I'll bet on the
 yellow!"

"Success to the green! faith, we'll stand by
 it still!"

The uplands and hollows they're skimming like
 swallows,
 Till they flash by the post upon Bellewstown
 Hill.

ERIN-GO-BRAGH.

YE sons of Hibernia, howe'er low in station,
 Or where'er you be come attend to my call;
 Resist all attempts, and unshackle your na-
 tion,

Old Ireland, I mean, or, alas! she must fall.
 With burdens so great, and her liberty sinking,
 Its beauty nigh gone—on destruction it's
 brinking;

Then on, my brave boys, don't let's stand idly
 thinking,

While Ireland's our country, dear Erin-go-
 bragh.

Oh! Erin, my country, once happy and free,
 With pleasure I stood on thy once native
 shore;

But, alas! cruel fortune has turned foe to thee,
 Oh! Erin Mavourneen, thy case I deplore.

Bound down by a snaffle that's linked to a
 snare,

By foes base and keen, who have filled thee
 with care;

Then on, my brave boys, we'll show we play
 fair,

For Ireland's our country, dear Erin-go-
 bragh.

Oh! England, your taunts and your censures
 give o'er,

And spite not that country that's equal to
 you;

But join hand in hand, each day and each
 hour,

With Scotland, our friends—all to each other
 true.

United by friendship, we'll join in a band,
 Determined to fight for our kings, laws and
 land;

Then on, my brave boys, don't let us here
 stand,

While Ireland's our country, dear Erin-go-
 bragh.

THE LAND OF POTATOES, OH.

Oh, had I in the clear five hundred a year,
 'Tis myself would not fear, though not aided one farthing of it;
 Faith, if such was my lot, little Ireland's the spot
 Where I'd build a snug cot with a bit of garden to it.
 As for Italy's dales, their Alps and high vales,
 And their fine squalling gales, their signoras to beat us, oh!
 I'd never unto thee come, nor abroad ever roam,
 But enjoying my sweet home in the land of potatoes, oh.

CHORUS.

Hospitality, all reality, no formality, there you'll ever see,
 But be so free and easy, that we would amaze you;
 You'll think us all crazy for dull we can never be.

If our friend, Honest Jack, would but take a small hack,
 So get on his back, and in joy ride over full to us,
 He, throughout the whole year, should have the best cheer,
 But, faith, no one's so dear as our brother, John Bull, to us.
 And we'd teach him when there, both to blunder and swear,
 And our brogue with him share, which both genteel and neat
 is, oh;

By St. Patrick, I think, when we'd teach him to drink,
 That he'd ne'er wish to shrink from the land of potatoes, oh.

Though I'd frankly agree that I'd more happy be
 If some heavenly she, in this country, would favor me;
 For no spot on the earth can more merits bring forth,
 If beauty and wealth can embellish, such ss she.
 Good breeding, good nature, you see in each feature,
 So nought you've to teach her, so nice and complete she's, oh;
 Then if fate would but send unto me such a friend,
 What a life could I spend in the land of potatoes, oh.

BALLYHOOLEY.

THERE'S a dashing sort of boy, who is called his mother's joy,
 His ructions and his elements they charm me;
 He takes the chief command in a water-drinking band,
 Called the Ballyhooley Blue Ribbon Army.
 The ladies all declare he's the pride of every fair,
 And he bears the patriotic name of Dooley;
 When the temperance brigade go out upon parade,
 Faith! there's not a sober man in Ballyhooley.

CHORUS.

Willow loo! hoo! hoo! we will all enlist, you know,
 For their principles and elements they charm me:
 Sure they don't care what they ate, if they drink their whisky
 nate.
 In the Ballyhooley Blue Ribbon Army.

When we're out upon patrol and we're under his control,
 We take, of course, a most extendid radius;
 Although it's very clear we drink only ginger beer,
 We find the drinking sometimes rather tadius.
 The police, one fine day, faith! they chanced to come our way,
 And they said we were behaving most unruly;
 When the sargent he did state that we were not walking straight,
 Faith! we stretched him for a corpse in Ballyhooley.—CHORUS.

Then before the magistrate every one of us did state
 That we had taken nothing that could injure;
 And as it's very clear we drink only ginger beer,
 There must have been some stingo in the ginger.
 Some of us did own we were drinking zosodone,
 But the poliee were behaving most unruly;
 It was of no avail, and within the county jail
 Lies the temperance brigade of Ballyhooley.—CHORUS.

DERMOT O'DOWD.

WHEN Dermot O'Dowd courted Molly M'Can
 They were sweet as the honey and soft as the down;
 But when they were wed they began to find out
 That Dermot could storm and that Molly could frown.
 They would neither give in, so the neighbors gave out—
 Both were hot till a coldness came over the two;
 And Molly would fluster, and Dermot would bluster,
 Stamp holes in the flure, and cry out, "Wirasthru!
 O murther! I'm married,
 Wish I had tarried;
 I'm sleepless and speechless—no word can I say.
 My bed is no use:
 I'll give back to the goose
 The feathers I plucked on last Michaelmas day."
 "Ah!" says Molly, "you once used to call me a bird."
 "Faix, you're ready enough to fly out," says he.
 "You said then my eyes were as bright as the skies,
 And my lips like the rose—now no longer like me."
 Says Dermot, "Your eyes are as bright as the morn,
 But your brow is as black as a big thunder cloud.
 If your lip is a rose, sure your tongue is a thorn
 That sticks in the heart of poor Dermot O'Dowd."
 Says Molly, "You once said my voice was a trush;
 But now it's a rusty old hinge with a creak."
 Says Dermot, "You called me a duck when I courted,
 But now I'm a goose every day in the week.
 But all husbands are geese, though our pride it may shock,
 From the first 'twas ordained so by nature, I fear.
 Ould Adam himself was the first of the flock,
 And Eve, with her apple-sauce, cooked him, my dear."

THE SHAMROCK SHORE.

In a musing mind with me combine, and grant me great relief,
 Whilst here alone I sigh and moan, I'm overwhelmed with grief;
 Whilst here alone I sigh and moan, away from friends at home,
 With troubled mind, no rest can find, since I left the shamrock
 shore.

In the blooming spring, when the small birds sing, and the lambs
 did sport and play,
 My way I took, and friends forsook, till I came to Dublin Quay;
 I entered on board as a passenger, to England I sailed o'er,
 I bid farewell to all my friends all 'round the shamrock shore.

When young men all, both great and small, go to the fields to
 walk,
 Whilst here alone I sigh and moan, to none of them can talk;
 Whilst I remain but to bewail, for the mould that I adore,
 With a troubled mind, no rest can find, since I left the shamrock
 shore.

To Glasgow fair I did repair, some pleasure for to find,
 I own it was a pleasant place, down by the flowery Clyde;
 I own it was a pleasant place, for rich attire they wore.
 There's none so rare as can compare to the girls of shamrock
 shore.

One evening fair, to take the air, down by yon shady grove,
 I heard some lads and lasses gay a-making to them love;
 It grieved me so, rejoiced to see, as I had once before,
 Has my heart betrayed, that I left on the shamrock shore.

So now to conclude, and make an end, my pen begins for to fail,
 Farewell, my honored mother, dear, and for me don't bewail;
 Farewell, my honored mother, dear, and for me grieve no more,
 When I think long, I'll sing my song in praise of the shamrock
 shore.

RORY OF THE HILLS.

"THAT rake up near the rafters,
 Why leave it there so long?
 The handle, of the best of ash,
 Is smooth, and straight, and strong;
 And, mother, will you tell me,
 Why did my father frown,
 When to make the hay in summer time
 I climbed to take it down?"
 She looked into her husband's eyes,
 While her own with light did fill;
 "You'll shortly know the reason, boy!"
 Said Rory of the Hill.

The midnight moon is lighting up
 The slopes of Sliev-na-mon—
 Whose foot affrights the startled hares
 So long before the dawn?
 He stopped just where the Anner's stream
 Winds up the woods anear,
 Then whistled low, and looked around
 To see the coast was clear.
 A sheeling door flew open—
 In he stepped with right good will—
 "God save all here, and bless your work,"
 Said Rory of the Hill.

Right hearty was the welcome
 That greeted him, I ween,
 For years gone by he fully proved
 How well he loved the Green;
 And there was one among them
 Who grasped him by the hand—
 One who, through all that weary time,
 Roamed on a foreign strand—
 He brought them news from gallant friends
 That made their heart-strings thrill;
 "My sowl! I never doubted them!"
 Said Rory of the Hill.

They sat around the humble board
 Till dawning of the day,
 And yet not song or shout I heard—
 No revelers were they;
 Some brows flushed red with gladness,
 While some were grimly pale;
 But pale or red, from out those eyes
 Flashed souls that never quail!
 "And sing us now about the vow,
 They swore for to fulfil—"
 "Ye'll read it yet in history,"
 Said Rory of the Hill.

Next day the ashen handle,
 He took down from where it hung,
 The toothed rake, full scornfully.
 Into the fire he flung,
 And in its stead a shining blade
 Is gleaming once again.
 (Oh! for a hundred thousand of
 Such weapons and such men!)
 Right soldierly he wielded it,
 And going through his drill—
 "Attention" — "charge" — "front point" —
 "advance!"
 Cried Rory of the Hill.

RORY OF THE HILL.—Continued.

She looked at him with woman's pride,
 With pride and woman's fears:
 She flew to him, she clung to him,
 And dried away her tears;
 He feels her pulse beat truly,
 While her arms around him twine—
 "Now God be praised for your stout heart,
 Brave little wife of mine."
 He swung his first born in the air,
 While joy his heart did fill—
 "You'll be a FREEMAN yet, my boy,"
 Said Rory of the Hill.

Oh! knowledge is a wondrous power,
 And stronger than the wind;
 And thrones shall fall and despots bow
 Before the might of mind;
 The poet and the orator
 The heart of man can sway,
 And would to the kind Heavens
 That Wolfe Tone were here to-day!
 Yet trust me, friends, dear Ireland's strength,
 Her truest strength, is still,
 The rough-and-ready roving boys,
 Like Rory of the Hill.

WRITTEN IN LETTERS OF GOLD.

ENGRAVEN in letters of honor and fame,
 In history's pages may be seen,
 The men, who for daring have gained a great
 name,
 Enshrined in the temple of fame one and all,
 Its memory is written with pride;
 And Ireland to-day with respect does recall
 Her sons who have gallantly died.
 In art or in science, with sword or with pen,
 Those men have proved fearless and bold;
 So I will to-night sing in praise of the men
 Whose names are in letters of gold.

On Fontenoy's fields stood the Irish Brigade,
 While cannons were booming around;
 At the word of command not a man was
 afraid,

Although then in martyrdom crowned,
 Unheeding the battle, to victory they went,
 And Ireland remembers to-day
 The brave sons she to Fontenoy sent,
 Who proved to be first in the fray.
 But though they are gone, we remember them
 still,

These heroes were fearless and bold;
 The Irish Brigade, who fought with a will,
 Their names are in letters of gold.

On tablets of love are engraven the names
 Of men of such paramount works,
 As Goldsmith and Moore, whose poetical aims
 Have ranked with the finest on earth.
 Burke, Grattan, Wallace, Fitzgerald and Swift
 Are men whose bright intellect shone,
 Endeavoring with honor the curtain to lift,
 Which gloomed down dear old Ireland upon.
 There's Balfe, the compossr, Wolfe Tone and
 the rest,

All true Irishmen will uphold;
 But now they're at rest and at peace with the
 best,
 Their names are in letters of gold.

THE OLD LEATHER BREECHES.

It was at the sign of the Bell, on the road to Clonmel,
 Paddy Hegarty kept a neat shebeen;
 He sold pig's meat and bread, kept a good lodgin' bed,
 And so well liked round the country had been,
 Himself and his wife both struggled thro' life,
 In the week days Pat mended the ditches;
 But on Sunday he dressed in a coat of the best,
 But his pride was his old leather breeches.

For twenty-one years at least, so it appears,
 His father those breeches had run in—
 The morning he died he to his bedside
 Called Paddy, his beautiful son, in.
 Advice then he gave ere he went to the grave—
 He bid them take care of his riches—
 Says he, it's no use to pop into my shoes,
 But I'd wish you'd step into my breeches.

Last winter the snow left provisions so low,
 Poor Paddy was eat out completely;
 The snow coming down he could not go to town,
 Thoughts of hunger soon bothered him greatly.
 One night as he lay dreaming away
 About big dogs, frogs and witches,
 He heard an uproar just outside of the door,
 And he jumped to steal on his ould leather breeches.

Says Bryan M'Guirk, with a voice like a Turk,
 Paddy, come get us some eating;
 Says big Andy Moore, I'll burst open the door,
 For this is no night to be waiting.
 Scarce had he spoke when the door went in, broke,
 And they crowded 'round Paddy like leeches;
 By the great moral gob, if he didn't get them prog,
 They'd eat him clean out of his breeches.

Now Paddy in dread slipt into his bed,
 That held Judy, his darling wife, in;
 And there he agreed to get them a feed—
 He slipt out and brought a big knife in.
 He took up the waist of his breeches—the baste,
 And cut out the buttons and stitches;
 And cut them in stripes, by the way, they were tripes,
 And boiled them, his ould leather breeches.

When the tripes were stew'd, on a dish they were strew'd,
 The boys all cried out, Lord be thanked;
 But Hegarty's wife was afraid of her life,
 She thought it high time for to shank it.
 To see how they smiled, for they thought Pat had boiled
 Some mutton and beef of the richest;
 But little they knew it was leather burgoo
 That was made out of Paddy's ould leather breeches.

They wollipt the stuff, says Andy, it's tough,
 Says Paddy, you're no judge of mutton;
 When Bryan M'Guirk, on the point of a fork
 Lifted up a big ivory button.
 Says Darby, what's that? sure I thought it was fat,
 Bryan leaps on his legs, and he screeches,
 By the powers above, I was trying to shove
 My teeth through the flap of his breeches.

They made at Pat, he was gone out of that,
 He run when he found them all rising—
 Says Bryan, make haste and go for the priest,
 By the holy Saint Jackstone, I'm poisoned.
 Revenge for the joke they had, for they broke
 All the chairs, tables, bowls and dishes;
 And from that very night they will knock out your daylight
 If they catch you with leather breeches.

WRITTEN IN LETTERS OF GOLD.—*Continued.*

Where could a patriot, so brave and so good
As the brave Robert Emmet be found?
For he was a martyr, and Irishmen should
His praises forever resound.
How great was the speech that he gave at his
trial,
Ere he to the cold grave did go;
His heart often bled for the Emerald Isle,
Down-trodden and gored by the foe.
Then while I have strength I will sing in the
praise
Of Emmet, the fearless and bold;
His name and his fame, and the pluck of his
days
Are written in letters of gold.
Are written in letters of gold.

SEARCH THE PAGE OF HISTORY.

If an Irish lad just a word might say,
I'll sing to you now a peculiar lay,
Of my country, where tears wipe out every
smile,
Which is known to the world as the emerald
isle;
Where the girls are the fairest you ever did
see,
But with England somehow we can never
agree,
Bad luck to the quarrels, it keeps us all
down,
Sure the shamrock's a friend to the rose and
the crown.

CHORUS.

If you search the page of history, there
you'll find,
Irishmen were never behind;
With his bayonet by his side, Pat has often
turned the tide,
And helped to build the honor of old Eng-
land.
On the tablets of fame, if you are searching
again,
Poets and statesmen, and valiant men;
Wolfe Tone, Robert Emmet and Brian Boru,
And Wellington great who gained famed
Waterloo.
So that's why I say, and I still will maintain,
Our boys have fought hard in Victoria's reign,
And it is your duty, in truth you'll confess,
To help poor Pat when his land's in dis-
tress.—CHORUS.
By a small strip of ocean our lands are apart,
But no strip at all can divide a true heart:
And that Paddy's heart is both loyal and true,
Is very soon found in the history of you.
On Majuba Hill Mountain their vengeance was
swift,
And when will you ever forget the Rorke's
Drift,
Or in the Soudan, deeds that never can fade,
Were done by the 18th Royal Irish Brigade.
—CHORUS.

HEENAN AND SAYERS.

It was on the sixteenth day of April that they agreed to fight,
The money it was all put up and everything was right;
But Heenan was arrested and brought to the county jail,
Where he was held to keep the peace under three hundred bail.

His friends went quickly there and they did bail him out,
He was forced to change his training ground and take another
route;
They thought for to discourage him, so as to prevent the mill,
But having a brave heart in him, swore that Sayers' blood he'd
spill.

To see those heroes in the ring it would make your heart feel gay,
Each bore a smile upon him face in honor of the day;
The spectators they were eager those champions for to see,
For they both said that they'd either die or gain the victory.

Time was called, they both stood up, the excitement it was great,
To see those champions seeking to seal each other's fate;
Sayers he made a left hand punch at Heenan's pretty face,
Who quickly dodged and with a blow laid Tommy near a case.

But when the second round came on the Briton was up to time,
Heenan made a pass at him, which slightly bruised his dial;
His friends they began to cheer, which made Sayers feel sad,
For he thought that he'd easily win, which would make the
Yankees mad.

Sayers was up to time again, and his face it bore a smile,
Heenan made a pass at him, which slightly bruised his dial;
He made a terrific right hand punch, which got home on Heenan's
jowl,
But quickly a sledge-hammer blow caused Sayers for to howl.

A look of melancholy was upon each Briton's face,
They thought that Sayers would get whipped and to England
be a disgrace;
But then he got a handsome blow on brave Heenan's nob,
Their faces bore a smile again, and the betting on Sayers was
odd.

Time was called, they both were up to toe the scratch once
more,
Sayers got home on Heenan's mug, which made the Britons roar;
Heenan followed quickly up, and as Sayers turned around,
He met him with a right hand blow which sprawled him on the
ground.

Bold Sayers was up to time again, and he looked very bad,
Heenan looked as fresh again, which made the Britons mad;
They had a little false sparring, then at each other did gaze,
When Heenan sprawled him out again, which did the bulls
amaze.

Then the cheers and bawls of Heenan's friends would make your
heart feel gay;
For they were sure, they had not doubt, but he would gain the
day;
The friends of Sayers began to think that he would soon give in,
And to think their champion would get beat it caused them to
grin.

The fight was drawing to a close, the excitement growing worse,
The friends of Heenan they did cheer—and of Sayers, they did
curse,
The bulls were sure that Heenan would win, which caused them
all to fret,
For every cent that they were worth on Sayers it was bet.

HEENAN AND SAYERS.—Continued.

But then the thirty-seventh round came on to be the last,
The Briton's friends they plainly saw their man was failing fast;
When Heenan gave him another blow, which made them feel
forlorn—
The Briton's friends jumped in the ring and said the fight was
drawn.

But Heenan called on Sayers again to come and fight it out,
But he was so badly punished he could scarcely open his mouth;
Heenan said: The fight is mine—and stood upon his ground—
Saying: I am the champion of the world, in the thirty-seventh
round.

THE VIRGIN MARY'S BANK.

THE evening star rose beauteous above the fading day,
As to the lone and silent beach the Virgin came to pray,
And hill and wave shone brightly in the moonlight's mellow fall;
But the bank of green where Mary knelt was brightest of them
all.

Slow moving o'er the waters, a gallant bark appeared,
And her joyous crew look'd from the deck as to the land she
near'd;
To the calm and shelter'd haven she floated like a swan,
And her wings of snow o'er the waves below in pride and beauty
shone.

The master saw our Lady as he stood upon the prow;
And marked the whiteness of her robe—the radiance of her brow;
Her arms were folded gracefully upon her stainless breast.
And her eyes look'd up among the stars to Him her soul lov'd
best.

He showed her to his sailors, and he hail'd her with a cheer,
And on the kneeling Virgin they gazed with laughter and jeer;
And madly swore, a form so fair, they never saw before;
And they curs'd the faint and lagging breeze that kept them
from the shore.

The ocean from its bosom shook off the moonlight sheen,
And up its wrathful billows rose to vindicate their Queen;
And a cloud came o'er the heavens, and a darkness o'er the land,
And the scoffing crew beheld no more that Lady on the strand.

Out burst the pealing thunder, and the lightning leap'd about;
And rushing with its watery war, the tempest gave a shout;
And that vessel from a mountain wave came down with thund'ring
shock;
And her timbers flew like scatter'd spray on Inchidony's rock.

Then loud from all that guilty crew one shriek rose wild and
high;
But the angry surge swept over them, and hush'd their gurgling
cry;
And down, till chafing from their strife, th' indignant waters
lay,
And with a hoarse exulting tone the tempest pass'd away,

When the calm and purple morning shone out on high Dunmore,
Full many a mangled corpse was seen on Inchidony's shore;
And to this day the fisherman shows where the scuffers sank;
And still he calls that hillock green, "the Virgin Mary's bank."

THE TRUE LOVERS' DISCUSSION.

ONE pleasant evening, as pinks and daisies
Closed in their bosoms a drop of dew,
The feathered warblers of every species,
Together chanted their notes so true,
As I did stray, wrapped in meditation,
It charmed my heart to hear them sing;
The silent orbs of night were just arising,
And the air in concert did sweetly sing.

With joy transported, each sight I courted;
Whilst gazing 'round with inspective eye,
Two youthful lovers, in conversation
Closely engaged, I chanced to spy;
Those couple spoke with such force of reason,
Their sentiments they expressed so clear,
And just to listen to their conversation,
My inclination was to draw near.

He pressed her hand and said: "My darling,
Tell me the reason you changed your mind;
Or have I loved you to be degraded,
Tho' youth and innocence are in their
prime?"

For I am slighted and ill requited
For all the favors I did bestow;
You'll surely tell me before I leave you,
Why you're inclined now to treat me so."

With great acuteness she made him answer,
Saying: "On your favors I would rely,
But you might contrive to blast my glory,
And our marriage day you might hover by.
Young men, in general, are fickle-minded,
And to trust you I am afraid:
If for your favors I am indebted,

Both stock and interest you shall be paid."

"To blast your glory, love, I ne'er intended,
Nor fickle-minded will I ever be;
As for my debts, you can never pay them
But by true love and loyalty.
Remember, darling, our first engagement,
When childish pastime was all we knew;
Be true and constant—I'm thine forever—
I'll brave all dangers and go with you."

"Your proffer's good, sir, I thank you for it,
But yet your offers I can't receive;
By soft persuasion and kind endearment
The wily serpent beguiled Eve,
There's other reasons might be assigned,
The highest tide love will ebb and fall;
Another female might suit you better,
Therefore I can't obey your call."

"Yes, I'll admit the tide in motion
Is always moving from shore to shore,
But still its substance is never changing,
Nor never will, till time's no more.
I'll sound your fame with all loyal lovers,
To fix their love on whose mind is pure,
Where no existence can ever change it,
Nor no physician prescribe a cure."

She says: "Young man, to tell you plainly,
To refrain you I am inclined,
Another young man of birth and fortune
Has gained my favor and changed my mind.
My future welfare I have considered,
On fickle footing I'll never stand;
Besides, my parents would be offended
To see you walking at my right hand."

THE TRUE LOVERS' DISCUSSION.—Continued.

"What had you, darling, when you were born?
 What nature gave, love—so had I—
 Your haughty parents I do disdain them,
 And poor ill-got riches I do deny.
 An honest heart, love, is far superior—
 Your gold and riches will soon decay;
 It's naked we came into this world,
 And much the same we'll go away."

"You falsify when you say you love me,
 And slight my parents whom I love dear;
 I think it's justice, sir, to degrade you,
 If that's the course you mean to steer.
 By wealth, or feature, or art of nature,
 You're not my equal in any line;
 Since I conjure you, insist no farther,
 For to your wishes I'll not incline."

"To falsify, love, I do deny it,
 Your imputation is wrong, I swear;
 Like Eve, I find you're a real deceiver,
 Your heart's as full as your face is fair.
 For the want of riches you vainly slight me,
 And my complexion you do disdain;
 Our skin may differ, but true affection
 In black or white is all the same."

"Oh! curb your passion, sir!" she did ex-
 claim,

"It was not to quarrel I met you here,
 But to discourse you in moderation
 And a real intention to make appear.
 I speak with candor, I will surrender
 To what is proper in every way,
 If you submit to fair discussion,
 And reason's dictates you will obey."

"It's now too late to ask that question,
 When you despise me before my friends;
 Lebanon's plains, if you could command them,
 Are not sufficient to make amends.
 There's not a tree in the Persian forest
 Retains its color, excepting one:
 That is the laurel which I will cherish,
 And always carry in my right hand."

"The blooming laurel you may admire,
 Because its verdure's always new,
 But there's another, you can't deny it,
 Is just as bright in the gardener's view;
 It's wisely resting throughout the winter,
 And blooms again when the spring draws
 near;
 The pen of Homer has written its praises,
 In June and July it does appear."

"You speak exceedingly, but not corrective,
 With words supported, your cause is vain;
 Had you the tongue of a Syrian Goddess,
 Your exhortation I would disdain.
 It was your love that I did require,
 But since you've placed it on golden store,
 I'll strike my string and my harp shall mur-
 mur:
 Farewell, my love, forever more!"

THE LADY OF KNOCK.

ATTEND, you faithful Christians, give ear to what I say,
 It's of a glorious miracle occurred the other day;
 Where our blessed Virgin did herself to sinners show,
 In the holy church of Knock, in the county of Mayo.

A faithful few, to Mary, true, returning home at night,
 Upon the chapel wall did view a most transparent light;
 They stood amazed and on it gazed, and trembling struck with
 fear,
 When to their astonished eyes three statues did appear.

On the right was blessed St. Joseph, upon his face a smile,
 His holy hands uplifted as he meant to bless this isle;
 Our blessed Lady's hands were raised in an attitude of prayer,
 And in the right hand of St. John, God's holy word was there.

The faithful few that saw the sight they say, both one and all,
 The holy apparition was some distance from the wall;
 And on the left side of St. John appeared to view quite plain,
 An altar, cross, and the instruments by which the Lamb was
 slain.

There are hundreds come from far and near our Lady's aid to
 seek,
 And by her aid the deaf and dumb are made to hear and speak;
 And many who were born blind now see the way to go
 From the holy church of Knock to the county of Mayo.

At the wedding feast of Galilee, our blessed lady said:
 Oh, Son Divine, there is no wine, but water there is instead;
 No sooner had she said the words when her aid, Divine,
 The water that was at the feast was turned into wine.

Oh, blessed St. Joseph and St. John, we call upon your aid,
 And Holy Mother of our God, for sinners intercede;
 For the wonders that our Saviour did while preaching to His
 flock,
 Are done again, through Mary's aid, in the holy church of Knock.

THE ENNISKILLEN DRAGOON.

A BEAUTIFUL damsel of fame and renown,
 A gentleman's daughter of fame and renown—
 As she rode by the barracks, this beautiful maid,
 She stood in her coach to see the dragoons' parade.

They were all dressed out like gentlemen's sons,
 With their bright shining swords and carbine guns,
 With their silver-mounted pistols—she observed them full soon,
 For to serve as a royal Enniskillen dragoon!"

You bright son of Mars, who stands on the right,
 Whose armor doth shine like the bright stars of night,
 Saying: "Willie, dearest Willie, you've listed full soon,
 Saying: 'The Lord be with you, Enniskillen dragoon!'"

"Oh, Flora! dearest Flora! your pardon I crave,
 It's now and forever I must be a slave—
 Your parents they insulted me both morning and noon,
 For fear that you'd wed an Enniskillen dragoon."

"Oh, mind, dearest Willie! oh, mind what you say,
 For children are bound their parents to obey;
 For when we're leaving Ireland, they will all change their tune,
 Saying: 'The Lord be with you, Enniskillen dragoon!'"

Fare you well, Enniskillen! fare you well for a while,
 And all around the borders of Erin's green isle,
 And when the war is over we'll return in full bloom,
 And they'll all welcome home the Enniskillen dragoon.

THE LOVERS' DISCUSSION.—*Continued.*

She seemed affected, with eyes distracted,
 With loud exclaiming she thus gave way:
 "Sir, my denial was but a trial—
 You Gods! be witness to what I say.
 I say: My darling, if you don't forgive me,
 And quite forget my incredulity,
 A single virgin for your sake I'll wander,
 While a green leaf grows on yon laurel
 tree."

So, all young maidens, I pray take warning,
 Let love and virtue be still your aim;
 No worldly treasure should shield your
 pleasure
 With those whose person you do disdain.
 All loyal lovers will then respect you,
 And to your memory will heave a sigh;
 The blooming rose and evergreen laurel
 Will mark the spot where your body lies.

From Ballynahinch, about two miles distance,
 Where blackbirds whistle and thrushes sing;
 With hills surrounding and valleys bounding,
 Enchanting prospect all in the spring.
 Where female beauty is never wanting,
 The lonely stranger a refuge find—
 Near Maria Tenpenny, if you require,
 You'll find the author of those simple lines.

TWELVE STONE TWO.

I FEEL so dreadful nervous that I'm frightened
 of my life,
 For by this time to-morrow I'll be fastened
 to a wife;
 An agricultural Irish girl that's twice the size
 of me;
 Upon my word I'm doubtful what the conse-
 quence will be.

CHORUS.

She's a fine big woman, and she knows that
 same,
 And early in the morning she'll possess my
 name;
 But I feel so dreadful nervous, I don't know
 what to do,
 For to-morrow I must buckle on the twelve
 stone two.

I would like to break the contract off, but
 that would never do;
 My life would not be worth two straws, be-
 tween myself and you.
 I don't think she'd put me in a breach-of-
 promise case;
 But with her big fist she'd make the breaches
 on my face.—CHORUS.

She made me drunk at Sullivan's, then sat
 upon my knee;
 Just imagine twelve stone two on a little chap
 like me.
 'Twas she done all the courting, I had not one
 word to say,
 So like a helpless little lamb, I gave myself
 away.—CHORUS.

THE MAC'S AND THE O'S.

WHEN Ireland was founded by the Mac's and the O's,
 I never could learn, for nobody knows;
 But history says they came over from Spain,
 To visit old Granna, and there to remain.
 Our fathers were heroes for wisdom and fame,
 For multiplication, they practiced the same;
 St. Patrick came over to heal their complaints,
 And very soon made them an island of saints.

The harp and the shamrock were carried before
 Brave Roderick O'Connor and Roger O'Moore.
 And the good and bad deeds of the Mac's and the O's,
 And this is the tale that these verses disclose.
 Hugh Neil of Tyrone, O'Donnell, O'Moore,
 O'Brien, O'Kelly, O'Connell galore;
 All houses so royal, so loyal and old,
 One drop of their blood was worth ounces of gold.

McDonnell, McDougal, O'Curran, O'Keefe,
 Sly Redmond O'Haulon, the Rapperreea chief;
 O'Malley, McNally, O'Sullivan rare,
 O'Failey, O'Daily, O'Burns of Kildare,
 O'Dougherty, chief of the Isle Innishone,
 McGuinness, the prince of the valleys of Down;
 The Collerns, Hollerans, every one knows,
 The Raffertys, Flahertys—they were all O's.

One-eyed King McCormack and great Phil McCoole,
 McCarty of Dermot and Tooley O'Toole;
 Hugh Neil, the grand and great Brian Boru,
 Sir Tagon O'Regen and Con Donohue,
 O'Hara, O'Marrah, O'Connor, O'Kane,
 O'Carroll, O'Farrell, O'Brennen, O'Drane,
 With Murtaugh McDermot, that wicked old Turk
 Who had a crim. con. with the wife of O'Rourke.

McGra, McGrath, McGil, McKeon,
 McCadden, McFadden, McCarron, McGlone;
 McGarren, McFarren, McClarey, McCoy,
 McHaley, McClinch, McElrath, McElroy.
 McMillen, McClellan, McGillan, McFinn,
 McCullagh, McCunn, McManus, McGyn;
 McGinley, McKinley, McCaffray, McKay,
 McCarral, McFarrell, McCurchy, McRay.

O'Dillion, O'Dolan, O'Devlin, O'Doyle,
 O'Mullen, O'Nolan, O'Bolan, O'Boyle;
 O'Murray, O'Rooney, O'Cooney, O'Kane,
 O'Carey, O'Leary, O'Shea, and O'Shane.
 O'Brien, O'Rourke, O'Reiley, O'Neil;
 O'Hagan, O'Reagan, O'Fagan, O'Sheil;
 O'Dennis, O'Dwyer, O'Blaney, O'Flynn,
 O'Grady, O'Shaughnessy, Brian O'Lynn.

The daughters of Erin are Ellen O'Roone,
 And Norah McCushla, and Sheelah McClune;
 With Kathleen Mavourneen and Molly Asthore,
 The beautiful charmers we love and adore.
 There is Donah McCushla and Widow McChree,
 There is Molly McGuire and Biddy McGee;
 There is dear Norah Creina and Sheliah McGrath,
 And the mother of all is—sweet Erin-go-bragh!

THE IRISH SPREE.

A FORTNIGHT ago, boys, me and Martin Brallagan,
 Timothy McCarty and Darby O'Callagan,
 Went for a spree down to Patsy Murphy's restaurant,
 And being fond of fun, of course, we took some girls along.
 We said to Murphy: Bring us half a gallon in,
 Also some whisky for the girls, they're included in;
 When he brought it in, we said shove it up to Fiaherty,
 For he's our boss, and will settle up on Saturday.
 Murphy said: No! for he's had quite enough of us,
 He strapped us and never got the stuff of us;
 We'd done him brown, but we couldn't do him black again,
 So he picked up the drink and was going to take it back again,
 When up jumped McCarty, and asked him what he meant by it?
 And swore if he did take it back he'd repent of it.
 Murphy said: Och! and was going to take the pitcher.
 When up jumped O'Callagan, and neatly knocked his snitcher.
 He shouted: Murder! Police! and Suicide!
 Then to help him, Brallagan rushed up to his side,
 Gave him such a kick it nearly knocked his belly in,
 Then he called the barman, Patsy Kelly, in;
 In came Kelly, and he had a lot of swagger, too,
 Brought in a poker and tongs, and daggers, too:
 He got a clout that very soon hit him down,
 Since that day poor Kelly's never sit down.
 Bang went the bottles, and bang went the glasses, too,
 We were enjoying it, and so were the lasscs, too;
 Smash went the windows, and smash went the furniture,
 Then on the fire we put it for to burn it, sure;
 Then in the bar-room we turned the rum and whisky on,
 That's what the boys and girls all got frisky on.
 Big John Burk and little Martin Brallagan
 Served us a trick, forget we never shall again;
 Only because they couldn't get a drop o' gin,
 What does they do but goes and calls a copper in:
 He got his head split, then we had the laugh at him,
 For when he was down we used his own club on him.
 He blew his whistle, when up came a score of them,
 Privates, detectives, sergeants, and more of them;
 They were no use, for we soon got the best of them;
 And when on the ground we danced on every chest of them.
 One got away, faith! it's true what I told you.
 He brought back with him a regiment of soldiers,
 Also a magistrate, because we wouldn't quiet act.
 And what does he do, but he goes and reads the riot act.
 They seized McCarty, and then little Brallagan,
 Then into them went the girls and O'Callagan;
 They left sixteen dead upon the floor, they did,
 And then I sloped out of the back door, I did.
 They have ten warrants out for murder and robbery,)
 As for myself they can all go to bobbery,
 For I am going away as soon as day is dawning,
 I set sail for Australia in the morning.

THE ROSE OF TRALEE.

THE pale moon was rising above the green mountain,
 The sun was declining beneath the blue sea,
 When I strayed with my love to the pure crystal fountain
 That stands in the beautiful vale of Tralee.
 She was lovely and fair as the rose in the summer,
 Yet 'twas not her beauty alone that won me,
 Oh, no, 'twas the truth in her eye ever dawning,
 That made me love Mary, the rose of Tralee.

The cool shades of ev'ning their mantle was spreading,
 And Mary, all smiling, and list'ning to me,
 The moon thro' the valley her pale rays was shedding,
 When I won the heart of the rose of Tralee.
 Though lovely and fair, etc.

CHARMING JUDY CALLAGHAN.

'Twas on a windy night
 At two o'clock in the morning,
 An Irish lad so tight,
 All wind and weather scorning,
 At Judy Callaghan's door,
 Sitting upon the palings.
 His love-tale he did pour.
 And this was part of his wailings:—
 Only say
 You'll be Mrs. Brallaghan,
 Don't say nay,
 Charming Judy Callaghan!

Oh! list to what I say,
 Charms you've got like Venus;
 Own your love you may,
 There's but the wall between us.
 You lie fast asleep,
 Snug in bed and snoring;
 Round the house I creep,
 Your hard heart imploring.
 Only say
 You'll have Mr. Brallaghan;
 Don't say nay,
 Charming Judy Callaghan!

I've got a pig and a sow,
 I've got a sty to sleep 'em;
 A calf and a brindled cow,
 And a cabin, too, to keep 'em;
 Sunday hat and coat.
 An old gray mare to ride on;
 Saddle and bridle, to boot,
 Which you may ride astride on.
 Only say
 You'll be Mrs. Brallaghan,
 Don't say nay,
 Charming Judy Callaghan!

I've got an acre of ground;
 I've got it set with praties;
 I've got of 'bacey a pound;
 I've got some tea for the ladies;
 I've got the ring to wed,
 Some whisky to make us gaily;
 I've got a feather bed,
 And a handsome new shillelah
 You'll have Mr. Brallaghan;
 Only say
 You'll have Mr. Brallaghan;
 Don't say nay,
 Charming Judy Callaghan!

You've got a charming eye,
 You've got some spelling and reading;
 You've got, and so have I.
 A taste for genteel breeding;
 You're rich, and fair, and young,
 As everybody's knowing;
 You've got a decent tongue
 When'er 'tis set agoing.
 Only say
 You'll have Mr. Brallaghan,
 Don't say nay,
 Charming Judy Callaghan!

CHARMING JUDY CALLAGHAN.—Continued.

For a wife till death
 I am willing to take ye!
 But och! I waste my breath—
 The devil himself can't wake ye.
 'Tis just beginning to rain,
 So I'll get under cover;
 To-morrow I'll come again,
 And be your constant lover.
 Only say
 You'll be Mrs. Brallaghan,
 Don't say nay,
 Charming Judy Callaghan!

KILLARNEY.

By Killarney's lakes and fells,
 Em'rald isles and winding bays,
 Mountain paths and woodland dells,
 Mem'ry ever fondly strays.
 Bounteous nature loves all lands,
 Beauty wanders ev'rywhere,
 Footprints leave on many strands,
 But her home is surely there.
 Angels fold their wings and rest
 In that Eden of the West;
 Beauty's home, Killarney,
 Ever fair Killarney.

Innisfallen's ruined shrine
 May suggest a passing sigh,
 But man's faith can ne'er decline
 Such God's wonders floating by.
 Castle Lough and Glenna Bay,
 Mountains Tore and Eagle's Nest;
 Still at Mucross you must pray,
 Though the monks are now at rest.
 Angels wonder not that man
 There would fain prolong life's span;
 Beauty's home, Killarney,
 Ever fair Killarney.

No place else can charm the eye
 With such bright and varied tints;
 Every rock that you pass by,
 Verdure broiders or besprints.
 Virgin there the green grass grows,
 Every morn Spring's natal day;
 Bright-hued berries daff the snows,
 Smiling Winter's frown away.
 Angels often pausing there,
 Doubt if Eden were more fair;
 Beauty's home, Killarney,
 Ever fair Killarney.

Music there for echo dwells,
 Makes each sound a harmony;
 Many voiced the chorus swells,
 Till it faints in eestasy.
 With the charming tints below
 Seems the heaven above to vie;
 All rich colors that we know
 Tinge the cloud wreaths in that sky.
 Wings of angels so might shine,
 Glancing back soft light divine;
 Beauty's home, Killarney,
 Ever fair Killarney.

TIM MACARTHY'S DAUGHTER.

TIM MACARTHY gave a party, invitations he sent out
 To two or three dozens of big-headed cousins,
 To tall and short and thin and stout;
 Mrs. Tim the room did trim, and candle-greased the floor so
 well
 That half of the dancers fell down in the lancers
 And hurt their—I'm afraid to tell;
 How they banged at the door, in they came with a roar—
 Oh, souch a teasing, a squeezing and sneezing,
 Tim Brannigan walked on the chests of a score;
 Oh, 'twas death to tall hats, coats got used up as mats,
 Till they were in with the struggle and din,
 You'd have thought you were out in the yard with the cats.

CHORUS.

Oh, 'twas a rare, fine, swell, grand, aristocratic affair,
 With dukes and earls and nice young girls, and everybody was
 there;
 Never was seen in the land of the green such a set-out. you can
 swear,
 As the coming of age of Tim Macarthy's daughter.

When the girls, all scent and curls, had undergone a few repairs,
 They heard a great tustle, Miss Finnerty's bustle
 The dog had gripped upon the stairs;
 Captain Foy, the stout old boy, while dancing on the stairs for
 joy,
 Fell through on his "crumpet" and yelled like a trumpet:
 "I'm wrecked entirely, ship ahoy!"
 Then the dancing began, girls all looked for a man;
 Oh, such a heat and a treading on feet,
 Well, the devil may beat such a dance if he can;
 How the ladies did flop, how the corks they did pop;
 Winking and blinking and thinking and drinking,
 Bedad! you'd have thought that they never would stop.—
 CHORUS.

Barney Doolin had been foolin' all the night with Miss Maguire,
 When in came young Jerry, her lover from Kerry,
 And pitched poor Doolin on the fire;
 In the room some boys with sticks for hours had talked on
 politics,
 And, hearing the row, said: "Come on wid ye now,
 And we'll teach yez all some fightin' tricks!"
 Off came coats by the pile, they went at it in style;
 Buttons were bursting, shillelahs were thirsting
 To crack in a head or, at least, shift a tile;
 Every man made his mark, ne'er was seen such a lark,
 Till some great villain, who didn't want killing,
 Extinguished the lights and left all in the dark.—CHORUS.

All the ladies shrieked with fear, but when the boys their sides
 got near,
 And tenderly placed a right arm 'round each waist,
 They said: "Isn't the darkness nice? oh, dear!"
 Something smack'd, and tho' each Miss when lights were bro't
 soon told us this,
 They'd snapped a gold ear-ring, yet still I am fearing
 The snap was nothing but a kiss;
 When the fighting was done, then we did have some fun,
 Boys lost their pains, readjusted their brains;
 If they'd broken one leg, sure they danced upon one;
 Though for weeks they were sore, each man fervently swore,
 Never, oh, never did any one ever see
 Such an affair as Macarthy's before.—CHORUS.

LOVE'S WARNING.

A FAIR lady once, with her young lover walked,
Gillyflower, gentle rosemary;
Through a garden, and sweetly they laughed and they talked,
While the dews fell over the mulberry tree.

She gave him a rose—while he sighed for a kiss,
Gillyflower, gentle rosemary;
Quoth he, as he took it, "I kiss thee in this,"
While the dews fell over the mulberry tree.

She gave him a lily less white than her breast,
Gillyflower, gentle rosemary;
Quoth he, "'Twill remind me of one I love best;"
While the dews fell over the mulberry tree.

She gave him a two faces under a hood,
Gillyflower, gentle rosemary;
"How blest you could make me," quoth he, "if you would,"
While the dews fell over the mulberry tree.

She saw a forget-me-not flower in the grass,
She saw a forget-me-not flower in the grass,
Gillyflower, gentle rosemary;
Ah! why did the lady that little flower pass?
While the dews fell over the mulberry tree.

The young lover saw that she passed it, and sigh'd,
Gillyflower, gentle rosemary;
They say his heart broke, and he certainly died,
While the dews fell over the mulberry tree.

Now, all you fair ladies, take warning by this,
Gillyflower, gentle rosemary;
And never refuse your young lover a kiss,
While the dews fell over the mulberry tree.

SOGGARTH AROON.

AM I the slave they say, soggarth aroon?
Since you did show the way, soggarth aroon,
Their slave no more to be, while they would work with me
Ould Ireland's slavery, soggarth aroon?

Why not her poorest man, soggarth aroon,
Try and do all he can, soggarth aroon;
Her commands to fulfil, of his own heart and will,
Side by side with you still, soggarth aroon!

Loyal and brave to you, soggarth aroon,
Yet be not slave to you, soggarth aroon;
Nor, out of fear to you, stand up so near to you,
Och! out of fear to you! soggarth aroon.

Who, in the winter's night, soggarth aroon,
When the cold blast did bite, soggarth aroon,
Came to my cabin door, and on my earthen flure,
Knelt by me, sick and poor, soggarth aroon?

Who, on the marriage day, soggarth aroon,
Made the poor caving gay, soggarth aroon;
And did both laugh and sing, making our hearts to ring
At the poor christening, soggarth aroon?

Who, as friends only met, soggarth aroon,
Never did flout me yet, soggarth aroon?
And when my hearth was dim, gave, while his eyes did brim,
What I should give to him, soggarth aroon?

Och, you, and only you, soggarth aroon!
And for this I was true to you, soggarth aroon:
In love they'll never shake, when, for ould Ireland's sake,
We a true part did take, soggarth aroon.

TEDDY M'GLYNN.

I LEFT me old mother wid one little brother,
And came to this country when scarcely a
boy;
And though I am Irish, and lived on the
parish,
I'm first-cousin-German to Patrick Molloy.
I came in short breeches that often lacked
stitches,
Had nails in my shoes fit for horses to
wear;
Me mother'd not know me, but if you would
show me,
I'd quick know me mother and Dublin of
yore;
I'm Teddy M'Glynn, from the town of Dublin,
And that's the name you will find on me
door.

I've worked and I've waited, me brains I've
berated,
I've been to the schools, and to Lannigan's
ball;
Me father was uncle to Kathleen Mavourneen,
So I'm proud of me kindred, me mother and
all.
But now I'm a lawyer, and feel like a warrior,
I'll dance you the lancers or jig if you call:
I've kept me shillelah, and own I'm most
crazy
To see me ould mother and Dublin once
more;
I'm Teddy M'Glynn, from the town of Dublin,
And that is the name you will find on me
door.

And soon I'll be goin' the truth to be knowin'
And judge for meself of ould Ireland's woes;
If green I am wearing, the shamrock is shar-
ing
The love in me heart for me country's re-
pose.
For light is now dawning, and liberty's morn-
ing
Will shed its warm ray on ould Ireland's
shore;
Then Katy I'll marry, and no longer tarry,
To see me ould mother and Dublin once
more;
Then Mister M'Glynn, when at home in
Dublin,
Will welcome you all at his new cabin door.

I've found many cronies among the Maloneys,
And often drank whisky with Phelim
O'Toole;
O'Brien and McNeilly, and poor Miles
O'Reilly,
Were all of us sprung when we waked Tim
McDoull.
In the finest society, famed for sobriety,
I'm welcomed with pride at each Fenian
ball,
I'll soon be an alderman like Jimmy Flanagan,
Who lives on Fifth Avenue, as good as them
all;
I'm Teddy M'Glynn, from the town of Dublin,
And that is the name you will find on me
door.

LARRY MAGEE'S WEDDING.

PAY attention a while and I'll sing you a ditty
About the grand wedding of Larry Magee,
Who dwelt in a fashionable part of the city,
An illigant fine mansion in Avenue D,
And the great time we had at the wedding,
Where whisky and fun fled around so free;
And dancing and singing set the room ringing
At the grand wedding of Larry Magee.

There was Con Donohoe with his old fiddle,
McGinnis, the fishman, and Jerry McShane;
O'Brien, O'Calligan and Timothy Widdle,
Who brought to the weddin' his bran new
corjane,
With big Andy Fagan, the great whisky
drinker,
Barney Fitzgibbons and Dennis Farlee;
McCluskey, the butcher, and old Doyle, the
tinker,
Were all at the wedding of Larry Magee.

The guests of both sexes all ate very hearty,
And crammed themselves up to the very
windpipe;
When an accident happened to Molly McCarty,
She half choked herself with a large piece of
tripe—
If you were to see Riley sail into the mutton,
While all of the ladies did titter with glee;
He fasted two days, the dirty old glutton,
To make room for the supper of Larry
Magee.

When the supper was over, the curjane and
fiddle
Struck up the Grand Weddin' of Ballypo-
reen;
Then the bride made a call upon Timothy
Widdle,
Who sang, the Night Larry was Stretched
on the Green.
McGinnis, the fisherman, sang the Croppy Boy
gaily,
And Tim Hooligan gave us the Boys of
Tralee;
While Miss Kitty Baily sang the Sprig of
Shillelah,
At the grand weddin' of Larry McGee.

We danced and sung for two hours and a
quarter,
And we drank whisky until we were sick;
When big Andy Fagan swore the whisky was
water,
And Flaherty leveled him out with a stick.
The women they roared out blue murder and
blazes!
Roach broke the old fiddle on the back of
Farlee;
Doyle seized a dumplin' (God bless us and
save us!)
Which he flung at the head of Larry Magee.

Larry saw that his friends were full of the
liquor,
And knew very well to some harm 'twould
come;
So, he told them 'twas twelve o'clock by the
ticker,

SLATTERY'S MOUNTED FUT.

You've heard of Julius Cæsar, and the great Napoleon, too,
And how the Cork militia beat the Turks at Waterloo;
But there's a page of glory that as yet remains uncut,
And that's the martial story of the Slattery Mounted Fut.
This gallant corps was organized by Slattery's eldest son,
A noble-minded poacher with a double-breasted gun;
And many a head was broken, aye, and many an eye was shut,
When practicing maneuvers in the Slattery Mounted Fut.

CHORUS.

And down from the mountains came the squadrons and
platoons,
Four-and-twenty fighting men and a couple of stout gossoons;
And when we marched behind the drum to patriotic tunes,
We felt that fame would gild the name of Slattery's Light Dra-
goons.

Well, first we reconnoitered 'round of O'Sullivan's shebeen—
It used to be the "Shop House," but we called it "The Can-
teen;"

But there we saw a notice which the bravest heart unnerved—
"All liquor must be settled for before the drink is served."
So on we marched, but soon again each warrior's heart grew pale,
For rising high in front of us we saw the county jail;
And when the army faced about, 'twas just in time to find
A couple of policemen had surrounded us behind.

CHORUS.

Still down from the mountain came the squadrons and
platoons,
Four-and-twenty fighting-men and a couple of stout gossoons;
Says Slattery: "We must circumvent these bludgeoning
boothoons,
Or else it sames they'll take the names of Slattery's Light
Dragoons."

"We'll cross the ditch," our leader cried, "and take the foe in
flank;"

But yells of consternation here arose from every rank,
For posted high upon a tree we very plainly saw—
"Trespasers prosecuted, in accordance with the law."
"We're foiled!" exclaimed bold Slattery, "here ends our grand
campaign,

'Tis merely throwing life away to face that mearin dhraoin;
I'm not as bowld as lions, but I'm braver nor a hen;
And he that fights and runs away will live to fight again."

CHORUS.

And back to the mountains went the squadrons and platoons,
Four-and-twenty fighting-men and a couple of stout gossoons;
The band was playing cautiously their patriotic tunes;
So sing the fame, if rather lame, of Slattery's Light Dragoons.
They reached the mountain safely, though all stiff and sore with
cramp;

Each took a wet of whisky nate to dissipate the damp;
And when they loaded all their pipes, bowld Slattery ups and
said—

"To-day's immortal fight will be remembered by the dead;"
"I never shall forget," said he, "while this brave heart shall
beat,

The eager way ye followed when I headed the retreat;
Ye preferred the soldier's maxim, when desisting from the strife:
'Best be a coward for five minutes, than a dead man all your
life.'

CHORUS.

And there in the mountains lay in squadrons and platoons,
Those four-and-twenty fighting-men and a couple of stout gos-
soons;
They never more will march again to patriotic tunes,
Tho' all the same they sing the fame of Slattery's Light Dra-
goons.

LARRY MAGEE'S WEDDING.—*Continued.*

And to take a good bumper before starting home.
They filled up their glasses to the toast of Pat Daily,
Who hoped, before long, a young Larry to see;
While the bride, neat and gaily, smiled so gently—
And so ended the wedding of Larry McGee.

THE OLD PLAID SHAWL.

OH! as I did ramble down by a bramble.
On a bright clear morn in the month of May.
Faith! I spied a damsel, both fair and handsome,
And I stepped aside for to hear what she did say.
Faith! she wore no jewels, nor costly diamonds.
Oh! she'd no jewelry, she'd none at all;
But she wore a chignon, and sang a sweet song,
And to crown her beauty she wore an old plaid shawl.

Faith! we kept on walking, we kept on talking,
And the devil a one of us knew when to stop;
When she says, "Young man, what profession are you?"
Says I, "My love, I'm a clerk in a 'pothecary's shop."
I wasn't minding, I wasn't thinking,
Oh! I wasn't thinking a bit at all;
When she landed me and knocked me kicking—
May the devil shoot the damsel with the old plaid shawl.

PADDY MCGEE.

Och! did ye ne'er hear of one Paddy Magee,
Whose mother was born at the town of Tralee;
Whose father the government sent off to sea,
For stealing the minister's whiskey?
At christening, wedding, wake or fair,
Och! Paddy, the devil, was sure to be there,
With his nate black eye and his impudent leer,
For he was the boy to be frisky.

See him dressed for the fair, Gramachree, 'twas a sight!
First foot in the dance, first stick in the fight:
For a friend he would die, the wrong he'd make right,
For he was the boy to be frisky.
He'd lead the girls out on the floor,
The devil such dancing was ne'er seen before;
Till one and all would fall on the floor,
While Paddy, the devil, was frisky.

As to the girls, och, murder alive!
Faith! they'd run after Paddy like bees in a hive;
For his soft blarney'd tongue he would them enshrive,
For he was the boy to be frisky.
So my blessing go wid you, Paddy Magee.
May ye's live to see Ireland great, glorious and free,
First flower of the earth, first gem of the sea,
And then won't we tippie the whisky!

THE GAEL AND THE GREEN.

COME, fill every glass to o'erflowing with wine or potheen, if you will,
Or if anything these are too glowing let water replace them—but fill!
Oh! trust me, 'tis churlish and silly to ask how the bumper's filled up,
If the tide in the heart be not chilly, what matters the tide in the cup?
Oh! ne'er may that heart's tide ascending in shame on our foreheads be seen,
While it nobly can ebb in defending our own glorious color, the Green!

In vain did oppression endeavor to trample that Green under foot,
The fair stem was broken, but never could tyranny reach to its root;
Then come, and around it let's rally, and guard it henceforward like men;
Oh! soon shall each mountain and valley grow bright with its verdure again.
Meanwhile, fill each glass to the brim, boys, with water, with wine or potheen,
And on each let the honest wish swim, boys, long flourish the Gael and the Green!

Here, under our host's gay dominion, while gathered this table around,
What varying shades of opinion in one happy circle are found;
What opposite creeds come together! how mingle North, South, East and West!
Yet who minds the difference a feather? each strives to love Erin the best.
Oh! soon through our beautiful island may union as blessed be seen,
While floats o'er each valley and highland our own glorious color—the Green.

MY BONNY LABORING BOY.

As I roved out one morning, being in the blooming spring,
I heard a lovely maid complain, and grievously did sing—
Saying, Cruel was my parents, that did me so annoy,
And would not let me marry my bonny laboring boy.

Young Johnny was my true love's name, as you shall plainly see,
My parents they employed him their laboring boy to be;
To harrow, reap, and sow the seed, and plow my father's land,
But soon I fell in love with him, as you may understand.

My mother thought to have me wed unto some lord or peer,
I being the only heirress for ten thousand pounds a year;
I placed my heart on one true love, and he was my only joy,
This nation I will ramble with my bonny laboring boy.

His cheeks are like the roses red, his eyes as black as sloes,
He's mild in his behavior wherever that he goes;
He's manly, neat and handsome, his skin as white as snow,
And in spite of my parents' malice with my bonny laboring boy I'll go.

I courted him for twelve long months, but little did I know
That my cruel parents would prove my overthrow;
They watched us close one evening whilst in a shady grove,
Pledging our vows together in the constant bands of love.

My father he stepped up to me and seized me by the hand,
And swore he'd send young Johnny unto some foreign land;
He locked me in my bedroom my comforts to annoy,
And kept me there to weep and mourn for my laboring boy.

MY BONNY LABORING BOY.—*Continued.*

My mother came next morning and to me did say:
Your father has intended to appoint your wedding day;
I nobly made answer, with him I'd ne'er comply,
But single would I still remain for my bonny laboring boy.

Says the daughter to the mother, your plan is all in vain—
Lords, dukes and earls, their riches I disdain;
I'd rather live an humble life, my time I would employ
Increasing nature's prospects with my bonny laboring boy.

Fill your glasses to the brim, let the toast go merrily round,
Here's health to every laboring boy that plows and works the
ground;

And when his work is over to his home he will go with joy—
Happy is the girl that gets a bonny laboring boy.

ANDY M'ELROE.

My brother Andy said that for a soldier he would go;
So great excitement came upon the house of McElroe.
My father sold the bog-hole to equip him for the war,
My mother sold the cushions of her Sunday jauntin'-car;
And when brave Andy reached the front 'twas furious work he
made;
They appointed him a private in the Crocodile Brigade.
The sound of Andy's battle-cry struck terror through the foe;
His foot was on the desert and his name was McElroe!

CHORUS.

At least that's what the letter said that came across the foam,
To Andy's anxious relatives, awaiting him at home.
The papers say he ran away where'er he met the foe;
But that was quite unlike the style of Andy McElroe.

One morning brave Lord Wolsley for a battle felt inclined;
But all could see the General had something on his mind;
Sez he, "My staff, 'twere dangerous to face yon deadly foe,
Unless we're sure that quite prepared is Andy McElroe."
Then Andy cried, "I'm here, my lord, and ready for the fray."
Then England, Ireland, Scotland, rolled together on the foe;
But far ahead of every one rushed Andy McElroe!

CHORUS.

At least that's what the letter said that came across the foam,
To Andy's anxious relatives, awaiting him at home.
The Government despatches had another tale—but no!
We won't believe a word against brave Andy McElroe.

The Mahdi had gone up a tree, a spy-glass in his eye,
To see his Paynim chivalry the northern prowess try;
But soon he saw a form of dread, and cried in tones of woe,
"Be jabers, let me out o' this—there's Andy McElroe!"
Then down he hurried from his tree, and straight away he ran,
To keep appointments, as he said, in distant Kordefan;
And fled those Arab soldiery like sand siroccos blow,
Pursued (with much profanity) by Andy McElroe.

CHORUS.

At least that's what he told us when returning o'er the foam,
To greet his anxious relatives, awaiting him at home.
So sing the song of triumph, and let all your bumpers flow,
In honor of our countryman, brave Andy McElroe.

ERIN'S FLAG.

UNROLL Erin's flag! fling its folds to the
breeze,
Let it float o'er the land, let it flash o'er the
seas;
Lift it out of the dust—let it wave as of yore,
When its chiefs with their clans stood around
it and swore
That never—no—never! while God gave them
life,
And they had an arm and a sword for the
strife,
That never—no—never! that banner should
yield
As long as the heart of a Celt was its shield;
While the hand of a Celt had a weapon to
wield,
And his last drop of blood was unshed on the
field.

Lift it up! wave it high!—'tis as bright as of
old!
Not a stain on its green, not a spot on its gold,
Tho' the woes and the wrongs of three hun-
dred long years
Have drenched Erin's sunburst with blood and
with tears!
Though the clouds of oppression enshroud it
in gloom,
And 'round it the thunders of tyranny boom.
Look aloft—look aloft! lo! the clouds drift-
ing by,
There's a gleam through the gloom, there's a
light in the sky.
'Tis the sunburst resplendent—far, flashing on
high!
Erin's dark night is waning; her day dawn is
nigh.

Lift it up—lift it up! the old Banner of
Green!
The blood of its sons has but brightened its
sheen;
What!—though the tyrant has trampled it
down,
Are its folds not emblazoned with the deeds of
renown?
What!—though for ages it droops in the dust,
Shall it droop thus forever?—no—no! God is
just!
Take it up—take it up, from the tyrant's foul
tread.
Let him tear the Green Flag—we will snatch
its last shred.
And beneath it we'll bleed as our forefathers
bled,
And we'll vow by the dust in the graves of our
dead.
And we swear by the blood which the Briton
has shed—
And we'll vow by the wrecks which through
Erin he spread—
And we'll swear by the thousands who, fam-
ished, unfed,
Died down in the ditches—wild howling for
bread.
And we'll vow by our heroes, whose spirits
have fled,

ERIN'S FLAG.—*Continued.*

And we'll swear by the bones in each coffinless
bed,
That we'll battle the Briton through danger
and dread;
That we'll cling to the cause which we glory
to wed,
Till the gleam of our steel and the shock of
our lead
Shall prove to our foe that we meant what we
said—
That we'll lift up the Green, and we'll tear
down the Red.
Lift up the Green Flag! oh! it wants to go
home;
Full long has its lot been to wander and roam;
It has followed the fate of its sons o'er the
world,
But its folds, like their hopes, are not faded
nor furled;
Like a weary-winged bird, to the east and the
west,
It has flitted and fled—but it never shall rest,
Till pluming its pinions, it sweeps o'er the
main,
And speeds to the shores of its old home again,
Where its fetterless folds, o'er each mountain
and plain,
Shall wave with a glory that never shall wane.
Take it up—take it up! bear it back from
afar—
That banner must blaze 'mid the lightnings
of war;
Lay your hands on its folds, lift your gaze to
the sky
And swear that you'll bear it triumphant or
die!
And shout to the clans scattered far o'er the
earth,
To join in the march to the land of their birth;
And wherever the exiles, 'neath Heaven's
broad dome,
Have been fated to suffer, to sorrow and roam,
They'll bound to the sea, and away o'er the
foam,
They'll sail to the music of "Home, Sweet
Home!"

WIDOW MCGEE.

THOUGH old Erin's oppressed, 'tis a beautiful
place,
'Tis the pride of my heart and will be till
I die;
It was there I last looked on your blushing
young face,
And got a sweet smile from your bonnie
black eye.
When you told me "farewell," how my bosom
did swell
With emotions of sorrow when crossing the
sea;
And I never could part with the love of the
heart
Which I brought over with me for Widow
McGee.

CHORUS.

Arrah! Widow McGee, are you thinking
of me? [sea,
If you are, write a letter from over the
And tell me you'll marry me, Widow
McGee.

WILLY REILLY.

"Oh, rise up, Willy Reilly, and come along with me,
I mean for to go with you and leave this countrie,
To leave my father's dwelling-house, his houses and free land—"
And away goes Willy Reilly and his dear Colleen Bawn.

They go by hills and mountains, and by yon lonsome plain,
Through shady groves and valleys, all dangers to refrain;
But her father followed after with a well armed band,
And taken was poor Reilly and his dear Colleen Bawn.

It's home then she was taken and in her closet bound,
Poor Reilly all in Sligo jail lay on the stony ground,
Till at the bar of justice before the judge he'd stand,
For nothing but the stealing of his dear Colleen Bawn.

"Now in the cold, cold iron, my hands and feet are bound,
I'm handcuffed like a murderer, and tied unto the ground;
But all the toil and slavery I'm willing for to stand,
Still hoping to be succored by my dear Colleen Bawn."

The jailer's son to Reilly goes, and thus to him did say:
"Oh, get up, Willy Reilly, you must appear this day,
For great Squire Foillard's anger you never can withstand,
I'm afeard you'll suffer sorely for your dear Colleen Bawn."

Now Willy's dressed from top to toe all in a suit of green,
His hair hangs o'er his shoulders most glorious to be seen;
He's tall and straight, and comely, as any could be found,
He's fit for Foillard's daughter was she the heiress to a crown.

"This is the news, young Reilly, last night that I did hear,
The lady's oath will hang you, or else will set you clear."
"If that be so," says Reilly, "her pleasure I will stand,
Still hoping to be succored by my dear Colleen Bawn."

The judge he said: "This lady being in her tender youth,
If Reilly has deluded her she will declare the truth."
Then like a moving beauty bright before him she did stand—
"You're welcome there, my heart's delight and dear Colleen
Bawn."

"Oh, gentlemen," Squire Foillard said, "with pity look on me,
This villain came amongst us to disgrace our family;
And by his base contrivances this villainy was planned,
If I don't get satisfaction I'll quit this Irish land."

The lady with a tear began, and thus replied she:
"The fault is none of Reilly's, the blame lies all on me,
I forced him for to leave his place and come along with me,
I loved him out of measure, which wrought our destiny."

Out spoke the noble Fox, at the table he stood by,
"Oh, gentlemen, consider on this extremity:
To hang a man for love is a murder, you may see,
So spare the life of Reilly, let him leave this countrie."

"Good, my lord, he stole from her her diamonds and her rings,
Gold watch and silver buckles, and many precious things,
Which cost me in bright guineas more than five hundred pounds—
I'll have the life of Reilly should I lose ten thousand pounds."

"Good, my lord, I gave them him as tokens of true love,
And when we are a-parting I will them all remove,
If you have got them, Reilly, pray, send them home to me."
"I will, my loving lady, with many thanks to thee."

"There is a ring among them I allow yourself to wear,
With thirty locket diamonds well set in silver fair,
And as a true-love token wear it on your right hand,
That you'll think on my poor broken heart when you're in a
foreign land."

Then out spoke noble Fox: "You may let the prisoner go,
The lady's oath has cleared him, as the jury all may know;
She has released her own true love, she has renewed his name,
May her honor bright gain high estate, and her offspring rise to
fame!"

WIDOW MCGEE.—*Continued.*

Do you mind the black night, when the pigs
in the lane
Came grunting along to the gate where we
stood?
They all scampered in to keep out of the rain,
Then I asked you to have me, and you said
that you would.
But I left you, you know and I told you I'd
go
To a country more beautiful, happy and
free;
Where I'd buy me a lot, and build me a cot,
And send to old Erin for Widow McGee.—
CHORUS.

Troth, I have me the home with a big yara
before,
And a cow in the stable, a pig in the sty;
And at night when I'm smoking my pipe in
the door,
Och! the divil a king half so happy as I.
But what's a man's life when he's wanting a
wife?
Faith! he's like an old ship with no rudder
at sea;
So I'll heave out my rope with the anchor of
hope,
And I'll wait till I'm married to Widow
McGee.—CHORUS.

THE LOW-BACKED CAR.

WHEN first I saw sweet Peggy,
'Twas on a market day,
A low-backed car she drove, and sat
Upon a truss of hay.
And when the hay was blooming grass
And decked with flowers of spring,
No flower was there that could compare
With the blooming girl I sing.
As she sat in her low-backed car,
The man at the turnpike bar
Never asked for the toll,
But just rubbed his ould poll,
And looked after the low-backed car.
In battle's wild commotion,
The proud and mighty Mars
With hostile scythes demands his tithes
Of death—in warlike cars.
While Peggy, peaceful goddess,
Has darts in her right eye,
That knock men down in the market-town,
As right and left they fly—
While she sits in her low-backed car,
Than battle more dangerous far,
For the doctor's art
Cannot cure the heart
That is hit from that low-backed car.
Sweet Peggy round her car, sir,
Has strings of ducks and geese,
But the scores of hearts she slaughters
By far outnumber these;
While she among her poultry sits
Just like a turtle-dove,
Well worth the cage, I do engage,
Of the blooming god of love!
While she sits in the low-backed car,
Her lovers come near and far,
And envy the chicken
That Peggy is pickin'
As she sits in the low-backed car.

IRELAND'S WELCOME.

AND Shamus, allhay, is it thrue, what they say, this news from
the Parliament,
That all of my boys, my sojer boys, back home are to be sent?
Back home are to be sent, allhay, in shame and black disgrace,
For having, inside their scarlet coats, the heart of their grand old
race?

CHORUS.

From my heart I say, God bless this day,
My bouchal bawn machree;
Without penny or pack to tack to your back,
You're welcome home to me.

They'll be sorry and sore when you're not to the fore these dan-
gerous coming years,
Oh, I forget, they're bairns yet, mush, see their volunteers;
And whin those bairns meet the foe, faith vic'tries will be scant,
'Tis right enough, you're not the stuff, 'tis min wid legs they'll
want.

From my heart I say, etc.

Whin you, like a thraveling killin' machine, o'er land and say did
room,
Did it ever ither your mind at all, you'd have work to do at
home?
You'd have work to do at home, allhay, of the easiest, quarriest
kind,
Alanna machree, come hither to me—there's somethin' in the wind.
From my heart I say, etc.

In dark and in dawn, na bouchaleen bawn, they thried to coax
you away,
Wid bounties, and medals, and dhrooms, and fifes, and ribbons so
bright and gay;
Machree, I knew to me you'd be thrue, through thiek and thin
aich day;
For hearts so brave never beat in the slave who'd fight for noth-
ing but pay.

From my heart I say, etc.

Did these wholesale despots think, allhay, they bought you out
and out
Whin they gave you a rag to cover your back, and a bit to put in
your mouth?
They thought you'd forget alanna machree, for they spoke so
smooth and fair,
How they rooted you out of house and home and left you starv-
ing and bare.

From my heart I say, etc.

The old home is in ruins now, 'twas the peelers, sure, pulled it
down,
And mother and Eileen they died that night in the snow going
into the town;
In the old graveyard they are lying, allhay, above them the night
wind moans,
Alanna machree, sure you'll thry to free the sod that covers
their bones?

From my heart I say, etc.

In life there's nothing nobler than revenge for our martyr'd dead;
To lighten the load of the hand oppressed, to give the hungry
bread;
To strive for the poor, the plundered poor, with a brother's
strong, true hand.
To march to the grand old music still, for God and our mother
land.

From my heart I say, etc.

THE LOW-BACKED CAR.—*Continued.*

Oh, I'd rather own that car, sir,
 With Peggy by my side,
 Than a coach-and-four and gold galore,
 And a lady for my bride.
 For the lady would sit fornenst me
 On a cushion made with taste,
 And Peggy would sit beside me
 With my arm around her waist—
 While we drove in the low-backed car
 To be married by Father Maher.
 Oh, my heart would beat high
 At her glance and her sigh,
 Though it beat in a low-backed car!

LOVE IN REALITY.

AWAY with the nonsense of vain poetasters,
 Their sighing and dying's all lying and
 fudge;
 They say love's a disease full of woes and dis-
 asters:
 I deny it, point-blank, and I think I'm a
 judge.

I boldly assert by my manhood, that no man
 Is all that he should be who is not in love;
 And Providence, sure, sent us beautiful
 woman,
 The joy, not the plague, of existence to
 prove.

For myself, I'm in love head and ears at the
 present,
 With a maid like a young swan so graceful
 and fair,
 And the symptoms I find, on the whole, very
 pleasant,
 And just the reverse of what poets declare.

I shed not a tear, and I ne'er think of sigh-
 ing;
 I moan not, I groan not, in fanciful woe;
 And if truth must be told, I am so far from
 dying
 Of love but for love I'd have died long ago.

I keep up flesh and blood for the sake of this
 beauty;
 I make it a point to be sound wind and
 limb;
 I eat well, I drink well, I sleep as a duty,
 For then of my love all sweet things I can
 dream.

I can listen to music and still feel delighted;
 It shakes not my spirits to hear a sweet
 song;
 My peace is quite steady, not like one af-
 frighted
 Or a tree down a torrent swept swiftly
 along.

I've my voice at command, and my words are
 ne'er wanting;
 And if half of the clothes in Conn's north-
 ern domain
 Were heap'd on my back, with their heat I'd
 be panting,
 And fire is much hotter, I grant, than my
 skin.

SKIBBEREEN.

OH, divil a bit can I tell ye now
 What happened to me at the wake o' me cow;
 There was Larry an' Patrick an' Jerry an' Tim,
 And all the relayshuns, hooch, bad sean to thim.
 They came in their thousands from valley and hill,
 And broke the resource ov the whisky still,
 That was the great fayture of Ballynahog,
 With their lashuns an' drinkin's an' crying for grog.

CHORUS.

Wid their tearing, daring, cursing, swearing,
 Scooting, looting, hooting, shooting;
 Whisky, potatoes, och, wigs on the green,
 Shillalabs were tlying in ould Skibbereen.

Whn Larry the spalpeen, an' Tim tuk the floor,
 An' hung up their hats on the back of the door;
 Be jabers, said I, just for fun loike, to Pat;
 "How's that for turnips," cried Larry, "take that!"
 I took it, and then, for the rest of my loife,
 I'll never forget the ructions and strife;
 I can't tell entoirly how that row was fixed,
 But all me relayshuns was pretty well mixed.—CHORUS.

Oh, begorra, the shouting an' tearing around,
 The boys that were broke up an' stitched on the ground;
 Pat tuk up the pavement an' pulled down the roof,
 Then evicted me out by the power ov his hoof.
 They broke up me meal-cask, they split the potteen,
 Divil another such shindy was seen;
 Then they blazed at me windows an' stretched out me sowl
 To await the last trump by the side of me cow.—CHORUS.

My head the next morning was just like a rattle,
 Me oies and me nose both showed signs of the battle;
 P. C. 92 took us up for our thrial,
 Tho' we said we weren't foighting, he'd take no denial.
 Poor Tim got a fortnit, we all got a week;
 The judge said, "Be aisy, ye've had a bad squeak,
 But if iver the boys an' yourself want a row,
 Don't let it occur at the wake of a cow."—CHORUS.

I'M PROUD I'M AN IRISHMAN'S SON.

If I was a son of old England
 I'd praise the dear land of my birth;
 If the mountains of Scotland had brought me to light
 I'd cherish their beauty and worth;
 But my ehart beats fondly for old Ireland,
 And the glorious deeds she has done,
 'Till the day I die I'll hold my head high.
 For I'm proud I'm an Irishman's son.

CHORUS.

So I'll think with a smile of the Emerald Isle,
 I'll remember the deeds she has done;
 While my heart is unfurled I'll say to the world,
 I'm proud I'm an Irishman's son.

They may treat me with scorn and derision,
 They may bring the hot tear in my eye,
 They may say with a sner when employment I seek,
 That an Irishman need not apply.
 When I think of the heroes old Ireland's produced,
 And the glorious deeds they have done,
 I'll still play my part, and I'll say from my heart,
 I'm proud I'm an Irishman's son.—CHORUS.

LOVE IN REALITY.—*Continued.*

If I stood 'neath a torrent, or plung'd in the ocean,

I'd come out rather chilly and not over dry;
If robust health and strength can cause death,
I've a notion

I'm just in the very condition to die.

I'm not swollen out with grief till a long rope
won't bind me;

My mouth is more moist than the touch-wood,
no doubt;

And I'll give you my oath, that you never will
find me

Drinking dry a deep lake to extinguish my
drought.

I can tell night and day without making a
blunder:

A ship from a wherry, as well as the best;
And I know white from black, which you'll
say is a wonder,

Despite all the love that is lodged in my
breast.

A mountain I never mistake for the ocean,
A horse I can tell with great ease from a
deer,

Of great things and small I've an excellent
notion,

And distinguish a fly from a whale very
clear.

And now, to conclude with a stiffish coun-
drum—

“A part of the stern of a boat o'er the wave,
Seven hazels whose barren twigs cast no fruit
under 'em.”

Is the name of the fair one who holds me
a slave.

Not one in a thousand that try will make out
of it

The name of the maid most belov'd of my
heart;

And though love touch my brain, yet the sense
'twon't take out of it,

For I swear there's no poison or pain in his
dart.

IRISH COQUETRY.

SAYS Patrick to Bidy, “Good mornin', me
dear!

It's a bit av a saeret I've got for yer ear:
It's yoursel' that is lukin' so charmin' the day,
That the heart in me breast is fast slippin'
away.”

“'Tis you that kin flatter,” Miss Bidy re-
plies,

And throws him a glance from her merry blue
eyes.

“Arrah, thin,” cries Patrick, “'tis thinkin' av
you

That's makin' me heart-sick, me darlint, that's
thru!

Sure I've waited a long while to tell ye this
same.

And Bidy Maloney will be such a fo'ine name.”
Cries Bidy, “Have done wid yer talkin', I
pray;

Shure me heart's not me own for this many a
day!

TERENCE'S FAREWELL TO KATHLEEN.

So, my Kathleen, you're going to leave me

All alone by myself in this place;

But I'm sure you will never deceive me,

Oh, no! if there's truth in that face.

Though England's a beautiful city,

Full of illegant boys—oh, what then?

You wouldn't forget your poor Terence,

You'll come back to old Ireland again.

Och, those English deceivers by nature.

Though maybe you'd think them sincere,

They'll say you're a sweet charming creature,

But don't you believe them, my dear.

No, Kathleen, agra! don't be minding

The flattering speeches they'd make;

Just tell them a poor lad in Ireland

Is breaking his heart for your sake.

It's a folly to keep you from going.

Though, faith, it's a mighty hard ca-e;

For, Kathleen, you know, there's no knowing

When next I shall see your sweet face.

And when you come back to me, Kathleen,

None the better off will I be then:

You'll be spakin' such beautiful English,

Sure I won't know my Kathleen again.

Aye, now where's the need of this hurry?

Don't fluster me so in this way;

I forgot 'twixt the grief and the flurry,

Every word I was meaning to say.

Now just wait a minute, I bid ye—

Can I talk if you bother me so?

Oh, Kathleen, my blessing go wid you,

Every inch of the way that ye go.

BRIDGET DONOHUE.

My name is Barney Blake, I'm a tearing Irish rake,

Considered by my neighbors very handy;

I was reared to the spade, but I learned the tailoring trade,

And think myself as good as John or Sandy;

I work in first-class shops; I make clothes for swells and fops;

I'm contented with my daily occupation;

I love a colleen rhue called Bridget Donohue,

And she's the pride of all the Irish nation.

CHORUS.

Bridget Donohue, I've got my eye on you:

If you only marry Barney, you'll have no cause to rue;

You're the apple of my eye, I'm your Irish cockatoo;

Mr. Cupid knocked me stupid for Bridget Donohue.

At the wedding of Pat O'Hara I first met Bridget there,

As she sat beside me at the wedding supper;

When she handed me my tay, I felt—I cannot say,

But my heart it melted like a lump of butter:

I asked her there and then if she'd have me for a man,

When she smiled on me as eute as any jailer—

She said she would with pride! since then I'm satisfied,

She loves none else but Barney Blake, the tailor.—CHORUS.

She's modest as she's mild: she's a dacent father's child,

And I'm longing for the day of our marriage;

You would go from here to Spain to hear her sing “Napoleon's
Dream,”

And at dancing she's got a lovely carriage.

The other boys may try to put out Barney's eye,

But soon they'll find it's nothing but a failure.

She wouldn't see me fooled: she's as pure as guinea gold

To her thumping, stumping, jumping Irish tailor.—CHORUS.

IRISH COQUETRY.—Continued.

"I gave it away to a good-lookin' boy,
Who thinks there is no one like Biddy Malloy;
So don't bother me, Pat; jist be aisy," says
she.

"Indade, if ye'll let me, I will that!" says
he;

"It's a bit of a flirt that ye are, on the sly;
I'll not trouble ye more, but I'll bid ye good-
by."

"Arrah, Patrick," cries Biddy, "an' where
are ye goin'?"
Sure it isn't the best of good manners ye're
showin'

To lave me so suddint!" "Och, Biddy," says
Pat,

"You have knocked the cock-feathers jist out
av me hat!"

"Come back, Pat," says she. "What fur,
thin?" says he.

"Bekase I meant you all the time, sir!" says
she.

O'FARRELL THE FIDDLER.

Now, thin, what has become of Thady O'Far-
rell?

The honest poor man, what's delayin' him,
why?

Oh, the thrush might be dumb, and the lark
cease to carol,

Whin his music began to comether the sky.

Three summers have gone since we've missed
you, O'Farrell,

From the weddin' and patron, and fair on
the green;

In an hour to St. John we'll light up the tar-
barrel—

But ourselves we're not flatter'n' that thin
you'll be seen.

O'Thady, we've watched and we've waited for-
ever,

To see your ould self steppin' into the
town—

Wid your corduroys patched so elane and so
clever.

And the pride of a Guelph in your smile or
your frown.

Till some one used say, "Here's Thady O'Far-
rell;"

And, "God bless the good man! let's go meet
him," we cried—

And wid this from their play, and wid that
from their quarrel,

All the little ones ran to be first at your
side.

Soon amongst us you'd stand, wid the ould
people's blessin'

As they lean'd from the door to look out at
you pass;

Wid the colleen's kiss-hand, and the childer's
caressin',

And the boys fightin' sure, which'd stand
your first glass.

Thin you'd give us the news out of Cork and
Killarney—

Had O'Flynn married yet?—Was ould Mack
still at work?—

RORY O'MORE.

Young Rory O'More courted young Kathleen Bawn,
He was bold as a hawk, and she soft as the dawn;
He wished in his heart pretty Kathleen to please,
And he thought the best way to do that was to tease.
"Now, Rory, be aisy," sweet Kathleen would cry,
Reproof on her lips, but a smile in her eye;
"With your tricks I don't know in troth what I'm about—
Faith! you've teased till I've put on my cloak inside out."
"Oh, jewel," says Rory, "that same is the way
You've thrated my heart for this many a day;
And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure,
For 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Indeed, then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the like,
For I half gave a promise to soothing Mike;
The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be bound"—
"Faith," says Rory, "I'd rather love you than the ground."
"Now, Rory, I'll cry if you don't let me go—
Sure I dream every night that I'm hating you so."
"Oh!" says Rory, "that same I'm delighted to hear,
For dhrames always go by conthrairies, my dear;
Oh! jewel, keep dreaming that same till you die,
And bright morning will give dirty night the black lie.
And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure,
Since 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you've teased me enough.
And I've thrashed for your sake Dinny Grimes and Jim Duff;
And I've made myself, drinking your health, quite a baste,
So, I think, after that, I may talk to the priest."
Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck,
So soft and so white, without freckle or speck!
And he looked in her eyes that were beaming with light;
And he kissed her sweet lips—don't you think he was right?
"Now, Rory, leave off, sir—you'll hug me no more—
There's eight times to-day that you've kissed me before."
"Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure—
For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.

IRISH CASTLES.

"SWEET Norah, come here, and look into the fire;
Maybe in its embers good luck we might see;
But don't come too near, or your glances so shining,
Will put it clean out, like the sunbeams, machree!"

"Just look 'twixt the sods, where so brightly they're burning;
There's a sweet little valley, with rivers and trees,—
And a house on the bank, quite as big as the squire's—
Who knows but some day we'll have something like these?"

"And now there's a coach, and four galloping horses,
A coachman to drive, and a footman behind;
That betokens some day we will keep a fine carriage,
And dash through the streets with the speed of the wind."

As Dermot was speaking, the rain down the chimney
Soon quenched the turf-fire on the hollowed hearth-stone;
While mansion and carriage in smoke-wreaths evanished,
And left the poor dreamers dejected and lone.

Then Norah to Dermot these words softly whisper'd,—
" 'Tis better to *strive*, than to vainly desire;
And *our* little hut by the roadside is better
Than palace, and servants, and coach—IN THE FIRE!"

'Tis years since poor Dermot his fortune was dreaming—
Since Norah's sweet counsel effected its cure;
For ever since then hath he toiled night and morning,
And now his snug mansion looks down on the Suir.

O'FARRELL THE FIDDLER.—Continued.

Shine's political views—Barry's last bit of blarney—
 And the boys you hau met on their way to New York.

And when from the sight of our say-frontin' village
 The far-frownin' Blasquet stole into the shade,
 And the warnin' of night called up from the tillage
 The girl wid her basket, the boy wid his spade:—

By the glowin' turf-fire, or the harvest moon's glory,
 In the close-crowded ring that around you we made,
 We'd no other desire than your heart-thrillin' story,
 Or the song that you'd sing, or the tune that you played.

Till you'd ax, wid a leap from your seat in the middle,
 And a shuffle and slide of your foot on the floor,
 "Will we try a jig-step, boys and girls, to the fiddle?"
 "Faugh a ballagh," we cried, "for a jig, to be sure."

For whinever you'd start jig or planxty so merry,
 Wid their caperin' twirls, and their rollickin' runs,
 Where's the heel or the heart in the kingdom of Kerry
 Of the boys and the girls wasn't wid you at once?

So you'd tune wid a sound that arose as delightin'
 As our old coleen's voice, so sweet and so clear,
 As she eoily wint round, wid a curtsy invitin'
 The best of the boys for the fun to prepare.

For a minute or two, till the couples were ready,
 On your shoulder and chin the fiddle lay quiet:
 As our old colleen's voice, so sweet and so steady,
 And away we should spin to the left or the right!

Thin how Micky Dcase forged steps was a wonder,
 And well might our women of Roseen be proud—
 Such a face, such a grace, and her darlin' feet under,
 Like two swallows skimmin' the skirts of a cloud!

Thin, Thady, ochone! come back, for widout you
 We are never as gay as we were in the past:
 Oh, Thady, mavrone, why thin I wouldn't doubt you.
 Huzzah! boys, huzzah! here's O'Farrell at last!
 What an elegant place,

THE CALM AVONREE.

BRIGHT home of my youth, my own sorrowing sireland,
 My fond heart o'erflows and the tears dim mine eyes.
 When I think of thee, far-distant, beautiful Ireland,
 And the dark seas between me and you, my heart's prize.
 Oft—oft do I sigh for the days of my childhood,
 When I plucked the wild trow'rs on fair upland lea,
 Or roamed the long day thro' the sweet, shady wildwood,
 On the green, grassy banks of the calm Avonree.

Ah, me! could I fly o'er the dark, swelling ocean,
 To the home of my heart, to the land of my love,
 I'd be up on the wings with an exile's devotion,
 And dare every danger the dark seas above.
 Again would I roam thro' the fair, leafy bowers,
 Where the boys used to drill ere I first crossed the sea;
 And I'd weave for my Kathleen a garland of flowers,
 On the green, grassy banks of the calm Avonree.

Again would I hear the wild thrush in his bower,
 The loud-singing lark o'er the deep, mossy dell,
 And the blackbird's soft song on the tall, wild tower
 That shadows the clear-springing, sweet "Abbey well."
 Once more would I hear the wild cuckoo's notes swelling,
 Along the rich valley, o'er moorland and lea.
 And the blithe sparrow's chirp 'round my own peaceful dwelling,
 On the green, grassy banks of the calm Avonree.

But the day may yet come when I'll see thee soft smiling,
 And gaze on thee fondly, fair, beautiful land;
 I may yet live to see thro' thy narrow glens filing,
 The exiles now cast on a fair, foreign strand.
 I may fight for thee, too, ere the trees again blossom,
 And see thee, my Erin, yet happy and free;
 And my heart may yet rest on thy soft, dewy bosom,
 In a green, grassy grave by the calm Avonree.

KATIE O'RYAN.

On the banks of the Shannon, in darling old Ireland,
 Dwells a fair damsel, she's soon to be mine;
 She's a darling young creature and lovely in feature,
 I ne'er can can forget her! dear Katie O'Ryan.
 She's as fair as the dawn of the morning while beaming,
 Her eyes soft, her lips like the ruby red wine;
 Oh! she's the dear little shamrock, I'm constantly dreaming
 Of my own darling Katie, dear Katie O'Ryan.

CHORUS.

She's the dear little shamrock, I'm constantly dreaming
 Of my own darling Katie, dear Katie O'Ryan.

I now have rov'd far to a land call'd America,
 A home, Katie dear, for the honest and true;
 My heart saddens tho' when I think that I am
 So far away from old Ireland, and Katie, from you.
 The winter is on, but I heed not its cold, dear,
 The spring will bring flow'rs and joy to my heart;
 Oh, for it's nearing the time when I'll bring my love out here,
 Then in this free country our new lives we'll start.

The fields here are green as they are in old Ireland,
 And all have their freedom to do what is right:
 Ah! Katie, I've seen pretty girls by the thousand,
 And I'm thinking of none but you, darling, to-night.
 When the bright summer comes I will hasten, sure, back again,
 Take your soft, tender hands gently in mine. Oh!
 I'll never more leave you, but thro' life we'll wander,
 Till death it will part me and Katie O'Ryan.

BOUCHELLEEN BAWN.

O, PRAY have you heard of my *Bouchelleen Bawn*?*
Can you tell me at all of my *Bouchelleen Bawn*?
Have you come by the "rath," on the hill of Knock-awn;
Or what can you tell of my *Bouchelleen Bawn*?

The pulse of my heart was my *Bouchelleen Bawn*.
The light of my eyes was my *Bouchelleen Bawn*.
From Dinan's red wave to the tower of Kilvawn,
You'd not meet the like of my *Bouchelleen Bawn*!

The first time I saw my own *Bouchellen Bawn*,
Twas a midsummer eve on the fair-green of Bawn.
He danced at the "Baal-fire," as light as a fawn,
And away went my heart with my *Bouchelleen Bawn*.

I loved him as dear as I lved my own life;
And he vowed on his knecs he would make me his wife.
I looked in his eyes, flashing bright as the dawn,
And drank love from the lips of my *Bouchelleen Bawn*.

But, Christ save the hearers! his angel forsook him—
My curse on the Queen of the fairies—she took him!
Last All-hallows' eve as he came by Knock-awn,
She saw—loved, and "struck" my poor *Bouchelleen Bawn*.

Like the primrose when April her last sigh has breathed,
My *Bouchell en* drooped and his young beauty faded;
He died—and his white limbs were stretched in Kilvawn,
And I wept by th grave of my *Bouchelleen Bawn*.

I said to myself, sure it cannot be harm,
To go to the wise man and ask for a charm;
'Twill cost but a crown, and my heart's blood I'd pawn,
To purchase from bondage my *Bouchelleen Bawn*.

I went to the priest, and he spoke about heaven:
And said that my failings would not be forgiven,
If ever I'd cross the gray fairy-man's bawn;
Or try his weird spells for my *Bouchelleen Bawn*.

I'll take his advice, though God knows my heart's breaking;
I start in my sleep, and I weep when I'm waking.
O, I long for the blush of eternity's dawn,
When again I shall meet my own *Bouchelleen Bawn*!

* *Borchett en Bawn*,—The fair-haired boy, or the white-skinned boy.

MARY OF THE CURLS.

As oak-leaves, when autumn is turning them sere,
Is the hue of my own Mary's beautiful hair;
And light as young ash-sprays, that droop in the grove,
Are the ringlets that wave round the head that I love.

Dear Mary! each ringlet, so silken and fine,
Is a fetter that round my poor heart you entwine;
And if the wide ocean I roamed to the West,
It would still draw me back to the maid I love best.

Like stars that shine out from the calm summer sky
Are the glances that beam from your melting blue eye;
Your lips red as poppies, your cheeks bright as morn;
And your bosom and neck white as blossoms of thorn.

Thus sung the Sage, while, slyly stealing,
The nymphs their fetters round him cast,
And, their laughing eyes, the while, concealing,
Led Liberty's bard their slave at last.

For the poet's heart, still prone to loving,
Was like that rock of the Druid race,
Which the gentlest touch at once set moving,
But all earth's power couldn't shake from its base.

FAN FITZGERL.

WIRRA, wirra, ologone!
Can't ye leave a lad alone,
Till he's proved there's no tradition left of
any other girl—
Not even Trojan Helen,
In beauty all excellin',
Who's been up to half the divilment of Fan
Fitzgerl?

Wid her brows of silky black,
Arched above for the attack,
Her eyes that dart such azure death on poor
admirin' man;
Masther Cupid, point your arrows,
From this out, agin' the sparrows,
For you're bested at Love's archery by young
Miss Fan.
See what showers of golden thread
Lift and fall upon her head,
The likes of such a trammel-net at say was
never spread;
For whin accurately reckoned,
'Twas computed that each second
Of her curls has cot a Kerryman, and kilt him
dead.

Now mintion, if you will,
Brandy Mount and Hungry Hill,
Or Magillicuddy's Reeks, renowned for cripplin'
all they can:
Still, the countryside confisses
None of all its preecipices
Cause a quarter of the carnage of the nose of
Fan.

But your shattered hearts suppose
Safely steered aghast her nose,
She's a current and a reef beyant to wreck
them rovin' ships.
My meaning it is simple
For that current in her dimple,
And the cruel reef will coax ye's to her coral
lips.

I might inform ye further,
Of her bosom's snowy murder,
And an ankle ambuscadin' through her gown's
delightful whirl;
But what need, when all the village
Has forsook its peaceful tillage,
And flown to war and pillage—all for Fan
Fitzgerl!

"JOHNNY, I HARDLY KNEW YE."

WHILE going the road to sweet Athy,
Hurroo! Hurroo!
While going the road to sweet Athy,
Hurroo! Hurroo!
While going the road to sweet Athy,
A stick in my hand and a drop in my eye,
A doleful damsel I heard cry,
"Johnny, I hardly knew ye.
With your drums and guns, and guns and
drums,
The enemy nearly slew ye,
Oh, darling dear, you look so queer,
Faith, Johnny, I hardly knew ye!

"JOHNNY I HARDLY KNEW YE."—*Continued.*

"Where are your eyes that looked so mild?
Hurroo! Hurroo!
Where are your eyes that looked so mild?
Hurroo! Hurroo!
Where are the eyes that looked so mild,
When my heart you so beguiled?
Why did you skedaddle from me and the child?
Why, Johnnie, I hardly knew ye!
With your guns, etc.

"Where are the legs with which you run?
Hurroo! Hurroo!
Where are the legs with which you run?
Hurroo! Hurroo!
Where are the legs with which you run,
When you went to carry a gun—
Indeed, your dancing days are done!
Faith, Johnny, I hardly knew ye!
With your guns, etc.

"It grieved my heart to see you sail,
Hurroo! Hurroo!
It grieved my heart to see you sail,
Hurroo! Hurroo!
It grieved my heart to see you sail,
When from my heart you took leg bail—
Like a cod you're now doubled up head and
tail.
Faith, Johnny, I hardly knew ye!
With your guns, etc.

"I'm happy for to see you home,
Hurroo! Hurroo!
I'm happy for to see you home,
All from the island of Ceylon,
So low in flesh, so high in bone,
Faith, Johnny, I hardly knew ye!
With your guns," etc.

THE RAKES OF MALLOW.

BEAUNG, belling, dancing, drinking,
Breaking windows, damning, sinking,*
Ever raking, never thinking.
Live the rakes of Mallow.

Spending faster than it comes,
Beating waiters, bailiffs, duns,
Bacchus's true begotten sons.
Live the rakes of Mallow.

One time nought but claret drinking,
Then like politicians thinking,
To raise the sinking funds when sinking,
Live the rakes of Mallow.

When at home with dadda dying,
Still for Mallow water crying;
But where there's good claret plying,
Live the rakes of Mallow.

Living short, but merry lives;
Going where the devil drives;
Having sweethearts but no wives,
Live the rakes of Mallow.

Racking tenants, stewards teasing,
Swiftly spending, slowly raising,
Wishing to spend all their days in
Raking as at Mallow.

Then, to end this raking life,
They get sober, take a wife,
Ever after live in strife,
And wish again for Mallow.

IRELAND'S PROTEST.

THIS is our share of the Jubilee bounties,
A measure the vilest our land ever saw;
Placing each one of the thirty-two counties,
Under the scope of an infamous law.
Will they submit to the act of atrocity?
Will they be crushed by this cowardly blow?
Will they be crushed by this cowardly blow?
Ireland speaks out, and her answer is No!

Dublin will stamp on it,
Wicklow will tramp on it,
Kerry will drag it about through the mire;
Limerick will batter it,
Waterford tatter it,
Wexford will bundle it into the fire.

Antrim with hatred profound is rejecting it,
Monaghan spurns it as something unclean;
Clare has no notion of ever respecting it,
Sligo condemns it as odious and mean.
Galway declares it isn't worth a bad penny,
Roscommon salutes it with hiss and with groan;
'Tis laughed at by Cork, 'tis despised by Kilkenny,
'Tis slated and stoned by Armagh and Tyrone.

Cavan let fly at it,
Louth takes a shy at it,
Meath and Westmeath in the sport takes a share;
Kings County jeers at it,
Queens County sneers at it,
Great is the mauling it gets from Kildare.

Down and Fermanagh go in with a stick at it,
Derry has given it a dip in her bogs;
"Tip" takes a run and a big swinging kick at it,
"Angry Mayo gets it torn by the dogs.
Longford and Leitrim keep cutting and hacking it,
'Tis flung in the dust hole by fierce Donegal;
Carlow would never get weary of whacking it,
Such is the usage it gets from them all.

Joyous acclaim to them,
Honor and fame to them,
Long may they live the brave thirty-two;
One spirit firing them,
One thought inspiring them,
Standing united, undaunted and true.

OH, ERIN, MY COUNTRY.

OH! Erin, my country, altho' thy harp slumbers,
And lies in oblivion near Tara's old hall,
With scarce one kind hand to awaken thy slumbers,
Or sound a long dirge of the sons of Fingal,
The trophies of warfare they stand still neglected.
For cold lies the warriors to whom they were known;
But the harp of old Ireland shall be respected,
While there lived but one bard to enliven its tune.

Oh! Erin, my country! I love thy green bowers,
No music to me like thy murmuring rill;
The shamrock to me is the fairest of flowers,
And nothing more dear than thy daisy-clad hill.
Thy caves, whether used by warriors or sages,
Are still sacred held in each Irishman's heart;
And thy ivy-crowned turrets, the pride of past ages,
Tho' mould'ring in ruin, do grandeur impart.

OH, ERIN MY COUNTRY.—*Continued.*

Britannia may boast of her lion and armor,
 And glory, when she her old wooden walls views;
 Caledonia may boast of her pibroch and clambour,
 And pride in her philabeg, kilt and hose.
 But where is the nation can rival old Erin?
 Or where is the country such heroes can boast?
 In battle, they're fierce as the lion and tiger,
 And bold as the eagle that flies round her coast.

The breeze oiten shakes both the rose and thistle,
 Whilst Erin's green shamrock lies hushed in the dale;
 Contented it grows whilst the wintry iwnd whistles,
 And lies undisturbed in the moss of the vale.
 Then hail, dearest, island in Neptune's proud ocean,
 The land of my forefathers, my parents agra!
 Cold, cold must the heart be and devoid of emotion,
 That loves not the music of Erin-go-bragh.

PADDY BLAKE'S ECHO.

In the gap of Dunlo
 There's an echo, or so,
 And some of them echoes is very surprisin';
 You'll think, in a stave
 That I mane to de-aive,
 For a ballad's a thing you expect to find lies in.
 But visible throe
 In that hill forinist you
 There's an echo as plain and as safe as the bank, too;
 But civilly spake
 "How d'ye do, Paddy Blake?"
 The echo politely says: "Very well, thank you!"

One day Teddy Keogh
 With Kate Conner did go
 To hear from the echo such wonderful talk, sir.
 But the echo, they say,
 Was conthrairy that day,
 Or perhaps Paddy Blake had gone out for a walk, sir.
 So Ted says to Kate:
 "'Tis too hard to be bate
 By that deaf and dumb baste of an echo, so lazy,
 But if we both shout
 At each other, no doubt,
 We'll wake up an echo between us. my daisy!"

"Now, Kitty," says Teddy,
 "To answer be ready."
 "Oh, very well, thank you," cried out Kitty, then, sir;
 "Would you like to wed,
 Kitty darling?" says Ted.
 "Oh, very well thank you," says Kitty again, sir;
 "D'ye like me?" says Tddy;
 And Kitty, quite ready,
 Cried: "Very well, thank you!" with laughter beguiling.
 Now won't you confess,
 Teddy could not do less
 Than pay his respects to the lips that were smiling?

Oh, dear Paddy Blake,
 May you never forsake
 Those hills that return us such echoes endearing;
 And, girls, all translate
 The sweet echoes like Kate,
 No faithfulness doubting, no treachery fearing.
 And, boys, be you ready,
 Like frolicsome Teddy,
 Be earnest in loving, though given to joking;
 And, when thus inclined,
 May all true lovers find
 Sweet echoes to answer from hearts they're invoking.

THE CASTLEBAR BOY.

I AM a boy from ould Ireland,
 Where good nature and morn shines on every
 face;
 And the pride of my father,
 And the girl's own joy,
 And the darlings they call me the Castlebar
 boy.

CHORUS.

For my name it is Pat,
 I am proud out of that,
 My country I will never deny;
 I will fight for the sod
 Where my forefathers trod.
 Sing hurrah for the Castlebar boy.

I was born one evening
 In the middle of June,
 They took me to town
 And they christened me soon;
 What name shall we call him? says Father
 Molloy,
 Monnadowl, call him Paddy, the Castlebar
 boy.—CHORUS.

When I landed in England
 It was a beautiful morning,
 They gave me a job at reaping the corn;
 At reaping and mowing to beat me they tried,
 But the Omadhauns
 They could not touch the Castlebar boy.—
 CHORUS

You Englishmen, poor Paddy don't scorn,
 For Paddy was not always a big Omadhaun;
 For his heart is in the right place,
 For a friend he would die;
 I think I have pleased you, the best I did try,
 Grant your applause to the Castlebar boy.—
 CHORUS.

THE RECONCILIATION.

THE old man he knelt at the altar,
 His enemy's hand to take,
 And at first his weak voice did falter,
 And his feeble limbs did shake;
 For his only brave boy, his glory,
 Had been stretched at the old man's feet
 A corpse, all so haggard and gory,
 By the hand which he now must greet.
 And soon the old man stopt speaking,
 And rage, which had not gone by,
 From under his brows came breaking
 Up into his enemy's eye—
 And now his limbs were not shaking,
 But his clinch'd hands his bosom cross'd,
 And he looked a fierce wish to be taking
 Revenge for the boy he had lost.

But the old man he looked around him,
 And thought of the place he was in.
 And thought of the promise which bound
 him,
 And thought that revenge was sin—
 And then, crying tears, like a woman,
 "Your hand!" he said—"ay, that
 hand!
 And I do forgive you, foeman,
 For the sake of our bleeding land!"

THE KERRY RECRUIT.

Just nine years ago and me diggin' some land,
Two brogues on my feet and a spade in my
hand,
Says I to myself, "'Tis a pity to see

Such a dashing young blade diggin' turf in
Tralee."
Wid my brogues so well greased and
My face 'twas so dirty.

So I butthered my brogues and shook hands
wid my spade,
And I off to the fair, like a dashing young
blade;
I there met a sergeant, who axed me to list.
"Arrah, sergeant," says I, "will ye tip me the
list."
Wid my brogues, etc.

He gave me a shillin', he said he'd no more;
When I'd get to headquarters I'd get half a
score.
"Headquarters," says I, "arraah, sergeant,
good-by;
I'm not going to be quartered—I'm in dread I
might die."
Wid my brogues, etc.

"Arrah, Paddy, be aisy, why can't you abide;
Headquarters is the place where we all do
reside."
I soon found his meaning and went wid good
grace
To take up my quarters in that royal place.
Wid my brogues, etc.

Then up comes the Captain, a man of great
fame,
He axed me my county, I told him my name;
Then up wid my story and told him again
That my father and mother were two Kerry
men.
Wid my brogues, etc.

Then up comes the Colonel to give me his
thanks,
He bade me take arms and fall into ranks.
"Arrah, Colonel, achree, won't you lave me
alone,
Don't you see that I've arms and legs of my
own?"
Wid my brogues, etc.

The first thing they gave it was a red coat,
Wid a great strap of leather to tie up my
throat;
They gave me a quare thing, I axed 'em
"What's that?"
And they told me it was a cockade for my hat.
Wid my brogues, etc.

The next thing they gave me it was a great
gun,
Wid powder and trigger and on her my thumb;
An' first she spit fire and then she spit smoke,
Wid a noie then like thunder my shoulder she
broke.
Wid my brogues, etc.

THE OLD COUNTRY PARTY.

Did you ever go into an old country party?
Where the boys are so free and the girls so hearty,
While around the turf fire the old pair take their ease,
And a drop of the crature whenever they please.

The first one I met before I left home,
Was Gibbons, my uncle, who lived in Athlone,
He left word for me to be there without fail,
So I got in a stage that carried the mail.

When I opened the door what a sight met my eyes,
Hot bacon and praties, and herrings and pies.
While up in the closet, by way of a lunch,
Stood a five gallon bowl full of hot whisky and punch.

While perched on the table, blind piper McGill
And schoolmaster Casey, and Father O'Neil;
O'Brien, the butcher, and a great many more,
And McAvoy brothers that came from Bandore.

Then Bidy Mavourneen and brothers O'Neil,
Stood up on the floor a three-handed reel;
While perched on the table, blind piper McGill
Layed a tune called The Little House under the Hill.

The Concert Man's Ramble the piper did play,
When old folks and young kept dancing away;
But the music stopped short, for the bottle was dry,
And in under the table the piper did lie.

Then Kitty O'Brien sung Kitty Asthore,
While Pat McAvoy gave us Rory O'Moore;
By the tail of my coat and my first cousin Tim,
The life and adventures of Brian O'Lin.

But now I an away from my friends at home,
Likewise my old father I left in Athlone;
Be the powers! the tears rushes into my eyes,
When I think of old Ireland, the girls and the boys.

YOUGHALL HARBOR.

ONE Sunday morning into Youghall walking,
I met a maiden upon the way,
Her little mouth sweet as fairy music,
Her soft cheeks blushing like dawn of day.
I laid a bold hand upon her bosom,
And ask'd a kiss; but she answered, "No:
Fair sir, be gentle, do not tear my mantle;
'Tis none in Erin my grief can know.

"'Tis but a little hour since I left Youghall,
And my love forbade me to return;
And now my weary way I wander
Into Cappelquin, a poor girl forlorn.
Then do not tempt me; for, alas! I dread them
Who with tempting proffers teach girls to roam,
Who'd first deceive us, then, faithless, leave us,
And send us shamefaced and barefoot home."

"My heart and hand here! I mean you marriage;
I have loved like you and known love's pain;
If you turn back now to Youghall Harbor
You ne'er shall want house or home again.
You shall have a lace cap like any lady.
Cloak and capuchin, too, to keep you warm,
And, if God please, maybe, a little baby
By and by to nestle within your arm."

THE KERYY RECRUIT.—Continued.

The first place they sent me was ever so far,
In a quare thing they said was the King's
Man-o'-War;
Three sticks in the middle, and on her a sheet,
And she walked on the water widont any feet.
Wid my brogues, etc.

We fought many battles wid pretty good lek,
At Vinegar Hill and at Ballinamuck,
The balls and the powder they all were so hot
I sneaked round behind them in dread of bein'
shot.
Wid my brogues, etc.

Now war is all over and peace is come in,
I'm paid all my wages, and God save the King!
I'm nine years in glory, and glad it's not ten,
And now I'm back diggin' praties agin.
Wid my brogues so well greased and
My face just as dirty.

PAT'S LOVE.

Och hone, and it's Biddy McClooney
For whom me sowl is disazed,
And the heart in me head is grown looney,
And the brains in me bosom is crazed.
I have lost all me love for pertaties—
My affliction for inyuns and pork,
For she is the finest of ladies
That walks on the State of Ne' York.

Me life with her worship runs over,
Like a hod full of mortar; I'm sick;
And me moments with mimeries of her
Are as full as a hod full of brick.
I think of her always and longer,
From night until morning, and back;
My love than good whisky is stronger,
And burdens me down like a pack.

Her mouth is so sweet, and her kisses
Are the rarest and best of the sort:
And her voice, when she's washing the dishes,
Makes me jump like the cry of "More
mort."

Her hair is as red as the raven's,
And faith don't I worship the same
When 'tis curled just like carpenter's shav-
ings,
Or I see 't in the butther or crame!

Her eyes when she's mad they are firish,
And had they a voice they could speak.
She's the best of her sex, and that's Irish,
And she's thirty almost to a week.
She can take her own part at the table
In a way that could never be bate,
And I wish 'twas myself that was able
To buy all the vituals she'd ate.

She has sworn on a stack of pertaties
Some day to be mine she'd consint;
And shure as me name is O'Gradies
If she could change her intint
I would grow to the weight of a shadder,
And hardly know what I was at;
I'd drop from a six-story ladder,
And make it the last of poor Pat.

LOVELY MARY DONNELLY.

Och, lovely Mary Donnelly, it's you I love the best;
If fifty girls were round you, I'd hardly see the rest:
Be what it may the time o' day, the place be where it will,
Sweet looks of Mary Donnelly, they bloom before me still.

Her eyes like mountain water that's flowing on a roek,
How clear they are, how dark they are! and they give me many
a shock:
Red rowans warm in sunshine and wetted with a shower
Could ne'er express the charming lip that has me in its power.

Her nose is straight and handsome, her eyebrows lifted up;
Her chin is very neat and pert, and smooth like a china cup;
Her hair's the brag of Ireland, so weighty and so fine;
It's rolling down upon her neck, and gathered in a twine.

The danee o' last Whit-Monday night exceeded all before:
No pretty girl for miles about was missing from the floor;
But Mary kept the belt of love, and oh, but sne was gay!
She danced a jig, she sung a song, that took my heart away.

When she stood up for dancing, her steps were so complete,
The music nearly killed itself to listen to her feet;
The fiddler moaned his blindness, he heard her so much praised:
But blessed himself he wasn't deaf when once her voice she
raised.

And evermore I'm whistling or liting what you sung,
Your smile is always in my heart, your name beside my tongue;
But you've as many sweethearts as you'd count on both your
hands,
And for myself there's not a thumb or little finger stands.

Oh, you're the flower o' womankind in country or in town!
The higher I exalt you, the lower I'm east down.
If some breat lord should come this way, and see your beauty
bright,
And you to be his lady I'd own it was but right.

Oh, might we live together in a lofty palace hall,
Where joyful music rises, and where scarlet curtains fall!
Oh, might we live together in a cottage mean and small,
With sods of grass the only roof, and mud the only wall!

Oh, lovely Mary Donnelly, your beauty's my distress!
It's far too beauteous to be mine, but I'll never wish it less;
The proudest place would fit your face, and I am poor and low;
But blessings be about you, dear, wherever you may go.

FLAMING O'FLANAGANS.

Now I'm of age I'll come into my property,
Devil a ha'penth I'll think of but fun;
'Tis myself will be putting the ladies in papoutry,
Just to prove I'm my daddy's own son.
Och, now, Mistress Honey, I'll teach ye civility,
Judy O'Doole, escape if you can—
I'm the boy that will show you the sweets of gentility,
Loving most women and fearing no man.

CHORUS.

Hooroo! hack!
For, that was the way with the flaming O'Flanagans,
From the first illigant boys of that name;
For kissing and courting, and filling the can again,
Drinking and fighting like cocks of the game.
Hooroo! hack!

FLAMING O'FLANAGANS.—*Continued.*

The tazing, the cursing, the shouting, the shooting,
The clattering of glasses—the breaking of skulls—
The dancing would sure be upon the best footing,
Wid Irish Miss Murphys and English Miss Bulls.
The neat little party you'd like to see revel,
The loves and the whisky, and the devil knows what;
And the dances that we whacked black and blue like the devil,
And the spalpeens we floored at the very first shot.

O'Brien he went through the world without lying,
And he beat the Danes, a whole score of them flat;
And fuix, after that, the old Danes beat O'Brien,
And he died victorious, more glory for Pat.
Ever since that, the brave flaming O'Flanagans
Have fought in each battle, all the way round:
From Kilrush to Kilkenny, and all the way back again,
The blood of O'Flanagans covers the ground.

Do you see how I'm laughed at by all those queer vagabones,
Shouting and screaming twice as loud as they can?
Paddy Flynn, I go bail, I'll give you a sore bag of bones
If you'll only come here and turn out like a man.
Do ye's think I'll stop here until morning, diverting ye's
While me nate jug of punch is cooling outside?
Good night, boys, you know I'm sorry from parting ye's,
But the love of the whisky was always me pride.

MOLLY MULDOON.

SWEET jewel, my heart has gone out of my keepin',
An' I am wantin' it back wid a slice of your own;
For I drame through the night, when I ought to be sleepin',
Ov the purtiest girl in the country of Tyrone.
'Tis yourself, an' you know it, more shame you won't show it,
But I'll list by my faith for a dashing dragoon,
If you don't quit your jokin', which is more than provokin',
And pity my love for you, Molly Muldoon.

There's Shusey Magee, drinks her tay out of chaney,
Her father, the drover, has money in store;
An' Kitty McKenna, that plays the pianna,
An', troth, if I liked—no, I needn't say more.
But little I care for themselves or their riches;
An' the music you'd make wid your noggin' an' spoon,
Would be sweeter to me if I slept in the ditches,
An' scraped the same pot wid you, Molly Muldoon.

Och! Molly, achorra, don't kill me wid sorrow,
I'm awake on my feet wid the weight of my woes,
My shouldin's neglected an' famine expected,
My plow in the meadow a roost for the crows.
An' little it matters, my poor heart in tatters.
For a corpse on the board I'll be stretched for you soon;
Or wid ribbons all flyin', I'll laugh while you're eryin',
Then wed where you will, cruel Molly Muldoon.

I've a heart true an' tender to love you forever,
Five cows an' a cowlt, an' a guinea to spare;
Not to mention my faction, the soul of a ruction,
Mayrone can't they scatter the fun ov a fair.
But long-legged Mullen and crooked-eyed Cullen,
They brag of your smiles, but I'll alter their tone;
Vor there's murther a-brewin' an' all of your doin',
I'm losin' my sowl for you, Molly Muldoon.

But I don't care a rap if I never see glory,
He's not in shoe leather who'll take you from me;
An' for all your sweet schamin' the end of the story
Will tell in my favor, a calleen machreec.
For I know in your heart there's a spark for me burnin',
No schamin' can smother, so whisper aroon;
'Tis a fortnight to Lent, an' you'll never repent,
If we're one for the ashes, sweet Molly Muldoon.

THE GREEN FLAG.

Boys! fill your glasses, each hour that passes
Steals, it may be, on our last night's cheer;
The day soon shall come, boys, with fife and
drum, boys,

Breaking shrilly on the soldier's ear.
Drink to the faithful hearts that love us,
'Mid to-morrow's thickest fight;
While our green flag floats above us,
Think, boys, 'tis for them we smite.
Down with each mean flag, none but the green
flag

Shall above us be in triumph seen:
Oh! think on its glory, long shrined in story,
Charge for Erin and her flag of green!

Think on old Brian, war's mighty lion,
'Neath that banner 'twas he smote the Dane;
The Northman and Saxon oft turned their
backs on,

Those who bore it o'er each crimsoned plain.
Beal-an-atha-Buidhe beheld it
Bagenal's fiery onset curb;
Scotch Munroc would fain have felled it,
We, boys, followed him from red Beinnbub.
Charged with Eoghan for our flag of green!
flag

Shall above us be in triumph seen;
Oh! think on its glory, long shrined in story,
Charged with Eoghan for our flag of green!

And if at eve, boys, comrades shall grieve, boys,
O'er our corsers, let it be with pride;
When thinking that each, boys, on that red
beach, boys,

Lies the flood-mark of the battle's tide.
See! the first faint ray of morning
Gilds the east with yellow light!
Hark! the bugle note gives warning—
One full bumper to old friends to-night.
Down with each mean flag, none but the green
flag

Shall above us be in triumph seen:
Oh! think on its glory, long shrined in story,
Fall or conquer for our flag of green!

KATTY AVOURNEEN.

'Twas a cold winter's night, and the tempest
was snarlin',

The snow, like a sheet, covered cabin and
stye,

When Barney flew over the hills to his darlin',
And tapped at the window where Katty did
lie.

"Arrah! jewel," said he, "are ye sleepin' or
wakin'?"

The night's bitter cold, an' my coat it is
thin;

Oh! the storm 'tis a brewin', the frost it is
bakin',

Oh! Katty Avourneen, you must let me in."

"Arrah! Barney," cried she, an' she spoke
thro' the window,

"Ah! would ye be taking me out of my bed?
To come at this time it's a shame an' a sin,
too—

It's whisky, not love, that's got into your
head.

KATTY AVOURNEEN.—Continued.

If your heart it was true, of my fame you'd
be tender,

Consider the time, an' there's nobody in;
Oh! what has a poor girl but her name to defend her?

No, Barney Avourneen, I won't let you in."
"Ah! eushla," cried he, "it's my heart is a fountain

That weeps at the wrong it might lay at
your door:

Your name is more white than the snow on the
mountain,

And Barney would die to preserve it as
pure.

I'll go to my home, though the winter winds
face me,

I'll whistle them off, for I'm happy within;
An' the words of my Kathleen will comfort
and bless me;

'Oh! Barney Avourneen. I won't let you
in.'

O'DONNELL ABU.

PROUDLY the note of the trumpet is sounding,
Loudly the war-cries arise on the gale;

Fleety the sted of Loe Suilig is bounding,
To join the thick squadrons in Saimear's
green vale.

On, every mountaineer,

Strangers to flight and fear,

Rush to the standard of dauntless Red
Hugh!

Bonnought and Gallowglass,
Throng from each mountain pass,

On for old Erin—O'Donnell abu!

Princely O'Neill to our aid is advancing
With many a chieftain and warrior-elan;
A thousand proud steeds in his vanguard are
prancing

'Neath the borders brave from the banks of
The Bann.

Many a heart shall quail

Under its coat of mail,

Deeply the merciless tyrants shall rue;

When on his ear shall ring,

Borne on the breeze's wing,

Tyreconnell's dread war-cry—O'Donnell abu!

Wildly o'er Desmond the war-wolf is howling,

Fearless the eagle sweeps o'er the plain;

The fox in the streets of the city is prowling,

All—all who could sear them are banished
or slain.

Grasp, every stalwart hand,

Hackbut and battle-brand,

Pay them all back the deep debt so long
due;

Norris and Clifford well

Can of Tir-Conaill tell—

Onward to glory—O'Donnell abu!

Sacred the cause that Clan-Conaill's defending,
The altar we kneel at, and homes of our
sires;

Ruthless the ruin the foe is extending,

Midnight is red with the plunderers' fires.

On with O'Donnell then,

Fight the old fight again,

Sons of Tir-Conaill, all valiant and true;

Make the false Saxon feel

Erin's avenging steel,

Strike for your country—O'Donnell abu!

OULD IRELAND SO GREEN.

MICKEY DOOLAN was one of them boys as went fighting,
And breaking of skulls on St. Patrick's Day;
There was meetin's of factions, and rowin's and ruetions;
And murderous deeds—ah! the devil to pay!
He went armed wid an illigant sprig of shillalah.
Says Biddy, his wife, "Is it fightin' ye mean?"
Says Mickey, "Don't bother—go home to your mother;
I'm going out to fight for ould Ireland so green."

CHORUS.

There's Billy O'Mulligan, Jimmy O'Sullivan,
Barney O'Toole and Johnny Maekay;
And Bobby O'Ryan and Shemus O'Brien.
Goin' fightin' and tearin'—it's St. Patrick's Day.

Well, we meets Danny Looran, and says to him: "Danny,
Have ye come out to fight for the Queen or the Pope?"

Says Dan, "It don't matter, for both or for either,

So long as I fight, that's sufficient, I hope!"

Says Mick, "That'll do," and wid a shout of "Hurroo!"

He jumped on Dan's coat and smashed his caubeen;

And they nearly got murdered, but each of them knew,

That he fought for his country—old Ireland so green.—CHORUS.

When they'd done with each other, they sat down to rest,

And they felt that they both a good action had done;

They'd fought for their country and bled for their homes,

And nearly got murdered and relished the fun!

Then they both went together to fight side by side,

And they met Larry Moore walking calm and serene;

So they broke in his skull, and knocked in his teeth,

And jumped on his chest—for ould Ireland so green.—CHORUS.

Well, they got in a tangle and hit right and left,

And smashed at each other—the blood flowed galore;

And Danny hit Larry, and Larry hit Danny,

And Michael from both of them made the blood pour!

Then they all fell at once, and they sprawled on the ground,

Both Danny and Larry and Michael between;

But they wouldn't let go, so they all went together,

And rolled in a ditch—for ould Ireland so green.—CHORUS.

Now some more sons of Erin were fighting for freedom,

As they rowled in the ditch, heard them patriots cry;

But they oon fished 'em out, and for love of Home Rule, boys,

They gave 'em a thrashin' before they were dry!

Then they all at once felt as they wanted some liquor,

So away they went to a whisky shebeen:

And they murdered the keeper and smoked his tobacee,

And emptied the till for ould Ireland so green.—CHORUS.

They'd just one more scrimmage before they wor partin',

And there wasn't so many got off with their lives;

But them as wor left of them true sons of Erin,

Arrived safely home and pitched into their wives,

Danny Looran forgot where he left his right eyeball,

And Larry Moore's face wasn't fit to be seen,

And Mickey wor tired, and wouldn't go walking,

So rode home on a shutter for ould Ireland so green.—CHORUS.

BILLY O'ROURKE.

FAITH! I greased my brogues and took my stick the twentieth day of May, sirs,
Then off to Dublin town I tripped to walk upon the sea, sirs;
To see if I could get employ to cut their hay and corn, sirs,
To pick up pence upon the sea the cockneys I might larn, sirs.

CHORUS.

With my phillaloo and heart so true,
Arrah! Billy O'Rourke's the boy, sirs.

I gave the Captain six thirteens to carry me o'er to Porgate,
But before we got half o'er the road the wind it blew at a hard rate;
The sticks that grew up through the ship they sang out like a whistle,
And the sailors all, both great and small, they swore we's going to the devil.

The ship she sang us all to sleep till they came to the place of landing,
And those that were most fatigued, the sails ere out a-handing;
They looked so smart they won my heart—says I: You fools of riches,
Although you've no tails to your coats you've money in your breeches.

I met an honest gentleman a-traveling the road sirs,
Good morning, says I, pray how do you do? but he proved a mighty rogue, sirs;
For, at the corner of a lane a pistol he pulled out, sirs,
And he rammed the muzzle, arrah, what a shame, into my very mouth, sirs.

Your money, blast your Irish eyes! arrah! be merciful, cried I, sirs.
He swore my brains he would blow out if I should bawl or cry, sirs;
He leveled fair just for my scone, three steps I did retire, sirs,
His pan it flashed and his head I smashed—my shillelah don't miss fire, sir.

A widow next did me employ all for to cut and thrash, sirs,
No man like me could handle a flail, in troth, I was a dasher;
She had a maid who used me well, but I, being afraid o' the beadle,
Bid her good morning, Madam, says I, I think you'll have use for your cradle!

PADDY MILES.

FROM the big town of Limerick lately I came,
I left Ireland solely bekase of my name;
For if anything wint wrong, or a mischief 'twas done,
Shure they'd lave all the blame on my mother's own son.
So my name now is Paddy O'Connor,
'Pon an Irishman's thrue word and honor;
Oh, misfortune my curse light upon her,
'Twas she christened me Paddy Miles.

If a windy was broke, or a house robbed of tiles,
And you'd ax who done that, shure they'd say Paddy Miles;
Who was it set fire to his reverence's wig?
And cut the tail off Pat Flanigan's pig?
Who was it called Mishes Muloney a scollup?
And gave Paddy McGee's cat the jallop?
Some blackguards would hit me a wallop
And say it was you, Paddy Miles.

PADDY MAGEE'S DREAM.

JOHN BULL he was an Englishman,
And went to tramp one day,
With three-pence in his pocket
To take him a long way;
He tramped along for miles and miles,
Yet no one did he see,
Till he fell in with an rishman,
Whose name was Paddy Magee.

Good morning, Pat, said John to him,
Where are you going to?
Says Paddy: I hardly know myself,
I want a job to do.
Have you got any money about you?
Said John Bull unto Pat.
Says Pat: It's the only thing I'm wanting,
For I haven't got a rap.

Then they overtook a Scotchman,
Who, like them, was out of work;
To judge by his looks, he was hard up
And as hungry as a Turk.
Can you lend me a shilling, Scotty?
At last said Paddy Magee.
I'm sorry I canna, said the Scotchman,
For I ha'e na got ane baubee.

Said the Englishman, I three-pence have,
What shall we do with that?
Och! buy three-pen'orth of whisky,
It will cheer us up, said Pat.
Nay, dinna do that, said the Scotchman,
I'll tell thee the best to do;
Just buy three-pence worth of oat-meal,
I'll make some nice burgoo.

Now I think we had better buy a loaf,
The Englishman did say;
And then in yonder hay-stack
Our hunger sleep away.
We can get a drink of water
From yonder purling stream,
And the loaf shall be his in the morning,
Who has the greatest dream.

The Englishman dreamt by the morning,
Ten million men had been
For ten years digging a turnip up,
The largest ever seen;
At last they got the turnip up,
By working night and day;
Then it took five million horses
This turnip to pull away.

Said the Scotchman: I've been dreaming
Fifty million men had been
For fifty years making a boiler,
The largest ever seen.
What was it for? said the Englishman,
Was it made of copper or tin?
It was made of copper, said Scotty,
To boil your turnip in.

Och! said Paddy, I've been dreaming
An awful great big dream;
I dreamt I was in a hay-stack,
By the side of a purling stream,
I dreamt that you and Scotty was there,
As true as I'm an oaf;
By the powers! I dreamt I was hungry,
So I got up and eat the loaf.

PADDY MILES.—Continued.

I worked in the bogs and behaved, as I thought,
From my master, Mick Flynn, a character brought;
But it done me no good, and I thought that was odd,
So I made up my mind for to leave the ould sod.
For the devil a wan would employ me.
The girls there they would annoy me;
They threatened at once to destroy me,
All bekase I was called Paddy Miles.

Who cut off one of the tails of Pat Flanigan's coat?
And who broke the left horn of Ned Shaughnessy's goat?
Who through the back door to the chapel got in,
And drank all the wine, blood and ounds, what a sin!
Who half-murdered a poorhouse inspector?
And fired at a police detector;
When Miss Fagan, they tried to eject her?
Who was it, but you, Paddy Miles?

I trotted to Dublin to look for a place,
Tho' they'd ne'er saw me there, faix, they all knew my face;
The jackeens kept calling meself to annoy,
There goes Paddy Miles, he's a Limerick boy!
Till I flourished my sprig of shillelah,
And smattered their gobs so genteelly;
When the blood it began to flow freely,
Said I, How do you like Paddy Miles?

In short, before long to this country I came,
And found Paddy Miles here was the same;
If my name wasn't changed I was likely to starve,
For bad luck to the master could I sarve.
So Paddy O'Connor it is made, sir,
An' if you wish to get a smart blade, sir,
Be me soul, then, you need not be afraid, sir,
For to hire me—I'm not Paddy Miles.

THE EXILES OF ERIN.

GREEN were the fields where my forefathers dwelt,

O! Erin, mavourneen, slan leat go brah!

Though our farm was small, yet comforts we felt,

O! Erin, mavourneen, slan leat go brah!

At length came the day when our lease did expire,

And fain would I live where before lived my sire;

But ah! well-a-day! I was forced to retire,

O! Erin, mavourneen! slan leat go brah!

Though the laws I obeyed, no protection I found,

O! Erin, mavourneen! slan leat go brah!

With what grief I beheld my eot burned to the ground,

O! Erin, mavourneen! slan leat go brah!

Forced from my home—yea, from where I was born,

To range the wide world—poor, helpless, forlorn;

I look back with regret, and my heart strings are torn,

O! Erin, mavourneen! slan leat go brah!

With principles pure, patriotic and firm,

O! Erin, mavourneen! slan leat go brah!

To my country attached, and a friend to reform,

O! Erin, mavourneen! slan leat go brah!

I supported old Ireland—was ready to die for it,

If her foes e'er prevailed I was ell known to sigh for it;

If her foes e'er prevailed I was well known to sigh for it;

O! Erin, mavourneen! slan leat go brah!

But hark! I hear sounds, and my heart is strong beating,

O! Erin, mavourneen! slan leat go brah!

Loud cries for redress, and avaut on retreating,

O! Erin, mavourneen! slan leat go brah!

We have numbers, and numbers do constitute pow'r—

Let us will to be free—and we're free from that hour;

Of Hibernia's brave sons, oh! we feel we're the flower—

Bole yudh, mavourneen! Erin go brah!

THE GATHERING OF THE MAHONYS.

JERRY MAHONY, arrah, my jewel! come let us
be off to the fair.

For the Donovans all in their glory most cer-
tainly mean to be there;

Say they, "The whole Mahony faction we'll
banish 'em out clear and clean."

But it never was yet in their breeches their
bullaboo words to maintain.

There's Darby to head us, and Barney, as civil
a man as yet spoke,

'Twould make your mouth water to see him
just giving a bit of a stroke.

There's Corney, the bandy-legged tailor, a boy
of the true sort of stuff,

Who'd fight though the black blood was flowing
like butter-milk out of his buff.

There's broken-nose Bat from the mountain—
last week he burst out of jail—

And Murty the beautiful Tory, who'd scorn in
a row to turn tail:

Bloody Bill will be there like a darling—and
Jerry—och! let him alone,

For giving his blackthorn a flourish, or lifting
a lump of a stone!

And Tim, who'd served in the militia, has his
bayonet stuck on a pole;

Foxy Dick has his scythe in good order—a neat
sort of tool on the whole;

A cudgel I see is your weapon, and never I
knew it to fail:

But I think that a man is more hardy who
fights, as I do, with a flail.

We muster a hundred shellelahs, all handled
by ilegant men,

Who battered the Donovans often, and now
will go do it again;

To-day we will teach them some manners, and
show that, in spite of their talk,

We still, like our fathers before us, are surely
the cocks of the walk.

After cutting out work for the sexton by
smashing a dozen or so,

We'll quit in the utmost of splendor, and down
to Peg Slattery's go;

In gallons we'll wash down the battle, and
drink to the next merry day,

When mustering again in a body we all shall
go leathering away.

LANIGAN'S BALL.

IN the town of Athy one Jeremy Lanigan

Battered away till he had'n't a pound,

His father he died and made him a man again,

Left him a farm and ten acres of ground!

He gave a grand party to friends and rela-
tions

Who had'n't forgot him when sent to the
wall;

And if you'll just listen, I'll make your eyes
glisten

With the rows and the ructions of Lanigan's
ball.

LANIGAN'S BALL.—*Continued.*

Myself, of course, got free invitations
For all the nice boys and girls I'd ask,
And in less than a minute the friends and relations

Were dancing away like bees round a cask.
Miss O'Hara, the nice little milliner,
Tipped me the wink to give her a call,
And soon I arrived with Timothy Glenniher
Just in time for Lanigan's ball.

There was lashins of punch and wine for the ladies,

Potatoes and cakes and bacon and tay,
The Nolans and Doolans and all the O'Gradys
Were courtin' the girls and dancin' away.

Songs there were as plenty as water,
From "The Harp that once thro' Tara's
ould Hall,"

To "Sweet Nelly Gray" and "The Ratecatcher's Daughter,"

All singing together at Lanigan's ball.

They were startin' all sorts of nonsensical dances.

Turning around in a nate whirligig;
But Julia and I soon scattered their fancies,
And tipped them the twist of a rale Irish jig.

Och mavrone! 'twas she that as glad o' me;
We danced till we thought the ceilin' would fall

(For I spent three weeks in Burke's Academy
Learning a step for Lanigan's ball).

The boys were all merry, the girls were all hearty,

Dancin' away in couples and groups,
When an accident happened—young Terence
McCarty

He put his right foot through Miss Halloran's hoops.

The creature she fainted, and cried "Millia
murder!"

She called all her friends and gathered them all.

Ned Carmody swore he'd not stir a step further,

But have satisfaction at Lanigan's ball.

In the midst of the row Miss Kerrigan fainted—

Her cheeks all the while were as red as the rose—

Some of the ladies declared she was painted,
She took a small drop of potheen, I suppose.

Her lover, Ned Morgan, so pow'rful and able,
When he saw his dear colleen stretched out
by the wall,

He tore the left leg from under the table
And smashed all the china at Lanigan's ball.

Oh, boys, there was the ructions—
Myself got a lick from big Phelim McHugh,

But I soon replied to his kind introductions,
And kicked up a terrible hullabaloo.

Old Shamus the piper had like to be strangled,

They squeezed up his pipes, bellows, chanters and all;

The girls in their ribbons they all got entangled,

And that put an end to Lanigan's ball.

FLAG OF OUR LAND.

FLAG of our Land, that oft has streamed through battle's lurid
blaze and smoke,

When the long ranks were wrapped in flame, and in the shock the
legions broke,

Flag of our Land! for you, for us they say the sun of hope has set,
We give them back the craven lie! we're shattered, but not beaten
yet.

The Norman trampled on your folds, the Norman trampled on us,
too;

And Saxon hate and native guile did all the wreck that Hell could
do.

Not coward-like, but wild for fight, have we and they in conflict
met,

We've borne the loss for centuries; repulsed, but never beaten yet.

This isle is ours, its plains and hills, from center to the utmost
sea,

We tread its soil, we speak its tongue, we dearly pray to see it
free.

Patience and faith shall do the work, and earnestness shall win the
debt;

Hark you who still have hearts to toil; we're scattered, but not
beaten yet.

While in this Irish Land there lives the spirit of an Irish race,
The pluck that smiles at worst reverse and meets disaster face to
face,

By Heaven and all the shining stars, around the throne of Godhead
set,

The future teems with hope for us; we're watchful, but not beaten
yet.

"Perish the past!" the patriot cried; ay, let the mournful ages
go,

With bitter feud, the curse of hate, they've made our heritage of
woe.

Into the darkness of our doom a ray of nobler glory let;
Seize fast the present; years to come they'll swear we were not
beaten yet.

Down with the feuds of vanished years, they waste our breath,
they break our strength;

A nobler creed, a nobler life, 'tis ours to preach and fill at length.
Flag of our Land, float high and fair; they lie who say our sun
has set;

God and the future still are ours; we live, and are not beaten
yet.

THE FELON'S LOVE.

"GRACIE O'DONNELL—oh! why sit you there,
Twining so calmly your bright yellow hair,
Wait you a lover to come from Knockbwee,
When the brown moon arises on mountain and sea?"

"You have eyes like the starlight on Nephin's gray peak,
There is bloom on your lips—why the snow on your cheek?
The smile on thy face, gentle maiden, is gone.
And the touch of your fingers is cold as the stone."

"I wait not a lover to come from Knockbwee,
My lover's in chains on the wide swelling sea,
O, Willie *mavourneen*, when traitors stood high,
The foe felt the galnee of your clear flashing eye.

THE FELON'S LOVE.—Continued.

"You loved me, *asthore*, and your heart broke across,
When you thought of the parting, the sorrow and loss,
But you knew your own Gracie would wither in shame,
If the brand of a traitor was placed on your name.

"They called you a *felon*—they chained you as one—
And made you the brother of Emmet and Tone;
Oh! princes might envy that title to-day,
For the sake of the hearts lying down in the clay.

"Yes, a traitor to England—a foe of its race,
You proudly looked up to the black tyrant's face;
'Twas the crime of our fathers—their sons stand up now,
With *that* mark of a traitor stamped plain on each brow.

"The last kiss I've pressed on your lips and your cheek,
The last word you've heard for your Gracie to speak;
The last time I've looked on my brave Willie's face,
And left the wild clasp of a felon's embrace.

"I am twining my hair, for a bridal is near,
By the walls of Killeevan they'll carry a bier,
For the felon's true love could not live while the brand
Was not flashing on high in the grasp of his hand."

THE OLD FARMER'S DISCOURSE.

I've a pound for to spend and a pound for to lend,
And *ca de me la fal ha* kind words for a friend;
No mortal I envy, no master I own,
No lord in his castle or king on his throne.
Come fill up your glasses, the first cup we will draw
To the comrades we lost on the red battle's plain.
Well cherish the fame, boys, who died long ago,
And what's that to any man whether or no?

The spinning-wheel stops and my girls grow pale,
Whilst their mothers are telling some sorrowful tale
Of old cabins leveled, or coffinless graves,
Or ships swallowed up in salt ocean's waves.
Girls, that's over, and for each of you now
I have twenty-five pounds and a three-year-old cow;
We'll have *lana-walla* at your weddings I trow,
And what's that to any man whether or no?

Come here, *bana-thagua*, sit beside me awhile,
And the pride of your heart let me read in your smile.
Would you give your old home for the lordless hall?
You glance at my rifle that hangs on the wall,
And your two gallant sons on parade day are seen
In the ranks of the brave 'neath the banners of green.
We have taught them to guard it against traitor or foe,
And what's that to any man whether or no?

And the youngest of all is the white-headed boy,
The pulse of our heart and our pride and our joy;
From the dance and the hurling he steers off to pray,
And will wander alone by the river all day.
He's as good as the priest at his Latin I hear,
Through college, please Goodness, we'll send him next year.
Oh, he'll offer the Mass for our souls when we go,
And what's that to any man whether or no?

Your hands then, old neighbors, one more eup will drain,
And *caide me la faltha*, again and again.
May discord and treason keep far from our shore,
And freedom and peace light our homes ever more.
He's the king of good fellows, the poor honest man,
So we'll live and be merry as long as we can;
We'll cling to old Ire'and through weal and through woe,
And what's that to any man whether or no?

SHAMROCK ON PATRICK'S DAY.

THERE'S one day in the year that I'll always
observe

As long as I've one breath of life.
To our patron saint my memory will serve,
And I haven't the least fear of strife.
But with pleasure and freedom, I'll sing and
I'll dance,

While the piper his tunes sweetly play;
Each lad and his colleen can gambol and
prance,

While we drown the green shamrock on Pat-
rick's Day.

CHORUS.

Patrick's Day! Saint Patrick's Day!
Throw aside coffee and tea;
Fill up your glasses, then drink to your
lasses,
And we'll drown the green shamrock on
Patrick's Day.

Now, the seventeenth of March is our natal
day,

And we celebrate it with great joy;
From the gray-haired old man and old woman,
too,

To the smallest of spalpeens or boy.
No true Irishmen could then miss a fair,
But to town, sure they rode all the way
On their donkeys and cars, sure, they come
near and far,

To drown the green shamrock on Patrick's
Day.—CHORUS.

We're not selfish at all on our open fields,
All are welcome to join;
So come up every one of ye, take a hand in,
In the merriment ye can purloin.
And while the piper has wind for to blow,
And his nimble fingers can play,
We'll stay till the wee small hours of the morn,
To drown the green shamrock on Patrick's
Day.—CHORUS.

OLD LANDMARKS ON THE SHANNON.

We stand by the bridge, in the level morning,
And the saffron water below us flows—
Saffron save where, in yon eastern inlet,
The light has deepened its bloom to rose.
There is the city, good Master Leonard,
Tailor and poet, sir, as you are.
And here am I with my heart to bursting,
Gossiping under the huge bright star:
There is the city with roof and casement,
Belfry and steeple, of which we sung,
When we were boys in St. Michael's parish;
Then was the time for a man to be young.

Then the city—I still keep thinking—
Looked gayer, grander, fairer than now.
You say it didn't: "Not half as splendid."
And I object with my next best bow.
Hark! 'tis the bell of St. Dominic ringing.
Ah, weary music that bell to me:
For I remember another music
In days that I never again shall see.
Heavy—heavy monotonous tolling
Out from the belfry this morning's rung;
I can recall when the saint kept singing:
Now is the time for a man to be young.

OLD LANDMARKS.--Continued.

Oh, the delight of the Sunday mornings,
 And the country folks at the chapel door;
 And the golden blaze from the lotty windows
 That slanted in on the crowded floor.
 Far off the altar, the priests, the incense—
 The sound of the gong, the sigh of the soul,
 And over the heads of the congregation
 The curtained organ's terrible roll.
 The green leaves danced on the yellow case-
 ment,
 Each separate leaf like a narrow tongue;
 And the old roof branded in restless shadow,
 That was the time for a man to be young.

I'm not pious, and not affected;
 I like the life of a true, straight man,
 I strike the world whenever it strikes me,
 And do my duty as best I can.
 But, Master Leonard, you will believe me,
 I'd give the best fame that the world has
 made,
 Throw fortune in with a "God go with you,"
 To pray one prayer now as then I prayed.

"WON'T YOU LEAVE US A LOCK OF YOUR
 HAIR?"

"THE night is fresh and calm, love,
 The birds are in their bowers,
 And the holy light
 Of the moon falls bright
 On the beautiful sleeping flowers.
 Sweet Nora, are you waking?
 Ah! don't you hear me *spaking*?
 My heart is well nigh breaking
 For the love of you, Nora dear.
 Ah! why don't you speak, mavrone?
 Sure I think that you're made of stone,
 Just like Venus of old,
 All so white and so cold,
 But no morsel of flesh and bone.

"There's not a soul astir, love,
 No sound falls on the ear
 But that rogue of a breeze
 That's whispering the trees,
 Till they tremble all through with fear.
 Ah! them happy flowers that's creeping
 To your window where you're sleeping—
 Sure *they're* not chide for peeping
 At your beauties, my Nora dear.
 You've the heart of a Turk, by my soul,
 To leave me perched here like an owl;
 'Tis treatment too bad
 For a true-hearted lad
 To be starved like a desolate fowl.

"You know the vow you made, love,
 You know we fixed the day;
 And here I'm now
 To claim that vow,
 And carry my bride away.
 So, Nora, don't be staying
 For weeping or for praying—
 There's danger in delaying,
 Sure maybe I'd change my mind;
 For you know I'm a bit of a rake,
 And a trifle might tempt me to break—
 Faix, but for your blue eye,
 I've a notion to try
 What a sort of old maid you'd make."

COME BACK TO ERIN.

COME back to Erin, mavourneen, mavourneen,
 Come back, aroon, to the land of thy birth,
 Come with the shamrocks and springtime, mavourneen,
 And its Killarney shall ring with our mirth.
 Sure when we left you to beautiful England,
 Little we thought of the lone winter days.
 Little we thought of the hush of the starshine,
 Over the mountains, the bluffs, and the braes!

CHORUS.

Come back to Erin, mavourneen, mavourneen,
 Come back again to the land of thy birth;
 Come back to Erin, mavourneen, mavourneen,
 And its Killarney shall ring with our mirth.
 Over the green sea, mavourneen, mavourneen,
 Long shone the white sail that bore thee away.
 Riding the white waves that fair summer mornin',
 Just like a May flower afloat on the bay.
 Oh, but my heart sank when clouds came between us,
 Like a gray curtain, the rain falling down.
 Hid from my sad eyes the path o'er the ocean,
 Far, far away where my colleen had flown.
 Oh, may the angels, oh, waking and sleeping,
 Watch o'er my bird in the land far away;
 And it's my prayer will consign to their keeping
 Care of my jewel by night and by day.
 When by the fireside I watch the bright embers,
 Then all my heart flies to England and thee,
 Craving to know if my darling remembers.
 Or if her thoughts may be crossing to me.

CAHAL MOR OF THE WINE-RED HAND.

I WALKED entranced
 Through a land of Morn;
 The sun, with wondrous excess of light,
 Shone down and glanced
 Over seas of corn,
 And lustrous gardens aleft and right.
 Even in the clime
 Of resplendent Spain
 Beams no such a sun upon such a land;
 But it was the time,
 'Twas in the reign
 Of Cahal Mor of the Wine-red Hand.
 Anon stood nigh
 By my side a man
 Of princely aspect and port sublime.
 Him queried I:
 "Oh, my lord and khan,
 What clime is this and what golden time?"
 When he: "The clime
 Is a clime to praise,
 The clime is Erin's, the green and bland;
 And it is the time,
 These be the days.
 Of Cahal Mor of the Wine-red Hand."
 Then I saw thrones,
 And circling fires,
 And a dome 'rose near me as by a spell,
 Whence flowed the tones
 Of silver lyres,
 And many voices in wreathed swell;
 And their thrilling chime
 Fell on mine ears
 As the heavenly-hymn of an angel band—
 "It is now the time,
 These be the years,
 Of Cahal Mor of the Wine-red Hand."

A LOCK OF YOUR HAIR.—*Continued.*

"Ah! Dermot, win me not, love,
To be your bride to-night;
How could I bear
A mother's tear,
A father's scorn and slight?
So, Dermot, cease your suing—
Don't work your Nora's ruin;
'Twould be my sore undoing,
If you're found at my window, dear."
"Ah! for shame with your foolish alarms:
Just drop into your Dermot's arms:
Don't mind looking at all
For your cloak or your shawl;
They were made but to smother your charms.

And now a dark cloud rising,
Across the moon is cast;
The lattice opes
And anxious hopes
Make Dermot's heart beat fast:
And soon a form entrancing,
With arms and fair neck glancing
Half shrinking, half advancing,
Steps light on the lattice sill:
When a terrible arm in the air
Clutch'd the head of the lover all bare;
And a voice, with a scoff,
Cried, as Dermot made off,
"WON'T YOU LEAVE US A LOCK OF YOUR HAIR?"

THE OLD CHURCH.

Thou art crumbling to the dust, old pile!
Thou art hastening to thy fall,
And 'round thee in thy loneliness
Clings the Ivy to the wall.
The worshippers are scattered now
Who knelt before thy shrine,
And silence reigns where anthems rose
In days of "Auld Lang Syne."

And sadly sighs the wandering wind,
Where oft, in years gone by,
Prayers rose from many hearts to Him,
The Highest of the High;
The tramp of many a busy foot
That sought thy aisles is o'er,
And many a weary heart around
Is still forever more.

How doth Ambition's hope take wing,
How droops the spirit now,
We hear the distant city's din,
The dead are mute below:
The sun that shone upon their paths
Now gilds their lonely graves,
The zephyrs which once fanned their brows,
The grass above them waves.

Oh! could we call the many back
Who've gathered here in vain,
Who've careless roved where we do now,
Who'll never meet again;
How would our very soul be stirred,
To meet the earnest gaze
Of the lovely and the beautiful,
The lights of other days.

ONE OF THE BRAVE CONNAUGHT RANGERS.

ON the battle-field at midnight, stood a soldier at his post,
Thinking of his dear old country and of those he loved the most;
He could hear the muskets rattle, just like thunder in the air,
But he dare not go amongst them, for "on duty" he was there.
Altho' but a private soldier, many brave deeds he had done,
And he knew that ere the morning the fierce battle would be
won;
But he little dreamt that he would never leave that place again—
As he stood there meditating, he so cruelly was slain.

CHORUS.

He was one of the brave Connaught Rangers, one of old Erin's
sons,
While thinking of home, far across the blue foam, he fell by
the enemies' guns,
But he died like a true Irish soldier, deny it, now nobody can,
For his life he did yield on that fierce battle-field, like a brave
fighting Irishman.

From behind he bullet struck him, and he fell down with a cry,
"Mother, is it true that I am at last about to die?
I was just this moment thinking of the day when I should see
Once again your loving features at the home so dear to me;
Mother, darling, God protect you; when I'm gone what will you
do?
It is hard to die so early, in the midst of glory, too.
Hark! I hear the angels calling; yes, I'm dying, there's no
doubt;
But we've on a splendid battle, for I hear my comrades shout.
—CHORUS.

Soon his comrades did surround him, but, alas! it was too late,
That brave soldier lad was dying, soon he'd reach the golden
gate;
Shortly they could hear him murmur, "Sweetheart, do not grieve
for me,
But remember that your loved helped to win this victory."
Up then he was gently lifted, taken to his resting place—
Oh! it was a solemn moment, tears were on each soldier's face;
Those men who had just been fighting, stood with helmet in
their hand,
For they knew that noble spirit had gone to another land.—
CHORUS.

THE DEATH OF OWEN ROE.

"DID they dare—did they dare, to slay Owen Roe O'Neill?"
"Yes, they slew with poison him they feared to meet with steel."
"May God wither up their hearts. May their blood cease to
flow,
May they walk in living death, who poisoned Owen Roe!

Though it break my heart to hear say again the bitter words."
"From Derry, against Cromwell, he marched to measure swords,
But the weapon of the Saxon met him on his way,
And he died at Clough-Oughter, upon St. Leonard's day."

"Wail—wail ye for The Mighty One! Wail—wail ye for the
Dead;
Quench the hearth, and hold the breath—with ashes strew the
head.

How tenderly we loved him! How deeply we deplore!
Holy Saviour! but to think we shall never see him more.

"Sagest in the council was he,—kindest in the hall,
Sure we never won a battle—'twas Owen won them all.
Had he lived—had he lived, our dear country had been free;
But he's dead—but he's dead, and 'tis slaves we'll ever be.

THE DEATH OF OWEN ROE.—*Continued.*

“O’Farrell and Clanrickard, Preston and Red Hugh,
Audley and MacMahon—ye are valiant, wise, and true;
But what—what are ye all to our darling who is gone?
The rudder of our Ship was he, our Castle’s corner-stone!

“Wail—wail him through the Island. Weep—weep for our
pride!

Would that on the battle-field our gallant chief had died!
Weep the Victor of Benburb—weep him, young and old;
Weep for him, ye women—your beautiful lies cold!

“We thought you would not die—we were sure you would not
go,

And leave us in our utmost need to Cromwell’s cruel blow—
Sheep without a sheperd, when the snow shuts out the sky—
Oh! why did you leave us, Owen? Why did you die?

“Soft as a woman’s was your voice, O’Neill! bright was your
eye.

Oh, why did you leave us, Owen? why did you die?
Your troubles are all over, you’re at rest with God on high;
But we’re slaves, and we’re orphans, Owen!—why did you
die?”

ST. PATRICK WAS A GENTLEMAN.

ST. PATRICK was a gentleman, and came of decent people;
In Dublin town he built a church and on’t he put a steeple;
His father was O’Houlihan, his mother was a lady,
His uncle was O’Shaughnessy, and his aunt a Widow Grady.

Then success to bold St. Patrick’s fist,
He was a saint so clever.

He gave the snakes and toads a twist,
And banished them forever!

Oh! Feltrim Hill is very high, so is the Hill of Howth, too,
But there’s a hill that is hard by, much higher than them both
too:

‘Twas on the top of this high hill St. Patriek preached a sarmin,
He made the frogs skip thro’ the bogs, and banished all the
varmin!

There’s not a mile in Ireland’s Isle where the dirty varmin
musters;
Where’er he put his dear fore foot, he murdered them in
clusters:

The toads went hop, the frogs went pop, slap-haste into the
waters,
And the snakes committed suicide to save themselves from
slaughter.

Nine hundred thousand vipers blue he charmed with sweet dis-
courses,

And dined on them at Killaloe, in soups and second courses;
When blind-worms crawling on the grass disgusted the whole
nation,

He gave them a rise, and opened their eyes to a sense of their
situation.

Oh, then, should I be so fortunate as to get back to Munster,
Sure I’ll be bound that from that ground I ne’er again will once
stir;

‘Twas there St. Patriek planted turf, and plenty of the praties,
With pigs galore, machree ashore! and buttermilk and ladies!

No wonder that we Irish lads should be so free and frisky,
Since St. Patriek taught us first the knack of drinking of good
whisky:

‘Twas he that brew’d the best of malt, and understood distilling,
For his mother she kept a shebeen shop in the town of Innis-
killen!

PAT’S LETTER.

WELL, Mary, me darlint, I’m landed at last,
And troth, though they tell me the st’amer
was fast,

It sames as if years upon years had gone by
Since Paady looked intill yer beautiful eye!
For Amerikay, darlint—ye’ll think it is
quare—

Is twenty times funder than Cork from Kil-
dare;

And the say is that broad, and the waves are
that high,

Ye’re tossed like a fut-ball ‘twixt wather and
sky;

And ye fale like a pratie just burstin’ the
shkin,

That all ye can do is to howld yersilf in.
Ochone! but, me jewel, the say may be grand,
But, when ye come over, dear, *travel on land!*

It’s a wondherful counthry, this—so I am
towld—

They’ll not look at guineas, so chape is the
gowld:

And the three that poor mother sewed into my
coat

I sowld for a thrifle, on l’aving the boat.
And the quarest of fashions ye iver have seen!

They pay ye with pieters all painted in green,
And the crowds that are rushing here, morning
and night.

Would make the lord-licutenant shake with
the fright.

The strates are that full that there’s no one
can pass,

And the only law is, “Do not thread on the
grass.”

Their grass is the quarest of shows—by me
vow—

For it wouldn’t be munched by a Candelmas
cow.

Tell father I wint, as he bid me, to see
His friend, Tim O’Shannon, from Killycaugh-
nee.

It’s rowling in riches O’Shannon is now,

With a wife and tin babies, six pigs and a
cow,

In a nate little house, standing down from the
strate,

With two beautiful rooms, and a pig-sty com-
plate.

I thought of ye, darlint, and damed such a
drame!

That mebbe, some day, we’d be living the
same;

Though, troth, Tim O’Shannon’s wife niver
could dare

(Poor yaller-skinned craythur) with yoh to
compare;

While, as for the pigs, shure ‘twas aisy to see
The bastes were not mint for this land of the
free.

I think of ye, darlint, from morning till night;
And when I’m not thinking ye’re still in me
sight!

I see your blue eyes, with the sun in their
glance—

Your smile in the meadow, your fut in the
dance.

PAT'S LETTER.—Continued.

I'll love ye, and thrust ye, both living and dead!
 (Let Phil Blake look out for his carrotty head!)
 I'm working, acushla, for you—only you!
 And I'll make ye a lady yit, if ye'll be true;
 Though, troth, ye can't climb Fortune's ladder so quick,
 Whin both of your shouldhers are loaded with brick.
 But I'll do it—I declare it, by—this and by that—
 Which manes what I daren't say—from
 Your own PAT.

ROBERT EMMET.

THOUGH over your ashes the grave grass tangles,
 And night winds moan 'round your clayey bed,
 Yet a voice sounds forth in the silent watches—
 "O, martyred Emmet, thou art not dead!"
 Not in the land that you loved and cherished,
 Not in the hearts of the Celtic race,
 For whose rights you strove, till the blood-marked pillars
 Of tyranny shook to their bone-made base!
 Death may come with his somber vestment
 To hide such hearts from our earthly ken;
 But the spirit within, no death nor darkness
 Can ever conceal from the gaze of men.
 To the doomful gibbet the tyrant led thee,
 And quenched life's flame in its lucent prime;
 But no tyrant *ever* can dim the halo
 That rings thy name for all future time.
 Over thy urn no white shaft rises,
 No pompous mark of the sculptor's art:
 But thy glorious name and thy grand achievements
 Are given forever on Ireland's heart!
 There alone let them stand recorded.
 Till vict'ry comes on the battle's flood
 To the deathless cause that was consecrated
 In the holy font of thy generous blood!
 O Spirit that soared upon eagle pinions,
 And lived and died for a grand design,
 There's a radiant wreath in the future waiting
 The land that nurtured such soul as thine;
 O'er the weary years and the anxious vigils
 The Day of Deliverance yet will rise,
 And the hills shall echo a grand *Te Deum*
 For the martyrs' pray'rs and her exiles' sighs.
 Then with her chainless hand she'll fashion
 A garland meet for her martyr's tomb,
 And where now the graveyard nettle is trailing
 The tended lily shall sweetly bloom;
 And the pilgrim over thy green grave bending
 Shall murmur soft as his pray'r is done—
 "It wasn't in vain you died, oh, Emmet,
 For the cause you championed at last is won!"

POOR PAT MUST EMIGRATE

FARE you well, poor Erin's isle! I now must leave you for a while,
 The rents and taxes are so high I can no longer stay;
 From Dublin's quay I sailed away, and landed here but yesterday,
 Me shoes and breeches, and shirts, now are all that's in my kit,
 I have dropped in to tell you now the sights I have seen before
 I go,
 Of the ups and downs in Ireland since the year of ninety-eight;
 But if that nation had its own, her noble sons might stay at home,
 But since fortune has it otherwise, poor Pat must emigrate.
 The devil a word I would say at all, although our wages are but small,
 If they left us in our cabins where our fathers drew their breath;
 When they call upon rent-day and the devil a cent you have to pay,
 They will drive you from your house and home to beg and starve to death.
 What kind of treatment, boys, is that to give an honest Irish Pat?
 To drive his family to the road to beg and starve for meat?
 But I stood up with heart and hand and sold my little spot of land,
 That is the reason why I left and had to emigrate.
 Such sights as that I've often seen, but I saw worse in Skibbareen
 In forty-eight, (that time is no more), when famine it was great;
 I saw fathers, boys and girls with rosy cheeks and silken curls,
 All a-missing and starving, for a mouthful of food to eat.
 When they died in Skibbareen, no shrouds or coffins were to be seen,
 But patiently reconciling themselves to their desperate, horrid fate;
 They were thrown in graves by wholesale, which caused many an Irish heart to wail,
 And caused many a boy and girl to be most glad to emigrate.
 Where is the nation or the land that reared such men as Paddy's land?
 Where is the man more noble than he they call poor Irish Pat?
 We have fought for England's Queen, and beat her foes wherever seen,
 We have taken the town of Delhi—if you please, come, tell me that!
 We have pursued the Indian Chief, and Nana Sahib, that cursed thief,
 Who skivered babes and mothers, and left them in their gore;
 But why should we be so oppressed in the land St. Patrick blessed?
 The land from which we have the best—poor Paddy must emigrate.
 There is not a son from Paddy's land but respects the memory of Dan,
 Who fought and struggled hard to part that poer and plundered country;
 He advocated Ireland's rights with all his strength and might,
 And he was but poorly recompensed for all his toil and pains.
 He told us for to be in no haste, and in him for to place our trust,
 And he would not desert us or leave us to our fate;
 But death to him no favor showed, from the beggar to the throne,
 Since they took our liberator, poor Pat must emigrate.

POOR PAT MUST EMIGRATE.—*Continued.*

With spirits bright and purses light, my boys, we can no longer stay,

For the shamrock is immediately bound for America;
For there is bread and work, which I cannot get in Donegal,
I told the truth, by great Saint Ruth, believe me what I say.
Good night, my boys, with heart and hand, all you who take Ireland's part,

I can no longer stay at home, for fear of being too late;
If ever again I see this land, I hope it will be with a Fenian band,
So God be with old Ireland; poor Pat must emigrate.

GOUGAUNE BARRA.

THERE is a green island in lone Gougaune Barra,
Where Allua of songs rushes forth as an arrow;
In deep-valleyed Desmond—a thousand wild fountains
Come down to that lake, from their home in the mountains.
There grows the wild ash, and a time-stricken willow
Looks chidingly down on the mirth of the billow;
As, like some gay child that sad monitor scorning,
It lightly laughs back to the laugh of the morning.

And its zone of dark hills—oh, to see them bright'ning,
When the tempest flings out its red banner of lightning,
And the waters rush down, 'mid the thunder's deep rattle,
Like clans from the hills at the voice of the battle;
And brightly the fire-crested billows are gleaming,
And wildly from Mullagh the eagles are screaming,
Oh, where is the dwelling in valley, or highland,
So meet for a bard as this lone little island?

How oft when the summer sun rested on Clara,
And lit the dark heath on the hills of Ivera,
Have I sought thee, sweet spot, from my home by the ocean,
And trod all thy wilds with a minstrel's devotion,
And thought of thy bards, when assembling together,
In the cleft of thy rocks, or the depths of thy heather,
They fled from the Saxon's dark bondage and slaughter,
And waked their last song by the rush of thy water!

High sons of the lyre, oh, how proud was the feeling,
To think while alone through that solitude stealing,
Though loftier minstrels green Erin can number,
I only awoke your wild harp from its slumber,
And mingled once more with the voice of those fountains
The songs even echo forgot on her mountains;
And gleaned each gray legend, that darkly was sleeping
Where the mist and the rain o'er their beauty were creeping.

Least bard of the hills! were it mine to inherit
The fire of thy harp, and the wing of thy spirit,
With the wrongs which like thee to our country has bound me,
Did your mantle of song fling its radiance around me,
Still—still in those wilds might young liberty rally,
And send her strong shout over mountain and valley;
The star of the west might yet rise in its glory,
And the land that was darkest be brightest in story.

I, too, shall be gone—but my name shall be spoken
When Erin awakes, and her fetters are broken;
Some minstrel will come, in the summer eve's gleaming,
When freedom's young light on his spirit is beaming,
And bend o'er my grave with a tear of emotion,
Where calm Avon-Buce seeks the kisses of ocean,
Or plant a wild wreath, from the banks of that river,
O'er the heart, and the harp, that are weeping forever.

MOLLY CAREW.

Och hone! and what will I do?
Sure my love is all crost
Like a bud in the frost,
And there's no use at all in my going to bed;
For 'tis dhrames and not sleep comes into my head:

And 'tis all about you,
My sweet Molly Carew—
And indeed 'tis a sin and a shame:
You're complater than Nature
In every feature.

The snow can't compare
With your forehead so fair,
And I rather would see just one blink of your eye
Than the purtiest star that shines out of the sky—

And by this and by that,
For the matter o' that,
You're more distant by far than that same!

Och hone! wirrasthrue!
I'm alone in this world without you.

Och hone! but why should I spake
Of your forehead and eyes,
When your nose it defies
Paddy Blake, the schoolmaster, to put it in rhyme?

Tho' there's one Burke, he says, that would call it *sublime*.

And then for your cheek!
Throth, 'twould take him a week
Its beauties to tell as he'd rather.
Then your lips! oh Machree!
In their beautiful glow
They a pattrern might be
For the cherries to grow.

'Twas an apple that tempted our mother, we know—

For apples were *scarce*, I suppose, long ago;
But at this time o' day,
'Pon my conscience, I'll say
Such cherries might tempt a man's father!

Och hone! wirrasthrue!
I'm alone in this world without you.

Och hone! by the man in the moon,
You *taze* me all ways
That a woman can please,
For you dance twice as high with that thief Pat Magee,
As when you take share of a jig, dear, with me.

Tho' the piper I bate,
For fear the owld chate
Wouldn't play you your favorite tune;
And when you're at mass
My devotion you crass,
For 'tis thinking of you
I am, Molly Carew;

While you wear, on purpose, a bonnet so deep,
That I can't at your sweet purty face get a peep:

Oh, lave off that bonnet,
Or else I'll lave on it
The loss of my wandherin' sowl!
Och hone! wirrasthrue!
Och hone! like an owl,
Day is night, dear, to me, without you!

MOLLY CAREW.—*Continued.*

Och hone! don't provoke me to do it;
 For there's girls by the score
 That love me—and more;
 And you'd look very quare if some morning
 you'd meet
 My weddin' all marchin' in pride down the
 shreet;
 Throth, you'd open your eyes,
 And you'd die with surprise,
 To think 'twasn't you was come to it!
 And, faith, Katty Naile,
 And her cow, I go bail,
 Would jump if I'd say
 "Katty Naile, name the day."
 And tho' you're fair and fresh as a morning
 in May,
 While she's short and dark like a cowl'd win-
 tber's day,
 Yet if you don't repent
 Before Easter, when Lent
 Is over I'll marry for spite;
 Och hone! wirrasthree!
 And when I die for you,
 My ghost will haunt you every night.

BROSNA'S BANKS.

YES, yes, I idled many an hour—
 (O, would that I could idle now,
 In wooing back the wither'd flower
 Of health into my wasted brow!)
 But from my life's o'ershadowing close,
 My unimpassioned spirit ranks
 Among its happiest moments those
 I idled on the Brosna's Banks.

For there upon my boyhood broke
 The dreamy voice of nature first;
 And every word the vision spoke,
 How deeply has my spirit nursed!
 A woman's love, a lyre, or pen,
 A rescued land, a nation's thanks,
 A friendship with the world, and then
 A grave upon the Brosna's Banks.

For these I sued, and sought, and strove,
 But now my youthful days are gone,
 In vain, in vain—for woman's love
 Is still a blessing to be won;
 And still my country's cheek is wet,
 The still unbroken fetter clanks,
 And I may not forsake her yet
 To die upon the Brosna's Banks.

Yet idle as those visions seem,
 They were a strange and faithful guide,
 When Heaven itself had scarce a gleam
 To light my darken'd life beside;
 And if from grosser guilt escaped
 I fel no dying dread, the thanks
 Are due unto the power that shaped
 My visions on the Brosna's Banks.

And love, I feel, will come at last,
 Albeit too late to comfort me;
 And fetters from the land be cast,
 Though I may not survive to see,
 If then the gifted, good, and brave
 Admit me to their glorious ranks,
 My memory may, tho' not my grave,
 Be green upon the Brosna's Banks.

THE SIEGE OF MAYNOOTH.

Crom, Crom-aboo! The Geraldine rebels from proud Maynooth,
 And with him are leagued four hundred, the flower of Leinster's
 youth.
 Take heart once more, oh, Erin! The great God gives thee
 hope;
 And thro' the mist of Time and Woe thy true Life's portals ope!

Earl Thomas of the Silken Robes!—here doubtless burns thy
 soul;
 Thou beamest here a Living Sun, around which thy planets roll.
 Then had our land, now scorned and banned, been saved a world
 of woe!
 Oh! would the Eternal Powers above that this were only so!
 No more—no more!—it maddeneth so!—But rampart, keep, and
 tower

At least are still—long may they be—a part of Ireland's power!
 But—who looks 'mid his warriors from the walls, as gleams a
 pearl
 'Mid meaner stones? 'Tis Parez—foster-brother of the Earl.

Enough!—we shall hear more of him! Amid the hundred shafts
 Which campward towards the Saxon host the wind upbears and
 wafts,
 One strikes the earth at Talbot's feet, with somewhat white—a
 scroll—
 Impaled upon its barb—Oh! how exults the leader's soul!

He grasps it—reads: "Now, by St. George, the day at last is
 ours!
 Before to-morrow's sun arise we hold yon haughty towers!
 The craven traitor!—but, 'tis well!—he *shall* receive his hire,
 And somewhat more to boot, God wot, than perchance he may
 desire!"

Alas!—alas!—'tis all too true! A thousand marks of gold
 In Parez' hands, and Leinster's bands are basely bought and
 sold!
 Earl Thomas loses fair Maynooth and a hundred of his clan—
 But, worse! he loses half his hopes, for he loses trust in Man!

The morn is up; the gates lie wide; the foe pour in amain.
 Oh! Parez, pride thee in thy plot, and hug thy golden chain!
 There are cries of rage from battlements, and mellays beneath
 in court,
 But Leinster's Brave, ere noon blaze high, shall mourn in donjon
 fort!

"Ho! Master Parez! thou?" So spake in the hall the Saxon
 chief—
 "How hast thou proved this tentless loon? But, come, we will
 stanch thy grief!
 Count these broad pieces over well!" He flung a purse on the
 ground,
 Which in wrathful silence Parez grasped, 'mid the gaze of all
 around.

"So!—right?" "Yes, right, Sir John! Enough! I now de-
 part for home!"
 "Home! sayest-thou, Master Parez? Yes, and by my halidome,
 Mayest reach *that* sooner than thou dreamest. But before we
 part,
 I would a brief, blunt parle with thee. Nay, man, why dost thou
 start?"

"A sudden spasm, Sir John."—"Ay—ay! those sudden spasms
 will shock,
 As when, thou knowest, a traitor lays his head upon the block!"

THE SIEGE OF MAYNOOTH.—Continued.

"Sir John!"—"Hush, man, and answer me! Till then thou art in bale—
Till then mine enemy and thrall!" The fallen chief turned pale.
"Say, have I kept good faith with thee?"—"Thou hast—good faith and true!"
"I owe thee nought, then?" "Nought, Sir John; the gold lies here to view."
"Thou art the Earl's own foster brother?"—"Yes, and bosom friend!"
"WHAT?"—"Nay, Sir John, I need those pieces, and——"
—"Come, there's an end!"

"The Earl heaped favors on thee?"—"Never King heaped more on Lord!"
"He loved thee? honored thee?"—"I was his heart, his arm, his sword!"
"He trusted thee?"—"Even as he trusted his own lofty soul!"
"AND THOU BETRAYEST HIM? Base wretch! thou knowest the traitor's goal!"

"Ho! Provost-Marshal, hither! Take this losel caitiff hence—
I mark, methinks, a scaffold under yonder stone defense.
Off with his head! By Heaven, the blood within me boils and seethes,
To look on him! So vile a knave pollutes the air he breathes!"

'Twas but four days thereafter, of a stormy evening late,
When a horseman reared his charger in before the castle gate,
And gazing upwards, he descried by the light of the pale moon shed,
Impaled upon an iron stake, a well-known gory head!

"So, Parez! thou hast met thy meed!" he said, and turned away—
"And was it a foe that thus avenged me on that fatal day?
Now, by my troth, albeit I hate the Saxon and his land,
I could, methinks, for one brief moment press the Talbot's hand!"

EMMET'S FAREWELL TO HIS SWEETHEART.

FAREWELL, love, farewell, love, I now must leave you,
The pale moon is shining her last beam on me;
In truth, I do declare I never deceived you,
For it's next to my heart is dear Erin and thee.

Draw near to my bosom, my first and fond true love,
And cherish the heart that beats only for thee;
And let my cold grave with green laurels be strewn, love,
And cherish the heart that beats only for thee;

Oh, never again in the moonlight we'll roam, love,
When the birds are at rest and the stars they do shine;
Oh, never again shall I kiss thy sweet lips, love,
Or wander by streamlets with thy hands pressed in mine.

Oh, should a mother's love make all others forsake me,
Oh, give me a promise before that I die,
That you'll come to my grave when all others forsake me,
And there with the soft winds breath sigh then for sigh.

My hour is approaching, let me take one fond look, love,
And watch thy pure beauty till my soul does depart;
Let thy ringlets fall on my face and brow, love,
Draw near till I press thee to my fond and true heart.

Farewell, love, farewell, love, the words are now spoken,
The pale moon is shining her last beams on me;
Farewell, love, farewell, love, I hear the death token,
Never more in this world your Emmet you'll see.

THE PRETTY GIRL OF LOCH DAN.

THE shades of eve had crossed the glen
That frowns o'er infant Avonmore;
When, nigh Loch Dan, two weary men,
We stopped before a cottage door.
"God save all here," my comrade cries,
And rattles on the raised latch-pin;
"God save you kindly," quick replies
A clear sweet voice, and asks us in.

We enter; from the wheel she starts,
A rosy girl with soft black eyes;
Her fluttering court'sy takes our hearts,
Her blushing grace and pleased surprise.
Poor Mary, she was quite alone,
For, all the way to Glenmalure,
Her mother had that morning gone
And left the house in charge with her.

But neither household cares, nor yet
The shame that startled virgins feel,
Could make the generous girl forget
Her wonted hospitable zeal.
She brought us in a beechen bowl,
Sweet milk, that smacked of mountain
thyme,
Oat cake, and such a yellow roll
Of butter—it gilds all my rhyme!

And while we ate the grateful food,
(With weary limbs on bench reclined),
Considerate and discreet, she stood
Apart, and listened to the wind.
Kind wishes both our souls engaged
From breast to breast spontaneous ran
The mutual thought—we stood and
pledged,—

THE MODEST ROSE ABOVE LOCH DAN.

"The milk we drink is not more pure,
Sweet Mary—bless those budding charms!
Than your own generous heart, I'm sure,
Nor whiter than the breast it warms!"
She turned and gazed, unused to hear
Such language in that homely glen;
But, Mary, you have nought to fear,
Though smiled on by two stranger men.

Not for a crown would I alarm
Your virgin pride by word or sign;
Nor need a painful blush disarm
My friend of thoughts as pure as mine.
Her simple heart could not but feel
The words we spoke were free from guile;
She stooped, she blushed, she fixed her
wheel,—

'Tis all in vain—she can't but smile!
Just like sweet April's dawn appears
Her modest face—I see it yet—
And though I lived a hundred years
Methinks I never could forget
The pleasure, that, despite her heart,
Fills all her downcast eyes with light.
The lips reluctantly apart,
The white teeth struggling into sight;
The dimples eddying o'er her cheek,—
The rosy cheek that won't be still!—
O! who could blame what flatterers speak,
Did smiles like this reward their skill?
For such another smile, I vow,
Though loudly beats the midnight rain,
I'd take the mountain-side e'en now,
And walk to Luggelaw again!

SHULE AROON.

I WOULD I were on yonder hill,
'Tis there I'd sit and ery my fill,
And every tear would turn a mill,
Is go de tu mo murnin slan.

CHORUS.

Shule, shale, shule aroon,
Shule go sauccir, agus shule go cuin,
Shule go den darrus agus eligh glum,
Is go de tu mo murnin slan.

I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my reel,
I'll sell my ouly spinning wheel,
To buy for my love a sword of steel,
Is go de tu mo murnin slan.

I'll dye my petticoats, I'll dye them red,
And round the world I'll beg my bread,
Until my parents shall wish me dead,
Is go de tu mo murnin slan.

I wish, I wish, I wish in vain,
I wish I had my heart again,
And vainly think I'd not complain,
Is go de tu mo murnin slan.

But now my love has gone to France,
To try his fortune to advance.
If he e'er come back 'tis but a chance,
Is go de tu mo murnin slan.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

Oh! the days are gone, when beauty bright
My heart's chain wove;
When my dream of life, from morn till night,
Was love, still love!
New hope may bloom,
And days may come,
Of milder, calmer beam,
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream!
Oh! there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream!

Tho' the bard to purer fame may soar,
When wild youth's past;
Tho' he win the wise, who frown'd before,
To smile at last;
He'll never meet
A joy so sweet
As when first he sung to woman's ear
In all his noon of fame,
His soul-felt flame;
And, at every close, she blushed to hear
The one loved name!

Oh! that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot,
Which First Love trac'd;
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On Memory's waste!
'Twas odor fled
As soon as shed;
'Twas morning's winged dream!
'Twas a light, that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream!
Oh! 'twas light, that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream!

THE DEAR EMERALD ISLE.

KIND friends, will ye help a poor, weary stranger,
Who's foot-sore and weary and hungry the while?
I've nothing to give, but an orphan will bless you
If you'll help a poor boy from the dear em'rald isle.
But a year ago, sure, I was smiling and happy;
Not a care on my mind, and a heart free from guile,
In a dear little cabin at the foot of the mountain,
That rears its proud head o'er the dear em'rald isle.

My father and mother, God bless their dear mem'ry,
Were contented and happy, although they were poor;
The land it was bad, and they worked late and early
To pay up the rent, with the wolf at the door.
At length my poor father took ill of a fever,
From toiling so hard on the bleak, barren soil;
Although my poor mother was careful and tender,
He died, and now lies 'neath the dear em'rald isle.

Then the sheriff he came with a band of armed ruffians
To turn out a child and a mother so gray;
And deaf to all pleading they tore down our cabin—
Like a flower he drooped and faded away:
Then hunger and sorrow soon told on my mother;
Like a flower she dropped and faded away;
And with a last blessing, while her poor child caressing,
She gave up her life and was laid 'neath the clay.

Then they laid my dear mother beside my poor father—
I planted a shamrock just over their grave;
While I, a poor orphan, driven forth by misfortune,
To leave that dear land, and to cross the wild wave;
But, wherever I wander, I ever shall ponder
And dream of the time when nature did smile
On my father and mother and dear loving brother
And the old cabin home in the dear em'rald isle.

Then if ever the Father shall look down in pity,
And cast off the yoke that does Ireland enslave,
I'll hie me back then to the scenes of my childhood,
And pluck a pure shamrock from my dear parents' grave.
Don't say no more, boy, for I, too, am a daughter;
And to think of her wrongs, oh, it makes my blood rile;
And I pray that the time is not very far distant
When the green shall wave proud o'er the dear em'rald isle.

MCCARTHY'S MARE.

We started for the fair, with spirits light and hearty,
Behind McCarthy's mare, oh! it was a lively party!
You never saw the likes of it, believe me what I say,
Sure, we had a roaring racket, but the mare she ran away.

CHORUS.

Off she wint! off she wint! be gob, I was not worth a cint;
The sate was just as hard as flint, behind McCarthy's mare.
"Hould her in!" McCarthy cried, "Stop her!" says McCue,
I tho't I'd shake to pieces, as along the road we flew;
Me head was swimming like a top, my heart was in despair,
The divil himself was in the wheels behind McCarthy's mare.

McCarthy held the reins, and Murphy held McCarthy,
But whiskey filled their brains and made them wild and hearty
Maloney tumbled out behind, and there we let him lay—
Sure I offered to assist him—but the mare she ran away!

Me decent coat was tore, me hat was left behind me,
I rattled and I swore, and I thought the dust would blind me
In holes and ditches wint the wheels, oh, murther, what a day
Sure, myself was kilt entirely, with the mare that run away.

DEAR OLD IRELAND.

DEEP in Canadian woods we've met, from one bright island
flown;

Great is the land we tread, but yet our hearts are with our own.
And ere we leave this shanty small, while fades the autumn day,
We'll toast old Ireland! dear old Ireland! Ireland! boys, hur-
rah!

We've heard her faults a hundred times, the new ones and the
old,
In songs and sermons, rants and rhymes enlarged some fifty
fold.

But take them all, the great and small, and this we've got to
say:

Here's good old Ireland! lov'd old Ireland! Ireland! boys, hur-
rah!

We know that brave and good men tried to snap her rusty chain,
That patriots suffered, martyrs died, and all, 'tis said, in vain;
But no, boys, no! a glance will show how far they've won their
way.

Here's good old Ireland! lov'd old Ireland! Ireland! boys hur-
rah!

We've seen the wedding and the wake, the pattern and the fair;
The stuff they take, the fun they make and the heads they break
down there.

With a loud hurroo, and a phillalo, and a thundering "clear the
way,"

Here's gay old Ireland! dear old Ireland! Ireland! boys, hur-
rah!

And well we know, in the cool gray eves when the hard day's
work is o'er

How soft and sweet are the words that greet the friends who
meet once more;

With "Mary Machree" and "My Pat 'Tis he," and "My own
heart night and day!"

Ah, fond old Ireland! dear old Ireland! Ireland! boys, hurrah!

And happy and bright are the groups that pass for their peaceful
homes for miles,

O'er fields and roads and hills to mass, when Sunday morning
smiles,

And deep the zeal their true hearts feel, when low they kneel and
pray:

Oh, dear old Ireland! blest old Ireland! Ireland! boys, hurrah!

But deep in Canadian woods we've met, and never may see
again

The dear old isle where our hearts are set, and our first fond
hopes remain!

But come, fill up another cup; and with every sup let's say:

Here's lov'd old Ireland! good old Ireland! Ireland! boys, hur-
rah!

THE IRISH STRANGER.

OH, pity the fate of a poor Irish stranger

That's wandered thus far from his home;

I sigh for protection from want, woe and danger,

But know not which way for to roam,

I ne'er shall return to Hibernia's bowers.

For bigotry hath trampled her sweetest of flowers,

That gave comfort to me in my loneliest hours.

They are gone and I'll ne'er see them more.

THE RISING OF THE MOON.

"Orr, then tell me, Shawn O'Ferrall,
Tell me why you hurry so?"

'Hush, ma bouchal, hush and listen;'

And his cheeks were all aglow.

'I bear ordhers from the captain,

Get you ready quick and soon;

For the pikes must be together

At the risin' of the moon.'

"Orr, then tell me, Shawn O'Ferrall,
Where the gatherin' is to be?"

'In the ould spot by the river,

Right well known to you and me.

One word more—for signal token,

Whistle up the marchin' tune,

With your pike upon your shoulder

By the risin' of the moon.'

"Out from many a mud-wall cabin
Eyes were watching through that night,

Many a manly chest was throbbing

For the blessed warning light.

Murmurs passed along the valley,

Like the banshee's lonely croon,

And a thousand blades were flashing

At the rising of the moon.

"There beside the singing river

That dark mass of men was seen,

Far above the shining weapons

Hung their own beloved green.

'Death to every foe and traitor,

Forward, strike the marchin' tune,

And hurrah, my boys, for Freedom!

'Tis the risin' of the moon.'

"Well they fought for poor old Ireland

And full bitter was their fate.

(Oh, what glorious pride and sorrow

Fill the name of Ninety-eight!)

Yet, thank God, e'en still are beating

Hearts in manhood's burning noon,

Who would follow in their footsteps,

At the risin' of the moon."

RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE
WORE.

RICH and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore:
But, oh, her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems and snow-white wand.

"Lady! dost thou not fear to stray,
So lone and lovely, thro' this bleak way?
Are Erin's sons so good or so cold
As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

"Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm;
No son of Erin will offer me harm;
For, tho' they love woman and golden store,
Sir Knight! they love honor and virtue
more!"

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her 'round the Green Isle;
And bless'd forever is she who relied
Upon Erin's honor and Erin's Pride!

THE IRISH STRANGER.—*Continued.*

With wonder I gazed on you proud, lofty building,
As in grandeur it rose from its lord,
With sorrow I beheld my own garden soon yielding
Its choicest of fruits for its board.
But where is my father's low cottage of clay,
Wherein I did spend many a long happy day?
Alas! has his lordship contrived it away?
Yes, it's gone and I'll ne'er see it more.

When nature was seen on the sole bush and bramble,
Sit smiling in beautiful bloom.
O'er the fields without danger I used to ramble,
And lavish amidst her perfume,
Or range thro' the woods where the gay-feather'd throng
Did joyfully sing their loud-echoing song.
The days then of summer passed swiftly along,
Now they are gone and I'll ne'er see them more.

When the sloes and the berries hung ripe on the bushes.
I've gathered them oft without harm,
And gone to the fields where I've shorn the green rushes,
Preparing for winter's cold storm.
Or I've sat by the fire on a cold winter's night,
Along with my friends telling tales of delight.
Those tales gave me pleasure, I could them invite,
Now they are gone, shall I ne'er see them more?

But, Erin, sad Erin, it grieves me to ponder
On the wrongs of thy injured isle;
Thy sons, many thousands, deploring, to wander
On shores far away in exile.
But give me the power to cross o'er the main,
America might yield me some shelter from pain,
I'm only lamenting whilst here I remain
For the joys that I'll never see more.

Farewell then to Erin and those I left weeping
Upon her disconsolate shore,
Farewell to the grave where my father lies sleeping,
That ground I still dearly adore.
Farewell to each pleasure, I once had at home,
Farewell, now a stranger in England I roam;
Oh, give me my past joys, or give me a tomb,
Yes, in pity I ask for no more.

KATE O'BRIEN.

PERHAPS you don't know there's a sweet little stream
Far down in a dell where a poet might dream;
A nate little cabin stands close to the tide,
And, och, such a jewel is shining inside.
I don't mean a jewel that money can buy,
But a warm-hearted creature with love in her eye;
You'll not find a beauty so beauteous as she
From Ballinacrasay to Donaghadee.

Her name is O'Brien, they christened her Kate,
There's many a beauty has shared the same fate;
But never a one, to my thinking, I've seen
So lovely, so trim, as my bright-eyed colleen.
Her face is a picture for limers to paint,
Her figure might serve for a heart-winning saint;
Oh, you'll not find a beauty so beauteous as she
From Ballinacrasay to Donaghadee.

Her hair is as smooth as the raven's own back,
But the bonniest bird has not tresses so black;
And they curl 'round a neck that might rival the snow,
With the grace of a swan on the waters below.
Her mouth—oh, what music I've heard from that same,
Her breath it might put the sweet roses to shame;
Oh, you'll not find a beauty so beauteous as she
From Ballinacrasay to Donaghadee.

THE LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

O! DON'T be beguiling my heart with your
wiling,
You've tried that same thrick far too often
before,
And by this blessed minnit an' day that is in
it,
I'll take right good care that you'll try it
no more!
You thought that so slyly you walked with
O'Reilly,
By man and by mortal unheard and unseen,
While your hand he kept squeezin', and you
looked so pleasin'.
Last Saturday night in your father's *boreen*.

His thrids and his schamin' has set you a-
dhramin';
That any one blessed with their eyesight
may see,
You're not the same creature you once war by
nature,
And they that are thraitors won't do, faith,
for me!
Tho' it is most distressin' to think that a
blessin'
Was just about fallin' down plump on the
scene,
When a cunning *culloger*, as black as an ogre,
Upsets all your hopes in a dirty *boreen*.

And 'tis most ungrateful, unkind, and unfaith-
ful,
When you very well know how I gave the
go-by,
Both to pride and to pleasure, temptation and
treasure,
To dress all my looks by the light of your
eye.
O! 'tis Mary Mullally, that lives in the val-
ley—
'Tis she that would say how ill-used I have
been,
And she's not the deludher to smile and to
soother,
And then walk away to her father's *boreen*.
I send you your garter, for now I'm a martyr.
And keepsakes and *jims* are the least of my
care,
So when things are exchangin', since you took
to rangin'
I'll trouble you, too, for the loek of my hair.
I know by its shakin', my heart is a-breakin',
You'll make me a corpse when I'd make you
a queen,
But as sure as I'm livin', it's you I'll be givin'
A terrible fright, when I haunt the *boreen*!

THE DEAR LITTLE SHAMROCK.

THERE'S a dear little plant that grows on our
isle,
'Twas St. Patriek himself sure that set it:
And the sun on his labor with pleasure did
smile,
And with dew from his eye often wet it.
It shines thro' the bog, thro' the brake and the
mireland,
And he called it the dear little shamrock
of Ireland;

THE DEAR LITTLE SHAMROCK.—*Continued.*

The dear little shamrock, the sweet little shamrock.

The dear little, sweet little shamrock of Ireland.

That dear little plant still grows in our land,
Fresh and fair as the daughters of Erin;
Whose smile can bewitch, and whose eyes can command,

In each climate they ever appear in.

For they shine thro' the bog, thro' the brake
and the mireland,

Just like their own dear little shamrock of Ireland.

The dear little shamrock, the sweet little shamrock,

The dear little, sweet little shamrock of Ireland.

That dear little plant that springs from our soil,

When its three little leaves are extended,
Denotes from the stalk we together should toil,

And ourselves by ourselves be befriended.

And still thro' the bog, thro' the brake and the mireland,

From one root should branch, like the shamrock of Ireland;

The dear little shamrock, the sweet little shamrock of Ireland:

The dear little, sweet little shamrock of Ireland.

OLD IRELAND I ADORE.

OH, Erin's Isle, my heart's delight,

I long to see thee free,

Where'er I am by day or night

My heart beats warm for thee.

I grieve to see thee so oppressed,

But what can I do more?

Oh, Grama Machree, I weep for thee—

Old Ireland I adore.

Your scenes surpass all on earth,

They are so rich and rare;

Your sons are of the noblest birth,

Few with them can compare.

Oppressed and starved they were compelled

To wander from your shore;

Old Grama Machree, I weep for thee—

Old Ireland I adore.

I'd like to know what hast you done

That still you can't be free?

But this I know, you had a son

Who struggled hard for thee.

O'Connell was that hero's name—

He was known from shore to shore;

Oh, Grama Machree, he'd have set you free,

But, alas! he is no more.

If you were free as once we were,

How happy would we be!

No foreign landlord then would dare

To lord it over thee.

We'd have our homes and bread to eat,

As once we had before;

Oh, Grama Machree, I long to see

Old Ireland free once more.

PRETTY MARY, THE DAIRYMAN'S DAUGHTER.

FAIX it's I'll sing you a ditty that's funny and witty,

Yet it wakens the pity of every one;

It's in vain ye'll be thryin' to prevent yeersels cryin',

An' yer eyes ye'll be dhryin' whin my song is done.

'Twas in swate Tipperary there stud a nate dairy,

Wid the name of Ned Carey wrote over the door;

And sure Ned sould good butter, so it said on the shutter,

And beautiful googeens a shilling a score.

An' he had a fine daughter call'd Mary,

The pride iv her dad an' his dairy;

Och! she was his delight an' the pearl iv his sight,

An' as frisky an' blithe as a fairy.

Poor old Ned loved his daughter, for an angel he thought her,

An' fine clothes he bought her to make her look gay;

An' she was a sweet creature, so full of good nature,

An' as fair in ach fathure as the blossom o' May.

She was always intrudhin' and niver a fude in,

So ye'll be kincludin' she'd iv lovers her share;

There was tradesmin an' doctors an' lawyers and proctors,

Came no ind of miles from the devil knows where,

Just to get a smile from sweet Mary,

The pride iv her dad an' his dairy;

Och! she was his delight an' the pearl iv his sight,

An' as frisky an' blithe as a fairy.

But so plaze you sweet Mary loved one, Paddy Rarey,

Who could dance like a fairy an' twirl his stick;

Tho' his birth was a misthry, could trace his ancestry,

Thro' the pages iv histhry to Amonachnic.

But Mary's ould daddy didn't care for young Paddy,

For no money had he sure a wife to support;

An' a silky ould waver, a well-to-do shaver,

Crept into Ned's favor his daughter to court,

An' was promised the hand iv sweet Mary,

The pride iv her dad an' his dairy;

Och! she was his delight an' the pearl iv his sight,

An' as frisky an' blithe as a fairy.

Mary's lovers got jealous an' oft they did bellus,

Sayin' before they'll expel us we'll all take the sack;

One wint home to his garden, an' (cravin' yer pardon),

He dug up the devil an' shoveled him back.

An' some shouldered arums an' others sung pearms,

An' many tried charums till their houses they burn'd,

An' the papers related iv deaths contemplated,

Thro' love it shtated, which wasn't returned,

By the beautiful heart-killin' Mary,

The pride iv her dad an' his dairy;

Och! she was his delight an' the pearl iv his sight,

An' as frisky an' blithe as a fairy.

So one day to her father, sez Mary, I'd rather

Be single for life, than that life shud be ruled

By a crawlin' ould waver, an' I'll not have the craver

If the hair iv his head hung with diamonds an' gold.

Sez her father, Daunt raise me, for the devil may saise me,

If ye iver have Pat, I'd as lave see yer dead;

Thin he turn'd like a wild boor, an' bullied his child sure,

Till she fell on the tiled flure, her senses most fled.

An' yer wouldn't give that for poor Mary,

The pride iv her dad an' his dairy;

Och! she was his delight an' the pearl iv his sight,

An' as frisky an' blithe as a fairy.

But at last she got betthur an' wraut Pat a leththur,

Telling him to forget her an' bid him good-by!

Thin she gave a great shiver, flue away to the river,

Axed God to forgive her, an' prepared for to die!

PRETTY MARY.—*Continued.*

Cum away from the water, shouted Ned to his daughter,
 An' you shall wed Pat an' have all yer dad's tin;
 But it wasn't so aisy, for the spot bein' greazy,
 An' her mind bein' crazy, she slipped and fell in.
 An' all down to the bottom went Mary,
 In sight of her dad an' his dairy;
 Och! she was his delight an' the pearl iv his sight,
 An' as frisky an' blithe as a fairy.

An' Mary's poor lover did never recover,
 An' his antics an' tanthrums 'twas horrid to see;
 Till he tuk off his garther, some forty years afther
 An' hoong himself up to a mulberry tree!
 An' sure ould Ned Carey follied Pat an' Mary,
 An' they haunted the dairy an' kicked up a great din;
 An' such shriekin' an' laughter, from foundation to rafther,
 Was heard for years afther till the house it fell in!
 An' that was the ind o' poor Mary.
 Her Paddy, her dad, an' the dairy;
 An' from that same night I've never seen sight
 Iv the home iv the beautiful fairy.

THE WOODS OF KYLINOE.

My heart is heavy in my breast—my eyes are full of tears,
 My memory is wandering back to long departed years—
 To those bright days long, long ago,
 When nought I dreamed of sordid care, of worldly woe—
 But roved, a gay, light-hearted boy, the woods of Kylinoe.

There, in the springtime of my life, aand springtime of the
 year,
 I've watched the snowdrop start from earth, the first young
 buds appear;
 The sparkling stream o'er pebbles flow,
 The modest violet, and the golden primrose blow,
 Within thy deep and mossy dells, beloved Kylinoe!

'Twas there I wooed my Mary *Dhuv*, and won her for my bride,
 Who bore me three fair daughters, and four sons, my age's
 pride;
 Though cruel fortune was our foe,
 And steeped us to the lips in bitter want and woe,
 Yet cling our hearts to those sad days, we passed near Kylinoe!

At length by misery bowed to earth, we left our native strand—
 And crossed the wide Atlantic to this free and happy land;
 Though toils we had to undergo,
 Yet soon content—and happy peace 'twas ours to know,
 And plenty, such as never blessed our hearth near Kylinoe!

And heaven a blessing has bestowed, more precious far than
 wealth,
 Has spared us to each other, full of years, yet strong in health:
 Across the threshold when we go,
 We see our children's children round us grow,
 Like sapling oaks within thy woods, far distant Kylinoe.

Yet sadness clouds our hearts to think that when we are no
 more,
 Our bones must find a resting place, far, far from Erin's shore,
 For us—no funeral sad and slow—
 Within the ancient abbey's burial ground shall go—
 No, we must slumber far from home, far, far from Kylinoe!

Yet, O! if spirits e'er can leave the appointed place of rest,
 Once more will I revisit thee, dear Isle that I love best,
 O'er thy green vales will hover slow,
 And many a tearful parting blessing will bestow
 On all—but most of all on *thee*, my native Kylinoe!

OULD DOCTHER MACK.

You may tramp the world over
 From Delhi to Dover,
 And sail the salt say from Archangel to Arra-
 gon,
 Circumvint back
 Through the whole Zodiack,
 But to ould Docther Mack ye can't furnish a
 paragon.
 Have ye the dropsy.
 The gout, the autopsy?
 Fresh livers and limbs instantaneons he'll
 shape yez;
 No ways infarior
 In skill, but suparior,
 And lineal postarior of Ould Aysulapicus.
 He and his wig wid the curls so carroty,
 Aigle eye and complexion clarety;
 Here's to his health,
 Honor and wealth,
 The king of his kind and the crame of
 all charity!

How the rich and the poor,
 To consult for a cure.
 Crowd on to his doore in their carts and their
 carriages.
 Showin' their tongues
 Or unlaicin' their lungs,
 For divel one symptom the docther dispar-
 ages,
 Troth, and he'll tumble
 For high or humble,
 From his warm feather-bed wid no cross con-
 trariety;
 Makin' as light
 Of nursin' all night
 The beggar in rags as the belle of society.

And as if by miracle,
 Ailments hysterical,
 Dad, wid one dose of bread-pills he can
 smother,
 And quench the love-sickness
 Wid wonderful quickness,
 By prescribin' the right boys and girls to aich
 other.
 And the sufferin' childer—
 Your eyes 'twould bewilder
 To see the wee craythurs his coat-tails un-
 ravelin';
 And aich of them fast
 On some treasure at last,
 Well knowin' ould Mack's just a toy-shop out
 travelin'.

Then, his doctherin' done,
 In a rollickin' run
 Wid the rod or the gun, he's the foremost to
 figure.
 By Jupiter Ammon,
 What Jack-snipe or salmon
 E'er rose to backgammon his tail-fly or trigger!
 And hark! the view-hollo!
 'Tis Mack in full follow
 On black Faugh-a-ballagh the country-side
 sailin'.
 Och, but you'd think
 'Twas ould Nimrod in pink,
 Wid his spurs eryin' chink over park-wall and
 palin'.

OULD DOCTOR MACK.—*Continued.*

He and his wig, wid the curls so carroty,
 Aigle eye and complexion clarety;
 Here's to his health,
 Honor and wealth!
 Hip, hip, hooray! wid all hilarity,
 Hip, hip, hooray! that' the way,
 All at once, without disparity!
 One more cheer
 For our docther dear,
 The king of his kind and the crame of
 all charity.
 Hip, hip, Hooray!

LARRY McHALE.

Oh, Larry McHale, he had little to fear,
 And never could want, when the crops didn't
 fail;
 He'd a house and demesne, and eight hundred
 a year,
 And a heart for to spend it had Larry Mc-
 Hale.

The soul of a party, the life of a feast,
 And an ilegant song he could sing I'll be
 bail;
 He would ride with the rector and drink with
 the priest,
 Oh, the broth of a boy was old Larry Mc-
 Hale!

It's little he cared for the judge or recorder,
 His house was as big and as strong as a
 jail;
 With a cruel four-pounder he kept all in great
 order;
 He'd murder the country, would Larry Mc-
 Hale.

He'd a blunderbuss, too, of horse-pistols a pair;
 But his favorite weapon was always a flail;
 I wish you could see how he'd empty a fair,
 For he handled it nately did Larry McHale.

His ancestors were kings before Moses was
 born,
 His mother descended from the great Granna
 Uaile;
 He laughed all the Blakes and the Frenches
 to scorn,
 They were mushrooms compared to old Larry
 McHale.

He sat down every day to a beautiful dinner,
 With cousins and uncles enough for a tail;
 And, though loaded with debt, oh, the devil a
 thinner
 Could law or the sheriff make Larry Mc-
 Hale!

With a larder supplied and a cellar well
 stored,
 None lived half so well from Fair Head to
 Kinsale,
 And he piously said, "I've a plentiful board,
 And the Lord He is good to old Larry Mc-
 Hale."

So fill up your glass and a high bumper give
 him,
 It's little we'd care for tithes or repale;
 Ould Erin would be a fine country to live in,
 If we on'y had plenty like Larry McHale.

SWEET INNISFALLEN.

SWEET Innisfallen, fare thee well,
 May calm and sunshine long be thine!
 How fair thou art let others tell,—
 To feel how fair shall long be mine.

Sweet Innisfallen, long shall dwell
 In memory's dream that sunny smile,
 Which o'er thee on that evening fell,
 When first I saw thy fairy isle.

'Twas light, indeed, too blest for one,
 Who had to turn to paths of care—
 Through crowded haunts again to run,
 And leave thee bright and silent there.

No more unto thy shores to come,
 But on the world's rude ocean tost,
 Dream of thee sometimes, as a home
 Of sunshine he had seen and lost.

Far better in thy weeping hours
 To part from thee, as I do now,
 When mist is o'er thy blooming bowers,
 Like sorrow's veil on beauty's brow.

For, though unrival'd still thy grace,
 Thou dost not look, as then, too blest,
 But thus in shadow, seen'st a place
 Where erring man might hope to rest—

Might hope to rest, and find in thee
 A gloom like Eden's, on the day
 He left its shade, when every tree,
 Like thine, hung weeping o'er his way.

Weeping or smiling, lovely isle!
 And all the lovelier for thy tears—
 For though but rare thy sunny smile,
 'Tis heaven's own glance when it appears.

Like feeling hearts, whose joys are few,
 But, when *indeed* they come, divine—
 The brightest light the sun e'er threw
 Is lifeless to one gleam of thine!

THE WATERFORD BOYS.

WELL, boys! for divarsion we've all met together,
 I'll tell how from Waterford hither I came;
 I cross'd the big ocean in dark, gloomy weather,
 My heart it was light and my pocket the same.
 Sad at P'avin' ould Ireland, but once more on dry land,
 By the roadside a tavern I happen'd to spy;
 And as I was meltin', my pockets I felt in
 The price of a drink—I was mortally dry.

CHORUS.

For we are the boys of fun, wit and element,
 Drinkin' and dancin' an' all other joys;
 For ructions, destruction, devarsion and divilment,
 Who can compare with the Waterford boys?

In the tavern I stroll'd, out the master he roll'd,
 "Morrow," sez he, sez I, "Av you please,
 Provide me a bed, but first bring me some bread,
 A bottle of porter and a small piece of cheese.
 For times they are queer, and provisions are dear,
 If you cannot get meat, with cheese be content."
 Sez the landlord, "You're right," so he bro't me the bite;
 I roll'd up my cuffs and at it I went.

THE WATERFORD BOYS.—*Continued.*

My bread and cheese ended, I then condescended
 To seek some repose, so I ax'd for a light,
 And soon in a doze I was under the clothes;
 I popp'd in my toes and I popp'd out the light.
 But wakin' from sleepin' I heard somethin' creepin',
 Meand'rin' and wand'rin' about my bedpost;
 Squeakin' and scratchin', thinks I 'mid my watchin',
 "'Pon my conscience, you've mighty long claws for a ghost."

My breath I suspended, the noise it soon ended,
 I ventured to peep from beneath the bedclothes;
 "Millia murtha! what's that?" a thumpin' jack rat,
 With a leap from the floor, lit atop of my nose.
 "Thunder sweep ye!" sez I, "for a schemin' ould vagabone,
 Take that, and that," as I leaped on the floor,
 Shouting, "Murther and fire, Tim, Jerry, Maria,
 The rats they are eatin' me up by the score."

The landlord affrighten' came with a light in.
 "I'm murdered alive," sez I, "so must away."
 Sez he, "Before goin', I'd have you be knowin',
 For supper and bed you've five shillin's to pay."
 "Five shillin's for what? oeh, don't be disgracin'
 Yourself for a rogue," sez I, "if you please;
 When I can't sleep for rats, you, a brazen ould face on ye,
 To charge me five shillin's for plain bread and cheese."

Sez he, "Perish the rats, I wish they would l'ave me,
 They ruin my trade and I'm not worth a rap."
 Sez I, "The five shillin's would you forgive me,
 An' I'll tell you how to keep out every rat."
 "Agreed!" Then sez I, "To supper invite them,
 And plain bread and cheese set before them, be sure;
 Don't mind if they're willin', but charge them five shillin',
 Bad luck to the rat that you'll ever see more."

PAT MALLOY.

At sixteen years of age I was my mother's fair-naired boy,
 She kept a little huckster shop, her name it was Malloy;
 "I've fourteen children, Pat," says she, "which heaven to me
 has sent,
 But children ain't like pigs, you know— they can't pay the rent!"
 She gave me every shilling there was in the till,
 And kissed me fifty times or more, as if she'd never get her fill;
 "Oh, heaven bless you, Pat," said she, "and don't forget, my
 boy,
 That ould Ireland is your country, and your name is Pat Mal-
 loy!"

Oh, England is a purty place, of gold there is no lack—
 I trudged from York to London, wid me scythe upon me back;
 The English girls are beautiful, their loves I don't decline,
 The eating and the drinking, too, are beautiful and fine;
 But in a corner of me heart, which nobody can see,
 Two eyes of Irish blue are always peeping out at me!
 Oh, Molly, darlin', never fear, I'm still your own dear boy—
 Ould Ireland is me country, and me name is Pat Malloy.

From Ireland to America across the seas I roam,
 And every shilling that I got, ah, sure I sent it home;
 Me mother couldn't write, but, oh, there came from Father Boyce:
 "Oh, heaven bless you, Pat," says she—I hear me mother's voice!
 But now I'm going home again, as poor as I begun,
 To make a happy girl of Moll, and, sure, I think I can;
 Me pockets they are empty, but me heart is filled with joy,
 For ould Ireland is me country, and me name is Pat Malloy.

COLLEEN DHAS CRUTHIN AMOE.

THE beam on the streamlet was playing,
 The dew-drop still hung on the thorn,
 When a blooming young couple were straying,
 To taste the mild fragrance of morn.
 He sighed as he breathed forth his ditty,
 And she felt her breast softly to grow;
 "Oh, look on your lover with pity,
 Ma Colleen dhas Cruthin Amoe."

"Whilst green is you bank's mossy pillow,
 Or evening shall weep the soft tear.
 Or the streamlet shall steal 'neath the willow,
 So long shall thy image be dear.
 Oh, fly to these arms for protection
 If pierced by the arrow of woe,
 Then smile on my tender affection,
 Ma Colleen dhas Cruthin Amoe."

She sighed as his ditty was ended,
 Her heart was too full to reply;
 Oh, joy and compassion were blended
 To light the mild beam of her eye.
 He kissed her soft hand: "What above thee
 Could heaven, in its bounty, bestow?"
 He kissed her soft cheek: "Oh, I love thee,
 Ma Colleen dhas Cruthin Amoe."

HOW ERIN WAS BORN.

WITH your kind attention, your good conde-
 cension,
 I'll make bold to mention of Erin so green:
 Without hesitation, I'll tell how this nation
 Became of creation the gem of the Queen.
 It happened one morning, without any warn-
 ing,
 That Vanus was born in that beautiful say;
 And by that same token—och! sure 'twas pro-
 vokin',
 Her pinions were soaking and wouldn't give
 play.

CHORUS.

This story was told, boys, by sages of old,
 boys;
 Who thus did unfold, boys, how Erin was
 born.

Now, Neptune, who knew her, began to pursue
 her,
 In order to woo her—the wicked old Jew;
 And very nigh caught her a-top of the water,
 Great Jupiter's daughter, who cried,
 "Wishastro!"
 When Jove, the great janions, looked down
 and saw Vanus,
 And Neptune, so "hanious," pursuing her
 wild;
 He roared out like thunder, he'd tear him
 asunder—
 And sure 'twas no wonder, for tazing his
 child.—CHORUS,
 A star then espying, close 'round by him lying,

HOW ERIN WAS BORN.—*Continued.*

He soon sent it flying—he hurled it below;
Where it fell like winking, old Neptune then
sinking,

With what I am thinking, was a mighty big
blow.

That same star was dry land, 'twas lowland
and highland.

And formed that sweet island, the land of
my birth;

And makes true the story that sent down from
glory

Old Erin so hoary, is a heaven upon earth.—
CHORUS.

Now Vanus slept nately, on Erin so stately,

But fainted 'cause lately so bothered and
pressed;

Which much did bewilder, and very nigh killed
her,

When her father distilled her a drop of the
best.

This potheen victorious made her feel glorious,
A little uproarious, I feel it might prove;

Then how can ye blame us that Erin's so
famous

For whisky and fighting, for beauty and
love.—CHORUS.

WINNIE'S WELCOME.

WELL, Shamus, what brought ye?

It's dead, sure, I thought ye—

What's kept ye this fortnight from calling
on me?

Stop there! Don't be lyin'!

It's no use denyin'—

I know you've been waitin' on Kitty Magee.

She's ould and she's homely:

There's girls young and comely

Who've loved you much longer and better
than she;

But, 'deed I'm not carin'.

I'm glad I've no share in

The love of a boy who loved Kitty Magee.

Away! I'm not cryin',

Your charge I'm denyin',

You're wrong to attribute such wakeness to
me;

If tears I am showin',

I'd have ye be knowin'

They're shed out of pity for Kitty Magee.

What's that? Am I dhramin'?

You've only been shammin'?

Just thryin' to test the affection in me;

But you're the sly divil!

There now! Please be civil;

Don't hug me to death! I'm not Kitty Ma-
gee.

Your kisses confuse me;

Well, I'll not refuse ye—

I know you'll be tindher and loving wid me;

So show my contrition

For doubts and suspicion,

I'll ax for first bridesmaid Miss Kitty Ma-
gee.

PAT ROACH AT THE PLAY.

As Pat Roach and the missus, from Galway,

In Dublin once happened to be,

To the playhouse they went one fine evening,
Determined diversion to see.

But, says Pat as he entered, "There's no one

To pay money to, here, at all;"

"Pay here!" cried a voice. "Holy murther!"

Says Pat, "there's a man in the wall."

"Pay here!" cried a voice. "Holy murther!"

Says Pat, "there's a man in the wall."

The missus she looks all around her,

In wonder her eyes they did roll,

But says she, "Paddy darling, alanna,

He is here like a rat in a hole."

"Pay here." "How much is it?" "A shilling."

"A shilling apiece, that won't do;

'Tis too much, Mr. Pay here, avourneen,

Eighteen pence I will give you for two:

'Tis too much, Mr. Pay here, avourneen,

Eighteen pence I will give you for two."

Pat grumbled, but paid and got seated,

The band was beginning to play,

He jiggled on his seat quite elated,

And to the musicians did say:

"'Tis yerselves that can do it, me bouchals,

And I wish to yez wid all me mind."

To the fiddlers, "More power to your elbows,

Mister Bugler, heav'n spare ye yer wind."

To the fiddlers, "More power to your elbows,

Mister Bugler, heav'n spare ye yer wind."

The play then went on and Pat wondered,

And sat with his mouth open wide,

As the proud haughty Lord of the Manor

Sought to make the fair maiden his bride.

"To the mountains," says he, "I will bear thee."

She shrieked as she saw him approach:

"Is there no one at hand now to save me?"

Shouts a voice: "Yes, me darlin', Pat Roach."

Then up on the seat jumped brave Paddy,

Says he: "Now, you blackguard, be gone,

Or a lord though you be tin times over,

I'll knock your two eyes into one."

"Sit down there in front!" "What, you spalpeen,

Is it me you thus dare to address?

Do you think that Pat Roach would sit aisy,

And see that poor girl in distress?"

But soon sure the row did subside,

And as Pat gasped for breath he discovered,

Of the door he was on the wrong side;

He soon found the missus, next morning

They started for home, and Pat swore

If he once safely landed in Galway,

He'd come up to Dublin no more.

THE VOLUNTEERS.

"MOTHER—dear mother, tell me what meant the proud array
Of armed men and prancing steeds which passed yon mountain
way?

And who was he of noble mien and brow of lordly pride,
Who rode, like warrior chief of old, that gallant band beside?

"Marked you how lighted up his eye, as in the noonday sun
Their silken banners flutter'd wide and flash'd each polish'd gun,
And how with gentle courtesy he oft and lowly bowed,
As rang the brazen trumpets out, and cheer'd th' assembled
crowd?

THE VOLUNTEERS,—*Continued.*

"Methinks the Spartan chief who fell at famed Thermopylæ,
Of whom we read but yesternight, was such a man as he—
The same proud port and eagle eye—the same determined frown,
frown,
And supple arm to shield a friend or strike a foeman down.

"And then those troops as on they passed, n proud and glittering show,
Seemed worthy of the chief who led—'twere pity of the foe
Who roused to wrath their slumbering might, or wronged our
own green land—
I'd promise them a scattered host with many a shivered brand."

"You're right, dear Mabel, for the chief who leads that warrior
host
Is Grattan—high and honored name—thy country's proudest
boast;
And they whose closely marshalled ranks the people hailed with
cheers,
Thy country's soldier-citizens—the gallant Volunteers."

"Then why, dear mother—tell me why those Volunteers arose?
Was it to guard some sacred right, or to repel our foes?
For I have heard my father say he dreaded England's word
And English perfidy far more than foreign foeman's sword."

"They rose to guard from foreign foes—as well from British
guile—
Thy liberties and mine, my child, and all within this Isle;
To make this glorious land of ours—those hills we love so well,
A fitting home and resting place where freedom's foot might
dwell.

"They rose and swore by Freedom's name, by kindred and by
kind,
No foreign rule, no foreign guile, their country's limbs should
bind—
That she should stand erect and fair, as in the olden time,
The loveliest 'mong the nations—of Ocean's Isles the prime.

"That they have nobly kept this pledge, bear witness, one and
all,
The bootless plots of England, the baffled hosts of Gaul.
That they may long be spared to guard our country's rights
divine,
Should be your prayer at night and morn, my child, as it is
mine."

BEAUTIFUL SHAMROCK OF OLD IRELAND.

THERE'S a sweet little spot away down by Cape Clear,
Sure it's Ireland herself, to all Irishmen dear;
Where the white praties blossom like illigant flowers,
And the wild birds sing sweetly above the round towers;
And the dear little shamrock, that none can withstand,
Is the beautiful emblem of old Ireland.

In his hat good St. Patrick used always to wear
The shamrock whenever he went to a fair;
And Nebuchadnezzar, no doubt, highly prized
A bit of the blossom when he went disguised;
For the bosom of beauty itself might expand,
When bedecked by the shamrock of old Ireland.

When far, far away, a sweet blossom I've seen,
I've dreamt of shillelahs and shamrocks so green,
That grow, like two twins, on the bogs and the hills,
With a drop in my eye, that with joy my heart fills;
And I've blessed the dear sod from a far distant strand,
And the beautiful shamrock of old Ireland.

LANTY LEARY.

LANTY was in love, you see,
With lovely, lively Rosie Carey,
But her father can't agree
To give the girl to Lanty Leary.
"Up to fun, away we'll run,"
Says she, "my father's so conthrairy,
Won't you follow me? won't you follow me?"
"Faith I will," says Lanty Leary.

But her father died one day
(I hear 'twas not by dhrinkin' wather);
House and land and cash, they say,
He left by will to Rose his daughter;
House and land and cash to seize,
Away she cut so light and airy.
"Won't you follow me? won't you follow
me?"
"Faith I will," says Lanty Leary.

Rose, herself, was taken bad,
The fayver worse each day was growin',
"Lanty dear," says she, "'tis sad,
To th' other world I'm surely goin'.
You can't survive my loss I know,
Nor long remain in Tipperary,
Won't you follow me? won't you follow me?"
"Faith I won't," says Lanty Leary.

THE IRISHMAN'S SHANTY.

DID ye's ever go into an Irishman's shanty?
Och, b'ys, that's the place where the whisky is
plenty;
Wid his pipe in his mouth there sits Paddy so
free,
No king in his palace is prouder than he.
Arrah, me honey! w-h-a-e-k! Paddy's the
boy!

There's a three-legged stool, wid a table to
match,
And the door of the shanty is locked with a
latch;
There's a nate feather mattress, all bustin'
wid straw,
For the want of a bedstead it lies on the floor.
Arrah, me honey! w-h-a-e-k! Paddy's the
boy!

There's a snug little bureau widout paint or
gilt,
Made of boards that was left when the shanty
was built;
There's a three-cornered mirror hangs up on
the wall,
But niver a face has been in it at all.
Arrah, me honey! w-h-a-e-k! Paddy's the
boy!

He has pigs in the sty, and a cow in the stable,
And he feeds thim on scraps that is left from
the table;
They'd starve if confined, so they roam at
their aise,
And come into the shanty whinever they plaze.
Arrah, me honey! w-h-a-e-k! Paddy's the
boy!

THE IRISHMAN'S SHANTY.—Continued.

He has three rooms in one—kitchen, bedroom,
and hall,
And his chist it is three wooden pegs in the
wall;
Two suits of ould clothes makes his wardrobe
complete,
One for wear in the shanty, the same in the
street.
Arrah, me honey! w-h-a-c-k! Paddy's the
boy!

There is one who partakes of his sorrows and
joys,
Attends to the shanty, the girls and the boys;
(The brats he thinks more of than gold that's
refined),
But Biddy's the jewel that's set in his mind.
Arrah, me honey! w-h-a-c-k! Paddy's the
boy!

THE IRISHMAN.

THE savage loves his native shore,
Though rude the soil and chill the air;
Then well may Erin's sons adore
Their isle which nature formed so fair.
What flood reflects a shore so sweet
As Shannon sweet or pastoral Baun?
Or who a friend or foe can meet
So generous as an Irishman?

His hands is rash, his heart is warm,
But honesty is still his guide;
None more repents a deed of harm,
And none forgives with nobler pride;
He may be duped, but won't be dared—
More fit to practise than to plan;
He dearly earns his poor reward,
And spends it like an Irishman.

If strange or poor, for you he'll pay,
And guide to where you safe may be;
If you're his guest, while e'er you stay,
His cottage holds a jubilee.
His inmost soul he will unlook,
And if he may your secrets sean,
Your confidence he scorns to mock,
For faithful is an Irishman.

By honor bound in woe or weal,
Whate'er she bids he dares to do;
Try him with bribes—they won't prevail;
Prove him in fire—you'll find him true.
He seeks not safety, let his post
Be where it ought in danger's van;
And if the field of fame be lost,
It won't be by an Irishman.

Erin, loved land, from age to age,
Be thou more great, more famed and free,
May peace be thine, or shouldst thou wage
Defensive war—cheap victory.
May plenty bloom in every field,
Which gentle breezes softly fan,
And cheerful smiles serenely gild
The home of every Irishman.

RIGGED OUT.

I'm a brand from the burning, a genuine saint,
Newly purged and set free from Papistical taint;
Yea, I'm one of that holy, that sanctified troop
Whose souls have been chastened by flannel and soup.

I'll tell how so blessed a change came about:
I always was lazy, a slouch, and a lout;
I never was willing to delve or to dig,
But I looked for support to my wife and the pig.

My spirit was never confused or perplexed
By the talk in this world about things in the next;
But I felt I'd be certain of one life of bliss,
If some one would feed me for nothing in this.

And so by a ditch near my cabin I lay,
With my front to the sun, on a hot summer day,
When the Reverend Oliver Stiggins came by,
And attracted my gaze by the white of his eye.

He spoke, and he said: "I perceive by your face,
Wretched man, that you're much unacquainted with grace."
"Very true, sir," said I, "sure I scarce know the taste
Of the broth or the flesh of a four-footed baste."

Then he bade me arise and proceed with him home,
Till he'd give me some proofs of the errors of Rome.
I went, and the clinchers that Oliver chose
Were a full and complete suit of second-hand clothes.

I felt at the moment the breeches went on
That half of my ancient religion was gone;
Much was done by a vest buttoned up to the throat,
But the grand hit of all was a rusty black coat.

The hat was convincing, as one might expect,
The necktie itself had a certain effect;
Then to pluck away error right out from the roots,
He covered my croobs with a new pair of boots.

Then he raised up his hands and his eyes, and began
To declare, through his nose, I'd "put off the Old Man,"
And he hoped to my newly-found faith I'd hold fast;
Which I said that I would—while his garments would last.

Then he bade me go talk unto Biddy, my wife,
About ribbons and cotton and Protestant life;
And to ask her, with dear Mrs. Stiggins' regards,
What stuff would convert her, and how many yards.

I hurried to Biddy—she shrieked with affright,
She laughed and she cried at the comical sight;
She called me an *assal*, a rogue, and a fool,
And fell combing my head with a three-legged stool.

She pitched me right out and she bolted the door,
I knocked and I shouted, I cursed, and I swore;
But soon I grew meek, and I made up my mind
I could fare very well leaving Biddy behind.

From town unto town have I traveled since then,
Giving good British Scripture to women and men,
And indulging at times in a bit of a freak,
But, sure, Stiggins himself knows the flesh is but weak.

Well, my clothes are supplied, and secure is my pay,
But my wages are settled at so much per day;
And I boldly contend that my friends have no right
To heed what a Souper may do through the night.

THE WOMAN OF THREE COWS.

O WOMAN of Three Cows,, arragh! don't let your tongue thus rattle!

Oh, don't be saucy, don't be stiff, because you may have cattle.
I have seen—and, here's my hand to you, I only say what's true—
A many a one with twice your stock not half so proud as you.

Good luck to you, don't scorn the poor, and don't be their despiser;
For worldly wealth soon melts away, and cheats the very miser:
And death soon strips the proudest wreath from haughty human brows.
Then don't be stiff and don't be proud, good Woman of Three Cows!

See where Mononia's heroes lie, proud Owen More's descendants,
'Tis they that won the glorious name and had the grand attendants!

If *they* were forced to bow to fate, as every mortal bows,
Can *you* be proud, can *you* be stiff, my Woman of Three Cows?

The brave sons of the Lord of Clare, they left the land to mourning;
Movrone! for they were banish'd, with no hope of their returning—
Who knows in what abodes of woe those youths were driven to house?
Yet *you* can give yourself these airs, O Woman of Three Cows!

Oh, think of Donnell of the Ships, the chief whom nothing daunted—
See how he fell in distant Spain, unchronicled, unchanted!
He sleeps, the great O'Sullivan, where thunder cannot rouse—
Then ask yourself, should *you* be proud, good Woman of Three Cows!

O'Ruark, Maguire, those souls of fire, whose names are shrin'd in story—
Think how their high achievements once made Erin's greatest glory—
Yet now their bones lie moldering under weeds and cypress boughs,
And so, for all your pride, will yours, O Woman of Three Cows!

Th' O'Carrolls also, famed when fame was only for the boldest,
Rest in forgotten sepulchers with Erin's best and oldest;
Yet who so great as they of yore in battle or carouse?
Just think of that, and hide your head, good Woman of Three Cows!

Your neighbor's poor, and you, it seems, are big with vain ideas,
Because, *inagh!* you've got three cows—one more, I see, than *she* has;
That tongue of yours wags more at times than charity allows—
But, if you're strong, be merciful, great Woman of Three Cows!

Now, there you go! You still, of course, keep up your scornful bearing,
And I'm too poor to hinder you—but, by the cloak I'm wearing!
If I had but *four* cows myself, even though you were my spouse,
I'd thwack you well to cure your pride, my Woman of Three Cows!

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING
YOUNG CHARMS.

BELIEVE me, if all these endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy-gifts, fading away,

Thou wouldst still be ador'd as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will;
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofan'd by a tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear!

Oh! the heart, that has truly lov'd, never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close;
As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose!

PAT AND THE PRIEST.

PAT fell sick on a time, and he sent for the priest,
That, dying, he might have his blessing, at least;
And to come with all speed did humbly implore him,
To fit him out right for the journey before him.

The good father the summons did quickly obey,
And found Paddy, alas! in a terrible way;
Fixed and wild were his looks, and his nose cold and blue,
And his countenance wore a cold churchyard-like hue.

The good father bid Pat confess all his crimes,
To think of his sins and forsake them betimes;
Or his fate else would be, like other vile souls,
To be flayed and be salted, then roasted on coals.

"Oh! think, my dear Pat, on that beautiful place,
Where you'll visit St. Patrick and see his sweet face;
'Tis a country, my jewel, so charming and swate,
Where you'll never want praties nor brogues to your fate."

"Well, well, then," says Pat, with inquisitive face,
"That country must sure be a beautiful place;
St. Patrick, no doubt, will give us good cheer,
But d'ye think he has got any oul' whisky there?"

PAT AND THE PRIEST.—*Continued.*

The good father with wonder, amaze and surprise,
Clasped his hands and next turned up the
whites of his eyes;
"Oh! vile sinner," says he, "can you hope to
be forgiven
If you think there is carousing and drinking
in heaven?"
"Well, well, then," says Pat, "though I cannot
help thinking,
If in heaven they can do without eating or
drinking.
(Though I don't mean to say what you tell is
a fable),
'Twould be decent, you know, to see a drop on
the table."

COUNTY JAIL.

Good people, all, give ear I pray,
And mark ye all to what I say,
To my misfortunes, great and small,
Come listen and I'll tell you all:
I used to lead a glorious life,
Devoid of care, devoid of strife;
Could go to bed and fall asleep—
No ugly visions around me creep—
But, oh! the toots and Cupid gods
They nearly drove me ramping mad;
They piped into a railroad mail
And carried me off to County Jail!
And when we got to the end of the route,
The turnkey turned my pockets out,
To see if I had got such stuff
As money, grub, tobacco, or snuff;
They took me in to try my size,
The color of hair, the color of eyes—
They measured me up from root to tip,
To see if I had but one top lip;
Then straightway to the yard did go
And ordered me a suit of clothes,
The kyds came out and did me hail,
"Another new cove for County Jail!"
Then one of them, with a roguish leer,
Says, "My jolly old cove, what brought you
here?"
What do you think brought me out,
What brought me here but your railroad
route?
Then they gather'd 'round me like so many
fools,
And one talked about the rules,
That each newcomer should sing a song,
Or tell a tale, God knows how long—
Or they'd break his wind and give him a
whack,
Oh they'd take him down to black Jack,
From there they'd wollop him, tooth and nail,
With an old wet towel from County Jail!
As I walked out and strolled the yard,
Thinking my case was wondrous hard,
All at once I heard a din,
The deputy warden shouts, "All in."
Then lumbering down the yard we go,
Like beasts let out of a wild beast show—
Some cracked in mind and some in wind,
And others with a crack behind;
Then one by one we march around the tub
To get our county allowance of grub,
Which blew our ribs out like a sail,
With a skilly and whack from County Jail!

GRANDFATHER BRIAN.

GRANDFATHER BRIAN departed this life, it was on Saint Patrick's
day,
He started off to the next world without ever asking the way;
Leaving me all of his riches, with a great deal of wealth, d'ye
see?
With a pair of his cloth leather breeches that buttoned up down
to the knee.

CHORUS.

Hurrah for my grandfather Brian! I wish he was living, oeh,
sure!
And every day he'd be dying to be leaving me ten times as much
more.
He left me the whole two sides of bacon, only one half was just
cut away,
With a broomstick with the head of a rake on, and a field full
of straw to make hay;
He left me some props and some patches, with a beautiful new
smock frock,
Six beautiful hens to lay duck's eggs, only one turned out to
be a cock.
He left me a well full of water, only some said it was dry,
Three pitfuls of sand, lime and mortar, and a squinting Tomcat
with one eye;
He left me an old dog and a kitten, his lapstone, knife and
brad-awl,
With a lump of Dutch cheese that was bitten and a box full of
nothing at all.
He left me a glass that was broken, with a pair of new boots
without soles,
And, faith! if the truth must be spoken, a kettle with fifty-five
holes;
A knife board made out of leather, a treacle pot half full of
glue,
A down bed without ever a feather, and a fine coat nigh handy
in two.
He left me a very fine clock, too, full of brass wheels made out
of wood;
A key without ever a lock, too, a stool to sit down where I
stood.
A blanket made out of cloth patches, a bread basket made of tin-
ware,
A window without any sashes, and a horse collar made for a
mare.
He left me a starling, a beauty, but it turned out to be a thrush,
He bid me in life do my duty, and never comb my hair with a
brush;
He left me six pounds all n copper, with a splendid straight
rule double bent,
And a beautiful bacca stopper with a view of Blackwater in
Kent.
He left me some whisky for drinking and a beautiful stick, look
at that,
And also a she bull for milking and a second-hand silk beaver
hat;
He left me a shirt all in tatters among other things I must
state,
And a rare stock of old broken platter and, in fact, all the
family plate.
He left me the bog for a garden, one night it got covered with
the flood,
And when I went out in the morning I went up to my two eyes
in mud;
He left me a fine mare for breeding, it's age was over three
score,
And when I come here next evening I will tell you ten times as
much more.

COUNTY JAIL.—Continued.

At five o'clock one of them said,
 "It's nearly time to go to bed;"
 The truth from him I found did creep,
 For all turned in and went to sleep.
 The turnkey bawled, as stiff as starch,
 "Right about face and then quick march!"
 We did, and made such a rush,
 Like monkeys marching around a bush;
 Such clanking of clogs, such shaking of knees,
 Such croaking of bellies and clanking of keys,
 Such damning beds as hard as a nail,
 They'd starve a poor devil in County Jail!

At six next morning up we got,
 Each man was called to clean his pot,
 Then through the yard we did lurch,
 All fell in line to go to church;
 And there such dresses as met my view,
 One arm was red the other was blue—
 One leg was yellow, the other was gray,
 And then the parson began to pray.
 He said that Elijah went up in a cloud,
 And Lazarus walked about in his shroud,
 And that Jonah he lived inside of a whale,
 A d—d sight better than County Jail!

Service being over, we all got back
 And fell in line for skilly and whack;
 We crushed like pigs all in a lump—
 At nine each took his hand at pump.
 At ten we raised a glorious mill,
 And smothered each other with right good
 will!

At eleven we raised it and quit the house,
 All fell in line for pans of skouse.
 Then if there's a man, no matter how droll,
 We pop him into Pompie's hole,
 Where whack and water cocks his tail,
 There's glorious times in County Jail!

O, SONS OF ERIN.

O, sons of Erin, brave and strong,
 Upon your prostrate mother gaze;
 Her sorrows have been overlong,
 'Tis time her beauteous face to raise.
 When tyranny usurps the right,
 And chivalry pines in the jail,
 There's deep revenge in Freedom's fight—
 'Tis life to win, 'tis death to fail!

The power of monarchy is steel,
 And crushing, soul-subduing laws,
 Whose weight alone the toilers feel,
 And murmur oft, and know the cause.
 And battle oft the despot's might,
 And scorning torture and the jail,
 Seek swift revenge in Freedom's fight—
 'Tis life to win, 'tis death to fail!

Wild—wild's the night e'er freedom's sun
 Lights up the ramparts of the free;
 It rolls away, the battle's won,
 And sounds a glorious reveille—
 A reveille of hearts full light,
 Unerushed by slavery and the jail,
 It echoed down the Alpine height,
 'Twill glad the hills of Innisfail!

MOLLY, ASTHORE.

As down by Banna's banks I strayed one evening in May,
 The little birds in blithest notes made vocal every spray:
 They sung their little notes of love, they sung them o'er and
 o'er—
 Ah! gramachree, my colleen oge, my Molly, asthore.

The daisy pied and all the sweets the dawn of nature yields,
 The primrose pale, the violet blue, lay scattered o'er the fields,
 Such fragrance in the bosom lies of her whom I adore,
 Ah! gramachree, my colleen oge, my Molly, asthore.

I laid me down upon a bank, bewailing my sad fate.
 That doomed me thus a slave to love and cruel Molly's hate;
 How can she break the honest heart that wears her in its core,
 Ah! gramachree, my colleen oge, my Molly, asthore.

You said you loved me, Molly, dear—ah! why did I believe!
 Yet who could think such tender words were meant but to de-
 ceive,
 That love was all I asked on earth—nay, heaven could give no
 more,
 Ah! gramachree, my colleen oge, my Molly, asthore.

Oh! had I all the flocks that graze on yonder yellow hill,
 Or lowed for me the numerous herds that yon green pasture fill;
 With her I love I'd gladly share my kine and fleecy store,
 Ah! gramachree, my colleen oge, my Molly, asthore.

Two turtle doves above my head sat courting on a bough,
 I envied them their happiness to see them bill and coo:
 Soon fondness once for me was shown, but now, alas! 'tis o'er,
 Ah! gramachree, my colleen oge, my Molly, asthore.

Then fare thee well, my Molly dear, thy loss I e'er shall mourn.
 While life remains in Stephen's heart 'twill beat for thee alone,
 Tho' thou art false, may heaven on thee its choicest blessings
 pour,
 Ah! gramachree, my colleen oge, my Molly, asthore.

THE HARP WITHOUT THE CROWN.

Oh! how she plowed the ocean, the good ship *Castle Down*,
 The day we hung our colors out, the Harp *without* the Crown!
 A gallant bark, she topped the wave; and fearless hearts were
 we,
 With guns, and pikes, and bayonets, a stalwart company.
 'Twas sixteen years from Thurot; and sweepng down the bay,
 The "Siege of Carrickfergus" so merrily we did play;
 By the old Castle's foot we went, with three right hearty
 cheers;
 And waved our green cockades aloft, for we were Volunteers,
 Volunteers.

Oh! we were in our prime that day, stout Irish Volunteers.
 'Twas when we waved our anchor on the breast of smooth Gar-
 moyle,
 Our guns spoke out in thunder: "Adieu, sweet Irish soil!"
 At Whiteabbey, and Greencastle, and Hollywood so gay.
 Were hundreds waving handkerchiefs, with many a loud huzza.
 Our voices o'er the water went to the voices 'round;
 Young Freedom, struggling at her birth, might utter such a
 sound.

But one green slope beside Belfast, we cheered, and cheered it
 still:
 The people had changed its name that year, and called it
 Bunker's Hill:

Bunker's Hill.

Oh! that our hands, like our hearts, had been in the trench at
 Bunker's Hill!

THE HARP WITHOUT THE CROWN.—Continued.

Our ship cleared out for Quebec port; but thither little bent,
Up some New England river, to run her keel we meant.
We took our course due north as out 'round old Blackhead we
steered,

Till Ireland bore southwest by south, and Fingal's rock ap-
peared.

Then on the poop stood Webster, while the ship hung flutteringly,
About to take her tack across the wide, wide ocean sea.

He points to the Atlantic—"Yonder's no place for slaves;
Haul down these British badges; for Freedom rules the waves,
Rules the waves!"

Three hundred strong men answered, shouting: "Freedom rules
the waves!"

Then altogether they arose, and brought the British ensign
down;

And up we raised our island Green, without the British Crown;
Emblazoned there a golden harp, like maiden undefiled,
A shamrock wreath around its head, looked o'er the sea and
smiled.

A hundred days, with adverse winds, we kept our course afar;
On the hundredth day, came bearing down, a British sloop-of-
war.

When they spied our flag they fired a gun; but as they neared
us fast,

Old Andrew Jackson went aloft, and nailed it to the mast,
To the mast.

A sailor was that old Jackson; he made our colors fast,
Patrick Henry was our captain, as brave as ever sailed;
"Now we must do or die," said he, "for our green flag is nailed."

Silently came the sloop along; and silently we lay
Till with ringing cheers and cannonade the foe began the fray;
Then, their boarders o'er the bulwarks, like shuttlecocks we
east,

One broadside volley from our guns swept down the tapering
mast:—

"Now, British Tars! St. George's cross is trailing in the sea;
How do you like the greeting, and the handsel of the Free?

Of the Free?

These are the terms and tokens of men who will be free."
They answered us with cannon, their honor to redeem,
To shoot away our Irish flag, each gunner took his aim;
They ripped it up in ribbons, till it fluttered in the air,
And filled with shot-holes, till no trace of golden Harp was
there;

But the ragged holes did glance and gleam, in the sun's golden
light,

Even as the twinkling stars adorn God's unfurled flag at night.
With drooping fire, we sung: "Good-night, and fare-ye-well,
brave Tars!"

Our Captain looked aloft: "By Heaven! the flag is stripes and
stars,

Stripes and stars."

Right into Boston port we sailed, below the Stripes and Stars.

I'M PROUD I'M AN IRISHMAN BORN.

THE Scotelmen may boast of their snow-covered mountains,
Their wild towering rocks, woods and heath-covered dales;
With their cataracts and rivers, and clear silver fountains,
Their pastures of culture and their flower-covered vales.

But give to me old Erin's shore, that's the land I adore,
All countries I have seen, but no such beauties adorn:
And where is the Irishman, who loves not his native land,
Oh, boys, but I'm proud that I'm an Irishman born.

CHORUS.

For Irishmen never yield when they're on the battlefield,
With a gun, sword or fist, or a twig of blackthorn:
And oft on the battlefield our sires made their foes to yield,
Oh, boys, but I'm proud that I'm an Irishman born.

THE PEASANT'S BRIDE.

I was a simple country girl
That loved the morning dearly;
My only wealth a precious pearl
I found one morning early.
I milked my mother's only cow,
My kind poor lovin' *Drimin*;
I never envied then nor now
The kine of richer women.

The sun shone out in bonny June,
And fragrant were the meadows;
A voice as sweet as an Irish tune
(I know it was my Thady's),
Said, "Mary dear, I fain would stay,
But where's the use repining?
I must away to save my hay
Now while the sun is shining."

Now Thady was as stout a blade
As ever stood in leather,
With hook or scythe, with plow or spade,
He'd beat ten men together;
He's just the man, thought I, for me,
He is working late and early,
He shall be mine if he is free,
He takes my fancy fairly.

I gave my hand, though I was young,
And *heart*, too, like a feather,
Our marriage song by the lark was sung
When we were wed together;
And many a noble lord, I'm told,
And many a noble lady,
Would gladly give a crown of gold
To be like me and Thady.

TONY LUMPKIN'S SONG.

LET schoolmasters puzzle their brain
With grammar, and nonsense, and learning;
Good liquor, I stoutly maintain,
Gives *genus* a better discerning.
Let them brag of their heathenish gods,
Their Lethes, their Styxes, and Stygians;
Their Quis, and their Quas, and their Quods,
They're all but a parcel of Pigeons.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

When Methodist preachers come down,
A-preaching that drinking is sinful,
I'll wager the rascals a crown,
They always preach best with a skinful.
But when you come down with your pence
For a slice of their scurvy religion,
I'll leave it to all men of sense,
But you, my good friend, are the pigeon.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

Then come, put the jorum about,
And let us be merry and clever,
Our hearts and our liquors are stout,
Here's the Three Jolly Pigeons forever.
Let some cry up woodcock or hare,
Your bustards, your ducks, and your wid-
geons:
But of all the birds in the air,
Here's a health to the Three Jolly Pigeons.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

I'M PROUD I'M AN IRISHMAN BORN.—*Continued.*

Old Ireland can boast of her statesmen and warriors,
Her poets, painters and sculptors, too;
She had Princely O'Neil, Sarsfield, Norris and Clifford,
Tyrconnell, O'Donnell and the great Brian Boru.
Oliver Goldsmith, Thomas Moore, Isaac Butt and Sergeant
Power,
Robert Emmet and John Mitchell, Dan O'Connell and Curran;
The great Duke of Wellington, and bold Marshal McMahon,
Oh, boys, but I'm proud that I'm an Irishman born.

The stranger in old Ireland is sure to find a welcome hand,
And kindly they'll treat him until he departs:
Be he heathen, Russian, Jew or Turk, no hatred in the Irish
lurk,
For love (truth and friendship doth reign in their hearts,
So Irishmen of each degree, come join in Erin's praise with me,
For wherever I am, my heart to Erin doth turn;
For no nation upon the earth unto such heroes has given birth,
Oh, boys, but I'm proud that I'm an Irishman born.

THE FOX HUNT.

THE first morning of March in the year '33
There was frolic and fun in our own country:
The King's County hunt over meadows and rocks
Most nobly set out in the search of a fox.
Hullahoo! harkaway! hullahoo! harkaway!
Hullahoo! harkaway, boys! away, harkaway!

When they started bold Reynard he faced Tullamore,
Through Wicklow and Arklow along the sea-shore;
There he brisked up his brush with a laugh, and says he,
" 'Tis mighty refreshing this breeze from the sea."
Hullahoo! harkaway! etc.

With the hounds at his heels every inch of the way,
He led us by sunset right intot Roscrea.
Here he ran up a chimney and out of the top,
The rogne he cried out for the hunters to stop
From their loud harkaway! &c.

" 'Twas a long thirsty stretch since we left the sea-shore,
But, lads, here you've gallons of claret galore;
Myself will make free just to slip out of view,
And take a small pull at my own mountain dew,"
So no more hullahoo! etc.

One hundred and twenty good sportsmen went down,
And sought him from Ballyland through Ballyboyne;
We swore that we'd watch him the length of the night,
So Reynard, sly Reynard, lay hid till the light.
Hullahoo! harkaway! etc.

But the hills they re-echoed right early next morn
With the cry of the hounds and the call of the horn,
And in spite of his action, his craft, and his skill,
Our fine fox was taken on top of the hill.
Hullahoo! harkaway! etc.

When Reynard he knew that his death was so nigh,
For pen, ink, and paper he called with a sigh;
And all his dear wishes on earth to fulfil,
With these few dying words he declared his last will,
While we ceased harkaway! etc.

" Here's to you, Mr. Casey, my Curragmore estate,
An! to you, young O'Brien, my money and plate,
And to you, Thomas Demihy, my whip, spurs, and cap.
For no leap was so cross that you'd look for a gap."
And of what he made mention they found it no blank,
For he gave them a check on the National Bank.

THE CONVICT AND THE CROSS.

" Oh! let me wear the little cross, the little
cross that once I wore.
When oft, a happy boy, I roamed along the
Lee's lamenting shore;
And as I heard the stream glide by, that
sobbed to leave so sweet a land,
A more lamenting human tide swept onward
to the distant strand;
Even then I vowed, come weal, come woe, if
faintest hope should ever gleam
That life and verdure here at home might
spring from that now wasted stream,
That I would take my humble part—that I
the glorious risk would share,
And what the patriot heart inspired the pa-
triot hand would do and dare.
But ah! I faint, mine eyes grow dim in think-
ing of the days of yore—
Oh! let me wear the little cross that once a
happy child I wore!

" 'Twill tell me of a mother's love: forgive me,
O thou sacred sign!
'Twill tell me more than mother's love—'twill
tell me of a love divine;
'Twill tell me of a captive bound, a captive
bound by ruthless hands—
The thorny crown, the draught of gall, the
ruffian jeers o' fribald bands—
The shame, the agony, the death! ah, me! the
years have rolled and rolled,
And still in this most awful type, unselfish
love thy fate behold!
These it will tell, and oh! perchance, a softer
thought 'twill whisper too—
Father, forgive, forgive even *them*, for ah!
they know not what they do.
But ah! I faint, mine eyes grow dim, my lease
of life is well nigh o'er—
Oh! let me wear the little cross, that once a
happy child I wore!"

The cross was sent; some kindly heart, that
heard the captive's dying prayer,
Left at the gate the little cross smooth-folded
round with loving care;
Coarse hands, and cold the sacred fold with
scorn and careless languor broke,
And found, enshrined in snowy fleeces, a little
cross of Irish oak.
" Ho! ho!" they cried, " what emblem's this?
what popish charm is this we see?
Some talisman, perchance, it is to set the Irish
rebel free!"
And so it is, although ye mock, beyond your
bolts, beyond your bars,
'Twill lead his soul enfranchised forth, above
the sur, above the stars;
For though ye kept it from his hands, within
his faithful heart he bore
The little cross, the saving cross that once a
happy child he wore.

A curse be on such heartless rules, and shame
to them who such could shape,
Could bring to life such monstrous forms, such
worms of twaddle and of tape—
Scourge, if ye will, the honest backs of those
who scorn your lash, and ye—

THE CONVICT AND THE CROSS.—*Continued.*

But torture not the soul with thongs, and leave
the immortal spirit free.
From Tobolsk's mines, from Ethiop's plains,
from Abyssinian tyrants learn
That men are not machines, nor move by
springs, that *you* alone discern—
Imprison, exile, hang all those your ruthless
laws have foemen made;
But let the soul, in going forth, be strength-
ened by Religion's aid.
Not yours to judge the priceless worth, not
yours to scan the countless store
Of grace and hope the cross can give, the
cross a Christian child once wore.

IRISH NATIONAL HYMN.

Oh, Ireland, ancient Ireland,
Ancient, yet forever young;
Thou our mother, home and sireland,
Thou at length hast found a tongue.
Proudly thou at length
Resistest in triumphant strength.
Thy flag of freedom floats unfurled;
And as that mighty God existeth,
Who giveth victory when and where He
listeth,
Thou yet shalt wake and shake the nations of
the world.
For this dull world still slumbers,
Weetless of its wants or loves,
Though, like Galileo, numbers
Cry aloud: "It moves—it moves!"
In a midnight dream,
Drifts it down Time's wreckful
stream—
All march, but few descry the goal.
Oh, Ireland be it thy high duty
To teach the world the might of moral
beauty,
And stamp God's image truly on the strug-
gling soul.

Strong in thy self-reliance,
Not in idle threat or boast,
Hast thou hurled thy fierce defiance
At the haughty Saxon host.
Thou hast claimed, in sight
Of high Heaven, thy long-lost right.
Upon thy hills, along thy plains,
In the green bosom of thy valleys,
The new-born soul of holy freedom rallies,
And calls on thee to trample down in dust thy
claims!

Deep, saith the Eastern story,
Burns in Iran's mines a gem,
For its dazzling hues and glory
Worth a Sutan's diadem.
But from human eyes
Hidden there it ever lies!
The aye-travailing Gnomes alone,
Who toil to form the mountain's treasure,
May gaze and gloat with pleasure without
measure
Upon the lustrous beauty of that wonder-
stone.

DARRYNANE.

(Written in 1844, after a visit to Darrynane Abbey.)

WHERE foams the white torrent, and rushes the rill,
Down the murmuring slopes of the echoing hill—
Where the eagle looks out from his cloud-crested crags,
And the caverns resound with the panting of stags—
Where the brow of the mountain is purple with heath,
And the mighty Atlantic rolls proudly beneath,
With the foam of its waves like the snowy *fenane*—
Oh! that is the region of wild Darrynane!

Oh! fair are the islets of tranquil Glengariff,
And wild are the sacred recesses of Seariff—
And beauty, and wildness, and grandeur, commingle
By Bantry's broad bosom, and wave-wasted Dingle;
But wild as the wildest, and fair as the fairest,
And lit by a luster that thou alone wearest—
And dear to the eye and the free heart of man
Are the mountains and valleys of wild Darrynane!

And who is the Chief of this lordly domain?
Does a slave hold the land where a monarch might reign?
Oh! no, by St. Finbar, nor cowards, nor slaves,
Could live in the sound of these free, dashing waves!
A Chieftain, the greatest the world has e'er known—
Laurel his coronet—true hearts his throne—
Knowledge his scepter—a Nation his clan—
O'Connell, the Chieftain of proud Darrynane!

A thousand bright streams on the mountains awake,
Whose waters unite in O'Donoghue's Lake—
Streams of Glanflesk and the dark Gishadine
Filling the heart of that valley divine!
Then rushing in one mighty artery down
To the limitless ocean by murmuring Lowne!
Thus Nature unfolds in her mystical plan
A type of the Chieftain of wild Darrynane!

In him every pulse of our bosoms unite—
Our hatred of wrong and our worship of right—
The hopes that we cherish, the ills we deplore,
All center within his heart's innermost core,
Which gathered in one mighty current, are flung
To the ends of the earth from his thunder-toned tongue!
Till the Indian looks up, and the valiant Afghan
Draws his sword at the echo from far Darrynane!

But here he is only the friend and the father,
Who from children's sweet lips truest wisdom can gather,
And seeks from the large heart of Nature to borrow
Rest for the present and strength for the morrow!
Oh! who that e'er saw him with children about him,
And heard his soft tones of affection, could doubt him?
My life on the truth of the heart of that man
That throbs like the Chieftain's of wild Darrynane!

Oh! wild Darrynane, on thy ocean-washed shore,
Shall the glad song of mariners echo once more?
Shall the merchants, and minstrels, and maidens of Spain,
Once again in their swift ships come over the main?
Shall the soft lute be heard, and the gay youths of France
Lead our blue-eyed young maidens again to the dance?
Graceful and shy as thy fawns, Killenane,
Are the mind-molded maidens of far Darrynane!

Dear land of the South, as my mind wandered o'er
All the joys I have felt by thy magical shore,
From those lakes of enchantment by oak-clad Glenna
To the mountainous passes of bold Iveragh!
Like birds which are lured to a haven of rest,
By those rocks far away on the ocean's bright breast—
Thus my thoughts loved to linger, as memory ran
O'er the mountains and valleys of wild Darrynane!

IRISH NATIONAL HYMN.—*Continued.*

So is it with a nation
Which would win for its rich dower
That bright pearl, Self-Liberation—
It must labor hour by hour.
Strangers, who travail
To lay bare the gem, shall fail;
Within itself, must grow, must glow—
Within the depths of its own bosom
Must flower in living night, must broadly
blossom,
The hopes that shall be born ere Freedom's
tree can blow.

Go on, then, all-rejoiceful!
March on thy career unbowed!
IRELAND! let thy noble bowed!
Spirit cry to God aloud!

Man will bid thee speed—
God will aid thee in thy need—
The Time, the Hour, the Power are near—
Be sure thou soon shalt form the vanguard
Of that illustrious band whom Heaven and
Man guard:
And these words come from *one whom some
have called a Seer*

THE TRUE IRISH KING.

THE Cæsar of Rome has a wider demesne
And the *Ard-Righ* of France has more clans in
his train;
The scepter of Spain is more heavy with gems,
And our crowns cannot vie with the Greek
diadems;
But kinglier far, before Heaven and man,
Are the emerald fields and the fiery-eyed clan,
The scepter, and state, and the poets who sing,
And the swords that encircle a True Irish
King!

For he must have come from a conquering
race—
The heir of their valor, their glory, their
grace;
His frame must be stately, his step must be
fleet,
His hand must be trained to each warrior feat;
His face, as the harvest moon, steadfast and
clear,
A head to enlighten, a spirit to cheer;
While the foremost to rush where the battle-
brands ring,
And the last to retreat is a True Irish King.

Yet, not from his courage, his strength or his
name,
Can he from the clansmen their fealty claim.
The poorest, and highest, choose freely to-
day
The chief that to-night they'll as truly obey;
For loyalty springs from a people's consent,
And the knee that is forced had been better
unbent—
The Sassenach serfs no such homage can bring
As the Irishman's choice of a True Irish
King!

THE IRISH PEASANT GIRL.

SHE lived beside the Anner,
At the foot of Sliv-na-mon,
A gentle peasant girl,
With mild eyes like the dawn;
Her lips were dewy rose-buds,
Her teeth, of pearls so rare,
And a snow-drift 'neath a beechen bough,
Her neck and nut-brown hair.

How pleasant 'twas to meet her
On Sunday, when the bell
Was filling with its mellow tones
Lone wood and grassy dell;
And when at eve young maidens
Strayed the river bank along,
The widow's brown-haired daughter
Was the loveliest of the throng.

Oh, brave—brave Irish girls—
We well may call you brave—
Sure the least of all your perils
Is the stormy ocean wave;
When you leave our quiet valleys,
And cross the Atlantic's foam,
To hoard your hard-won earnings
For the helpless ones at home.

“Write word to my own dear mother—
Say we'll meet with God above,
And tell my little brothers
I send them all my love;
May the angels ever guard them,
Is their dying sister's prayer—”
And folded in the letter
Was a braid of nut-brown hair.

Ah, cold and well-nigh callous,
This weary heart has grown,
For thy helpless fate, dear Ireland,
And for sorrows of my own:
Yet a tear my eye will moisten,
When by Anner side I stray,
For the lily of the mountain foot,
That withered far away.

OULD IRELAND, YOU'RE MY DARLIN'.

OULD Ireland, you're my jewel, sure,
My heart's delight and glory:
Till time shall pass his empty glass,
Your name shall live in story.
And this shall be the song for me,
The first my heart was larnin
Before my tongue one accent sung.
“Ould Ireland, you're my darlin'.”

My blessings on each manly son
Of thine, who will stand by thee;
But hang the knave and dastard slave,
So base as to deny thee.
Then bould and free, while yet for me
The globe is 'round us whirling
My song shall be Gra Galmachree,
Ould Ireland, you're my darlin'.”

Sweet spot of earth that gave me birth,
Deep in my soul I cherish,
While life remains within these veins,
A love that ne'er can perish.
If it was a thing that I could sing,
Like any thrush or starlin',
In cage or tree, my song should be:
“Ould Ireland, you're my darlin'.”

THE TRUE IRISH KING.—Continued.

Come, look on the pomp when they make an O'Neil;

The muster of dynasts—O'Hagan, O'Shiel,
O'Cahan, O'Hanlon, O'Breslen, and all,
From mild Ardes and Orior to rude Donegal.
"St. Patrick's *comharba*," with bishops thir-

teen,
And Ollaves, and brehons, and minstrels, are

seen,
'Round Tulach-Og Rath, like the bees in the

spring,
All swarming to honor a True Irish King.
Unsandaled he stands, on the foot dinted rock,
Like a pillar-stone fix'd against every shock.
'Round—'round is the Rath on a far-seeing

hill,
Like his blemishless honor and vigilant will.
The grey-beards are telling how chiefs by the

score
Have been crowned on "The Rath of the

Kings" heretofore,
While, yet crowded, yet ordered, within its

green ring,
Are the dynasts and priests around the True

Irish King.

The chronicler read him the laws of the clan,
And pledged him to bide by their blessing and

ban;
His *skian* and his sword are unbuckled to

show
That they only were meant for a foreigner

foe;
A white willow wand has been put in his

hand—
A type of pure, upright and gentle command—
While hierarchs are blessing, he slipper they

fling,
And O'Cahan proclaims him a True Irish

King.
Thrice looked he to Heaven with thanks and

with prayer—
Thrice looked to his borders with sentinel

stare—
To the waves of Loch Neagh, the heights of

Strabane,
And thrice on his allies, and thrice on his

clan—
One clash on their bucklers—one more—they

are still—
What means the deep pause on the crest of

the hill?
Why gaze they above him? A war-eagle

wing!
"Tis an omen! Hurrah for the True Irish

King!"
God aid him! God save him and smile on his

reign—
The terror of England, the ally of Spain.
May his sword be triumphant o'er Sassenach

arts,
Be his throne ever girt by strong hands and

true hearts.
May the course of his conquest run on till he

see
The flag of Plantagenet sink in the sea!
May minstrels forever his victories sing,

And saints make the bed of the True Irish

King.

THE BONNY BUNCH OF ROSES.

By the borders of the ocean,
One morning in the month of June,
For to hear those warlike songsters,
Their cheerful notes and sweetly tune;
I overheard a female talking,
Who seemed to be in grief and woe,
Conversing with young Bonaparte,
Concerning the bonny bunch of roses oh.

Then up steps young Napoleon
And takes his mother by the hand,
Saying: Mother, dear, have patience
Until I am able to command;
Then I will take an army,
Through tremendous dangers I will go;
In spite of all the universe
I will conquer the bonny bunch of roses, oh.

The first time that I saw young Bonaparte,
Down on his bended knees fell he;
He asked the pardon of his rather,
Who granted it most mournfully.
Dear son, he said, I'll take an army
And over the frozen Alps will go,
Then I will conquer Moscow,
And return to the bonny bunch of roses, oh.

He took five hundred thousand men,
With kings likewise to bear his train;
He was so well provided for
That he could sweep this world alone.
But when he came to Moscow,
He was overpowered by the driven snow,
When Moscow was a blazing,
So he lost his bonny bunch of roses, oh.

O, son, don't speak so venturesome,
For in England are the hearts of oak;
There is England, Ireland, Scotland,
Their unity was never broke.
O, son, think on thy father,
On the Isle of St. Helen his body lies low,
And you must soon follow after him,
So beware of the bonny bunch of roses, oh.

Now do believe me, dearest mother,
Now I lie on my dying bed;
If I had lived I would have been clever,
But now I droop my youthful head.
But whilst our bodies lie moldering,
And weeping willows over our bodies grow,
The deeds of great Napoleon
Shall sting the bonny bunch of roses, oh.

WE MAY ROAM THRO' THIS WORLD.

WE may roam thro' this world, like a child at a feast,
Who but sips of a sweet and then flies to the rest;
And, when pleasure begins to grow dull in the east,
We may order our wings, to be off to the west;
But if hearts that feel, and eyes that smile,
Are the dearest gifts that heaven supplies,
We never need leave our own green isle
For sensitive hearts and for sun-bright eyes.
Then remember, whenever your goblet is crown'd,
Thro' this world, whether eastward or westward you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
Oh! remember the smile which adorns her at home.

WE MAÁ ROAM THRO' THIS WORLD.—*Continued.*

In England the garden of beauty is kept
 By a dragon of prudery placed within call;
 But so oft this unamiable dragon has slept,
 That the garden's but carelessly watched after all.
 Oh! they want the wild sweet-briery fence,
 Which round the flowers of Erin dwells,
 Which warms the touch while winning the sense,
 Nor charms us least when it most repels.
 Then remember, etc.

In France, when the heart of woman sets sail,
 On the ocean of wedlock its fortune to try,
 Love seldom goes far in a vessel so frail,
 But just pilots her off, and then bids her good-by;
 While the daughters of Erin keep the boy,
 Ever smiling beside his faithful oar,
 Through billows of woe, and beams of joy,
 The same as he looked when he left the shore.
 Then remember, etc.

"THE GLEN OF THE LAKES."

GLEN of the Lakes! I hail thee with emotion,
 Long-sighed-for object of the poet's soul—
 A pilgrim-bard presents his heart's devotion
 Beside the hills where Avon's waters roll.
 Now sweetly o'er me steals a happy feeling,
 That thou art one I oft beheld before;
 The hazy curtains seem to rise, revealing
 The long-sought beauties of thy magic shore.

The silv'ry lakes! what solemn awe around them,
 Embosom'd safely mid the mountains brown;
 The heathy cliffs, the waving forests bound them,
 Lugduff, the giant, proudly looketh down.
 The summer sun at midday softly peepeth
 Adown the heather, o'er the shadow'd streams;
 The gloomy brook awhile in silence sleepeth,
 Then wakes and smiles amid the sunny beams.

So grand, so solemn seems the silence reigning
 Across the Glen in summer's brightest hour,
 That nature wearied here in peace remaining,
 Seems slave awhile to slumber's mighty pow'r.
 She scarcely breathes beside the streamlet sighing,
 Beneath the pines that guard the sobbing lake;
 Till autumn leaves beside the waters lying,
 With rustling voices bid the sleepers wake!

A home was here for sainted hermit glowing,
 With sacred love and wondrous faith divine!
 A calm retreat for youth in virtue growing
 Where nature's God could have a fitting shrine.
 And so the lakes, through brightest golden ages
 Reflected forms of Erin's sainted men;
 And while their names illumine historic pages,
 Saint Kevin's works shall speak amid the glen!

They stand majestic—ruined churches lowly,
 Whose mold'ring porches creeping-ivy climbs;
 The princes, prelates, hermits meek and holy
 Rest 'neath the cross that tells of better times.
 And, grandest sight! "the pillar-tow'r" that telleth
 Of glories gone amid the glooms of time;
 For though no more the Abbey-bell out swelleth,
 The voiceless ruins tell their tale sublime!

Unnumbered legends, quaint, and sweet, and tender,
 Are still preserv'd and heard beside the glen
 Of holy Kevin, peasants' kind defender—
 The friend and father dear to suffering men.
 One summer day, alas! it soon departed,
 When seated nigh the lake with friends most dear,
 I heard of Kevin, kind and tender-hearted,
 And felt I then had kindred spirits near!

PAT MALONY'S FAMILY.

Me name is Mike Malony, I'm a carpenter by trade,
 I married Molly Higgins, who all my trouble made;
 She'd as many of relations as fishes in the sea,
 They ate me out of house and home, and destroyed me family.

CHORUS.

There's her father and her mother and her
 sister and her brother,
 Seventeen hundred babies laying on their
 knees;
 Her uncles and her cousins, and her aunties
 by the dozen,
 Lived upon the earnings of Patrick Malony.
 My pants would fit her uncle, her dress would
 fit her niece,
 I have to sleep upon the roof, or I never have
 no peace;
 They made me buy them dainties, root beer by
 the pail,
 I'd have to wait till they were full before I'd
 get me male.

CHORUS.

There was a puddin', there was mutton that'd
 make you burst a button;
 And a fiery-headed Corkonian by the name
 of Pat Cloney,
 To superintend the table, to put me in a
 stable
 While they ate up all the labor of Patrick
 Malony.

Her uncle wore my stockings, my hat would
 fit his head
 Whin tired out wid labor they'd kick me out
 of bed;
 I put up every pinny for to keep them from
 Bellevue,
 I wish the Coroner would sit on my wife and
 all the crew.

CHORUS.

There's her nephews and her nieces, that come
 from several places:
 Seventeen hundred grandmothers and mothers-
 in-law, you see;
 A wagon load of Dalys, McSweegan and the
 Halys
 Lived on the earnings of Patrick Malony.

There's her second cousin's brother, and his
 toothless old stepmother,
 And sixteen hundred emigrants from Ire-
 land, you see;
 Wid their boxes and their bedding, on my in-
 grain carpet treading,
 They lived upon the earnings of Patrick
 Malony.

CHORUS.

There's the Bradys and the Gradys—
 decent, perfect ladies,
 Always axing charity from my family,
 you see;
 One husband was a loafer, the other was
 a toper,
 Depending on the friendship of Patrick
 Malony.

"THE BRIGADE" AT FONTENOY.

By our camp fires 'rose a murmur
At the dawning of the day,
And the tread of many footsteps
Spoke the advent of a fray;
And as we took our places,
Few and stern were our words,
While some were tightening horse-girths,
And some were girding swords.

The trumpet blast has sounded
Our footmen to array—
The willing steed has bounded,
Impatient for the fray—
The green flag is unfolded,
While arose the cry of joy—
"Heaven speed dear Ireland's banner
To-day at Fontenoy."

We looked upon that banner,
And the memory arose
Of our homes and perished kindred,
Where the Lee or Shannon flows;
We looked upon that banner,
And we swore to God on high,
To smite to-day the Saxon's might—
To conquer or to die.

Loud swells the charging trumpet—
'Tis a voice from our own land—
God of battles—God of vengeance,
Guide to-day the patriot band;
There are stains to wash away—
There are memories to destroy,
In the best blood of the Briton
To-day at Fontenoy.

Plunge deep the fiery rowels
In a thousand reeking flanks—
Down, chivalry of Ireland,
Down on the British ranks—
Now shall their serried columns
Beneath our sabers reel—
Through their ranks, then, with the war-
horse—
Through their bosoms with the steel.

With one shout for good King Louis,
And the fair land of the vine,
Like the wrathful Alpine tempest
We swept upon their line—
Then rang along the battle-field
Triumphant our hurrah,
And we smote them down still cheering,
"Erin, slanthagal go bragh!"

As prized as is the blessing
From an aged father's lip—
As welcome as the haven
To the tempest-driven ship—
As dear as to the lover
The smile of gentle maid—
Is this day of long-sought vengeance
To the swords of the brigade.

See their shattered forces flying,
A broken, routed line—
See England, what brave laurels
For your brow to-day we twine.
Oh, thrice blessed the hour that witnessed
The Briton turn to flee
From the chivalry of Erin,
And France's "*fleur de lis*."

IRELAND WILL YET BE FREE.

LET tyrants exult and their mandates proclaim,
Their scepters with iron hands sway;
Oppression the Irish heart never can tame,
Nor drive hope of freedom away.
The yoke may be heavy and firm in its place,
The fetters secure all may be;
But blood will wash out this most shameful disgrace,
And Ireland ere long shall be free.

The day may be distant—perhaps it is near,
When freedom shall dawn on our land;
When Ireland no longer a tyrant need fear,
Her rights she will seek and demand.
Her fields, now deserted, shall blossom once more,
Her ships will skim over the sea;
The hirelings of England be hurled from our shore,
And Ireland will truly be free.

Then toast our fair island, my countrymen all,
"Success to her struggle so nigh;"
Her sons will spring forth at the first trumpet call,
And battle for freedom or die.
Then when we have conquered and peace smiles again,
Let this our grand toast ever be:
"Confusion to tyrants wherever they reign!"
And Ireland shall ever be free.

THE IRISH MOTHER'S DREAM.

ONE night, as the wind of the winter blew loud,
And snow swathed the earth, like a corse in its shroud,
An aged mother mused in her dim cottage shed,
O'er the young soldier-son of her heart far away,
Where the cannon flames red o'er the low lying dead,
And the desolate camp bleakly spreads in the day.
And near stood her daughter, with sad strained smile,
And kind cheek of care that long weeping had worn.
As she whispered, "Now sleep, dearest mother, a while—
God is good, and our Dermot will surely return."

The poor mother turned on her pillow, and there
Soon slept the kind sleep Heaven sheds on our care.
Silence filled the dusk chamber—the low ashy hearth
Sunk lower, and noiselessly sifted the snow,
O'er the white, spacious girth of the cold, solemn earth,
Where the muffled moon fitfully glimmer'd below;
But vanished the while are her visions of fear,
And passed, for a space, is her sorrow and pain;
For an angel has waited her soul from its sphere,
And in dreams she beholds her own Dermot again.

Dear joy! how she loves him! A long year has passed
Since she kissed his pale forehead, and hung on his breast;
She looks in his face—'tis the same, still the same—
Still soft are those eyes as the dew on the sod:
No thirst for the game of wild battle or fame
Have lessened their love for her, thanks be to God!
But away! they are speeding o'er mountain and moor—
O'er city and forest—o'er tempest and tide:
But little she heeds of their terrors, be sure,
While that son of her bosom seems still at her side.

Lo! at length they have passed the wild ocean, and stand
On a summit, that looks o'er a desolate land:
Far off the great fortresses loom o'er the spray,
Anear, the bleak tents drift the slopes of the ground;
And a sense of decay fills the solitude gray,
For an army in ruins is scattered around.
"And is it for this," said the poor dreaming soul,
"My Dermot has wandered from home's blessed air?—
Here Death fills the wind blowing keen from the pole—
Here the pestilence strikes what the cannon may spare."

THE IRISH MOTHER'S DREAM.—Continued.

They passed through the streets of the tents lying still—
 They passed by the trenches that ridge the brown hill—
 They saw the pale faces that famine has worn;
 They pace where the wounded lie lonely and lost—
 Where the corse, cannon-torn, to its red bed was borne—
 Where the poor frozen sentinel died on his post.
 "Ah, why, Dermot, why did you cross the wide foam,
 To fortune, my child, in this land of the dead?
 Sure we'd plenty at home—there was better to come:
 Why, for this, did you leave me, acushla?" she said.

"I thought, as you grew fond and brave by my side,
 No sorrow could cloud us—no fate could divide;
 I fancied the day when our home would grow bright,
 With the smile of some *colleen* I'd cherish for thee—
 When I'd sing thro' the night by the hearth's ruddy light,
 With your boy, my own Dermot, asleep on my knee;
 And when, circled round by a few happy friends,
 Old age drooped my head, after many a year,
 As I passed to my God, through the death that He sends,
 The kind Father would bless me, and you would be near."

Still close in the gloom seems he standing by her;
 But hark! 'tis the drum, and the camp is astir;
 And a sound fills the air, from the hill to the star,
 Like an earthquake, along the wild bastion it runs,
 While echoes afar roar the voice of the War,
 As it doubles its thunder from thousands of guns,
 And she wakes. In the gleam of the pale morning air
 One gives her a letter—soon, soon is it read;
 But a low piteous moan only speaks her despair—
 "Ah, Mother of God! my own Dermot is dead!"

INNISHOWEN.

God bless the gray mountains of dark Donegal,
 God bless Royal Ailceach, the pride of them all;
 For she sits evermore like a Queen on her throne,
 And smiles on the valleys of Green Innishowen.
 And fair are the valleys of Green Innishowen,
 And hardly the fishers that call them their own—
 A race that nor traitor nor coward have known
 Enjoy the fair valleys of Green Innishowen.

O! simple and bold are the bosoms they bear,
 Like the hills that with silence and nature they share;
 For our God, who hath planted their home near his own,
 Breathed His spirit abroad upon fair Innishowen.
 Then praise to our Father for wild Innishowen,
 Where fiercely forever the surges are thrown—
 Nor weather nor fortune a tempest hath blown
 Could shake the strong bosoms of brave Innishowen.

See the bountiful Coughah careering along—
 A type of their manhood so stately and strong—
 On the weary forever its tide is bestown,
 So they share with the stranger in fair Innishowen.
 God guard the kind homesteads of fair Innishowen,
 Which manhood and virtue have chosen for their own;
 Not long shall that nation in slavery groan,
 That rears the tall peasants of fair Innishowen.

Like that oak of St. Bride which nor Devil nor Dane,
 Nor Saxon nor Dutchman could rend from her fane,
 They have clung by the creed and the cause of their own
 That rears the tall peasants of fair Innishowen.
 Then shout for the glories of old Innishowen,
 The stronghold that foemen have never o'erthrown—
 The soul and the spirit, the blood and the bone,
 That guard the green valleys of true Innishowen.

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.

ONE blessing on my native isle!
 One curse upon her foes!
 While yet her skies above me smile,
 Her breeze around me blows:
 Now, never more my cheek be wet;
 Nor sigh, nor altered mien,
 Tell the dark tyrant I regret
 The Wearing of the Green.

Sweet land! my parents loved you well;
 They sleep within your breast;
 With theirs—for love no words can tell—
 My bones must never rest.
 And lonely must my true love stray,
 That was our village queen,
 When I am banished far away,
 For the Wearing of the Green.

But, Mary, dry that bitter tear,
 'Twould break my heart to see;
 And sweetly sleep, my parents dear,
 That cannot weep for me.
 I'll think not of my distant tomb,
 Nor seas rolled wide between,
 But watch the hour that yet will come,
 For the Wearing of the Green.

Oh, I care not for the thistle,
 And I care not for the rose,
 For when the cold winds whistle
 Neither down nor crimson shows;
 But like hope to him that's friendless
 Where no gaudy flower is seen,
 By our graves, with love that's endless,
 Waves our own true-hearted Green.

Oh, sure God's world was wide enough,
 And plentiful for all!
 And ruined cabins were no stuff
 To build a lordly hall;
 They might have let the poor man live,
 Yet all as lordly been:
 But Heaven its own good time will give
 For the Wearing of the Green.

KATY'S LETTER.

OCH, girls dear, did you ever hear I wrote my
 love a letter,
 And although he cannot read, I thought 'twas
 all the better;
 For why should he be puzzled with hard spell-
 ing in the matter,
 When the maning was so plain that I loved
 him faithfully,
 And he knows it—oh, he knows it—without
 one word from me.

I wrote it and I folded it, and put a seal upon
 it,
 'Twas a seal almost as big as the crown of my
 best bonnet;
 For I would not have the postmaster make his
 remarks upon it,
 As I'd said inside the letter that I loved him
 faithfully,
 And he knows it—oh, he knows it—without
 one word from me.

KATY'S LETTER.—*Continued.*

My heart was full, but when I wrote I dare
not put it half in,
The neighbors know I love him, and they're
mighty fond of chaffing;
So I dare not write his name outside for fear
they would be laughing,
So I wrote: "From little Kate to one whom
she loves faithfully,"
And he knows it—oh, he knows it—without
one word from me.

Now, girls, would you believe it, that postman,
so consated,
No answer will he bring me, so long as I have
waited;
But maybe there mayn't be one for the rason
that I stated,
That my love can neither read nor write, but
loves me faithfully,
And I know where'er my love is, that he is
true to me.

SWEET ERIN, MY COUNTRY.

SWEET Erin, my country, oh, wilt thou for-
ever
Enslaved by the tyrant be, doomed to de-
spair?
Will the day ever come, when with joy we can
sever
The despotic grasp from our Isle, pure and
fair?
Though thy sons, by the cruel oppressor were
banished
Far from their native shore, over the sea,
Still the spirit of Hope from their hearts had
not vanished,
They'd die for "the cause" still, dear Erin
machree.

Sweet Erin, my country, oh, could I but free
thee
From those chains of serfdom that bind you
in pain;
My life's blood I'd sacrifice freely to see thee
Crowned with the halo of freedom again.
How proudly, dear Erin, you stood 'midst
your glory,
When your name was revered in those
bright days of yore;
And honor illumines the grand old, old story,
Which speaks of thy prowess then, Erin
asthore.

Sweet Erin, my country, the sad tears of
mourning
Now glisten like dew on your cheek, oh, so
worn;
Thy smile once was bright as the sun when
adorning
Your mountains and vales, on a sweet sum-
mer morn;
But some day the hand of a just retribution
Shall strike, yes, and sweep from thy emer-
ald shore
The laws that enslave thee in cruel persecu-
tion,
And proudly you'll stand forth a nation once
more.

INNISHOWEN.—*Continued.*

Nor purer of old was the tongue of the Gael,
When the charging *aboo* made the foreigner quail;
Than it gladdens the stranger in welcome's soft tone,
In the home-loving cabins or kind Innishowen.
O! flourish, ye homesteads of kind Innishowen,
Where seeds of a people's redemption are sown;
Right soon shall the fruit of that sowing have grown,
To bless the kind homesteads of green Innishowen.

When they tell us the tale of a spell-stricken band
All entranced, with their bridles and broadswords in hand,
Who await but the word to give Erin her own,
Through the midnight of danger in true Innishowen.
Hurrah for the Spacemen of proud Innishowen!—
Long live the wild Seers of stout Innishowen!—
May Mary, our mother, be deaf to their moan
Who love not the promise of proud Innishowen!

MISTER MICHAEL MURPHY.

TEN years ago I stepped on board a ship to England bound;
My heart and pockets both were light, though I'd not got a
pound.

I was but a young "Greeshen," then, without deceit or sham;
But times and things have altered with myself, and now I am—

CHORUS.

Mister Michael Murphy, a man of great ability,
Known and respected, too, by all the gentility;
Patronized by all the nobles, amongst the great nobility,
For Mister Michael Murphy is a well-known man.

I got some work to carry bricks, at fourteen bob a week,
But soon I got the sack, because they said I'd too much cheek;
So I fell back upon the club, and when I let them see,
That I was full of book-learning, they made a secretary of—
CHORUS.

From that they made me president of our new Home Rule
League,
And I soon got acquainted with an M. P., Mr. Teague.
My speechifying was so good, I soon got into fame,
And everybody tells me that the man to make a name is—
CHORUS.

My letters are now all addressed, "Michael Murphy, Esquire;"
And if I get in Parliament, I'll set the house on fire.
With my great and burning eloquence I'll teach them the right
way
To satisfy the Home Rule League; then every one will say—
CHORUS.

I LOVE OLD IRELAND STILL.

WHERE is the man that does not love the land where he was born,
Who does not think of it with pride, no matter how forlorn?
I only know that I love mine, and long again to see
Oppression from it banished, and old Ireland once more free.

CHORUS.

Let friends all turn against me, let foes say what they will,
My heart is with my country, I love old Ireland still.

You'll find no better island if you search the wide world o'er;
And yet she's sneered at and despised, because her offspring's
poor!

If she could only have the wealth that lies beneath her soil,
She'd once more prosper, and her sons might live by honest
toil.—CHORUS

There's not an Irishman to-day would ever wish to roam
Into a foreign land to live, if he could live at home.
Then give her liberty, and let her banner be unfurled,
Then Ireland and her sons may prove a credit to the world.—
CHORUS.

BRIDGET MOLLOY.

In an ivy clad cabin there dwelt a colleen,
 Fresh and fair as the goddess of morn,
 In whose eyes full of witchery, roguish and dark,
 Young enjids each moment were born.
 In the village she reigned like a beautiful queen,
 She was every one's treasure and joy,
 And there was not a boy but would die for a smile
 From the lips of sweet Bridget Molloy—
 And there was not a boy but would die for a smile
 From the lips of sweet Bridget Molloy.

When the birds in the springtime were choosing their mates,
 Young Dermot won her virgin heart:
 And they vowed as they stood hand in hand by the brook
 There was nothing could tear them apart.
 And they'd picture the time when united they'd be,
 For a lifetime of love and joy;
 And no happier lovers there ever was seen,
 Than young Dermot and Bridget Molloy—
 And no happier lovers there ever was seen,
 Than young Dermot and Bridget Molloy.

When his hopes were the brightest misfortune came 'round,
 And a boy couldn't well live at home,
 So a pathway of fortune he tried to cut out,
 For his love in a land o'er the foam.
 "Heaven bless you, my Dermot ashore,
 Your affections and faith will you buoy.
 And may fortune to you be as constant and true
 As the heart of your Bridget Molloy—
 And may fortune to you be as constant and true
 As the heart of your Bridget Molloy."

With a heart beating high he returned for his love,
 He was fortunate over the wave,
 But the form of his loved one was gone from his sight,
 He was led to a newly made grave.
 She left him a message, a lock of her hair,
 With the words: "For my own darling boy!"
 And the hopes of his life have been sunk in the grave
 Of his own darling Bridget Molloy—
 And the hopes of his life have been sunk in the grave
 Of his own darling Bridget Molloy.

THE BANTRY GIRLS' LAMENT FOR JOHNNY.

Oh, who will plow the field, or who will sell the corn?
 Oh, who will wash the sheep, an' have 'em nicely shorn?
 The stack that's on the haggard unthrashed it may remain,
 Since Johnny went a-thrashing the dirty King o' Spain.

The girls from the bawnoge in sorrow may retire,
 And the piper and his bellows may go home and blow the fire;
 For Johnny, lovely Johnny, is sailin' o'er the main,
 Along with other pathriarchs, to fight the King o' Spain.

The boys will sorely miss him, when Moneyhore comes round,
 And grieve that their bould captain is nowhere to be found;
 The peelers must stand idle, against their will and grain,
 For the valiant boy who gave them work now peels the King o'
 Spain.

At wakes or hurling-matches your like we'll never see,
 Till you come back to us again, astore gra-gal-machree;
 And won't you throunce the buekeens that show us much disdain,
 Bekase our eyes are not so black as those you'll meet in Spain.

If eruel fate will not permit our Johnny to return,
 His heavy loss we Bantry girls will never cease to mourn;
 We'll resign ourselves to our sad lot, and die in grief and pain,
 Since Johnny died for Ireland's pride in the foreign land of
 Spain.

THE IRISHMEN OF TO-DAY.

I AM told every day that the Irish are fools
 And degraded by every shame;
 And that every effort they make for their
 rights
 Adds only disgrace to their name.
 Murder is wrong and for vengeance 'twill cry,
 To the zenith of heaven's great dome;
 But how can a man see the ones that he loves
 Just driven like dogs from their home?

CHORUS.

So don't form opinions until you know
 well
 Who's to blame, and then what you say
 Will cast no reflection on true-hearted
 men,
 The Irishmen of to-day.

I have seen sons and daughters of Irish de-
 scent,
 Who would fain pass their old parents by,
 For maybe their clothes were not cut in the
 style.
 Or their walk wasn't fair to the eye.
 And perhaps their old father to educate them
 Had spent all that hard labor gains:
 To see them grow up to deny both his name
 And the blood that sent life through their
 veins.

Do you think we would stand England's
 tyranny here
 In this mightiest land of the free?
 Do you think she don't know it for many a
 year,
 Since she lost the tax on the tea?
 Then why should poor Paddy be held in dis-
 dain
 For holding his place on this earth?
 For a man is a coward who would not stand
 up
 And fight for the land of his birth.

RIDING DOUBLE.

TROTTIN' to the fair,
 Me and Moll Malony,
 Seated, I declare,
 On a single pony—
 How am I to know that
 Molly's safe behind,
 Wid our heads in, oh! that
 Awk'ard way melined?
 By her gentle breathin'
 Whispered past my ear.
 And her white arms wreathin'
 Warm around me here.
 Trottin' to the fair,
 Me and Moll Malony,
 Seated, I declare,
 On a single pony.

Yerrig Masther Jack,
 Lift your forelegs higher,
 Or a rousin' crack
 Surely you'll require.
 "Ah!" says Moll, "I'm frightened
 That the pony'll start."
 And her hands she tightened

RIDING DOUBLE.—*Continued.*

On my happy heart;
Till widout reflectin',
'Twasn't quite the vogue,
Somehow, I'm suspectin'
That I snatched a *pogue*.
Trottin' to the fair, ete.

A SWEET IRISH GIRL IS THE DARLING.

If they talk about ladies, I'll tell them the plan

Of myself—to be sure I'm a nate Irishman;
There is neither sultana nor foreign ma'mselle
That has charms to please me, or can coax me
so well

As the sweet Irish girl, so charming to see;
Och! a tight Irish girl is the darling for me.
And sing filliloo, fire away, frisky she'll be,
Och! a sweet Irish girl is the darling for me;

For she's pretty,
She's witty,
She's hoaxing
And coaxing,
She's smiling,

Beguiling to see, to see;

She rattles,
She prattles,
She dances
And prances,

Och! a sweet Irish girl is the darling for me.

Now, some girls they are little and some they
are tall,

Och, others are big, sure, and others are small;
And some that are teasing are bandy, I tell;
Still none can please me, or can coax me
so well,

As the dear Irish girl, so charming to see:
Och! a sweet Irish girl is the darling for me;

For she's pretty,
She's witty,
She's hoaxing
And coaxing,

Beguiling to see, to see;

She rattles,
She prattles,
She's smiling,
She dances
And prances,

Och! a sweet Irish girl is the darling for me.

SONG OF THE IRISH EXILE.

ALONE, all alone, by the wave-washed strand,
And alone in the crowded hall!

The hall it is gay, and the waves are grand,
But my heart is not there, at all.

It flies far away, by night and by day,
To the time and the place that are gone—

Oh, I never can forget the maiden I met
In the valley near Sliebh na m-ban!

It was not the grace of her queenly ar,
Nor her cheek like the rose's glow.

Nor was it the wave of her braided hair,
Nor the gleam of her lily white brow;

'Twas the soul of truth, and the melting ruth,
And the eye like the summer dawn.

That stole my heart away, one mild day,
In the valley near Sliebh na m-ban!

THE LAMENT OF GRANU WAIL.

JOHN BULL was a bodach, as rich as a Jew,
As griping, as grinding, as conscienceless, too;
A wheedler, a shuffler, a rogue by wholesale,
And a swindler, moreover, says Granu Wail!

John Bull was a banker, both pursy and fat,
With gold in his pockets, and plenty of that;
And he tempted his neighbors to sell their entail:
'Tis by scheming he prospers, says Granu Wail!

John Bull was a farmer, with cottiers galore—
Stout chawbacons once that like bullocks could roar;
Hard work and low wages, and Peel's sliding scale,
Have bothered their courage, says Granu Wail!

John Bull was a bruiser, so sturdy and s'out,
A boisterous bully—at bottom a clout—
For when you squared up he was apt to turn tail—
Brother Jonathan lashed him, says Granu Wail!

John Bull was a merchant, and many his ships,
His harbors, his dock-yards, and big building slips;
And the ocean he claimed as his rightful entail—
Monsieur Parley-vouz bars that, says Granu Wail!

John Bull had dependencies, many and great—
Fine, fertile, and fat—every one an estate;
But he pilfered and plundered wholesale and retail—
There's Canada signs on it, says Granu Wail!

John Bull was a saint in the western clime,
Stood fast for the truths of the Gospel sublime,
Vowed no other faith in the end could avail—
Isn't the Juggernaut champion? says Granu Wail!

John Bull had a sister, so fair to be seen,
With a blush like a rose, and a mantle of green.
And a soft, swelling bosom! on hill or in dale,
Oh! where could you follow, sweet Granu Wail!

And John loved his sister, without e'er a flaw,
Like the fox and the pullet, the wolf and the lamb;
So he paid her a visit—but mark her bewail:
My title deeds vanished! says Granu Wail!

Then he rummaged her commerce and ravaged her plains,
Razed her churches and castles—her children in chains;
With pitch-caps, triangles, and gibbets wholesale,
Betokened John's love to poor Granu Wail!

But one of her children more bould than the rest,
Took it into his head for to make a request!
Our rights, Uncle John! Else our flag on the gale?
F'aix, he got an instalment, says Granu Wail!

And now he is at the Ould Growler again,
With his logic and law, and three millions of men!
And nothing will please him, just now, but repale,
"Mo seast or anam astig tu," says Granu Wail!

SONG OF THE IRISH EXILE.—*Continued.*

Alone, all alone, by the wave-washed shore,
 My restless spirit cries—
 My love, oh, my love, will I never see you
 more?
 And my land! will you ever uprise?
 By night and by day I ever pray,
 While loneliness the time rolls on,
 To see our flag unrolled and my true love to
 unfold
 In that valley near Sliebh na m-ban!

THE GLASS OF WHISKY.

At the side of the road, near the bridge of
 Drumcondra,
 Was Murrrough O'Monaghan stationed to
 beg;
 He brought from the wars, as his share of the
 plunder,
 A crack on the crown and the loss of a leg.
 "Oagh, Murrrough!" he'd cry, "musha nothing
 may harm ye!
 What made you go fight for a soldier on
 sea?
 You fool, had you been a marine in the army,
 You'd now have a pansion and live on full
 pay."
 "But now I'm a cripple,—what signifies think-
 ing?
 The past I can never bring round to the
 fore;
 The heart that with old age and weakness is
 sinking
 Will ever find strength in good whisky
 galore.
 Oagh, whisky, mavourneen, my joy and my
 jewel!
 What signifies talking of doctors and pills?
 In sorrow, misfortune, and sickness so cruel.
 A glass of north country can cure all our
 ills.
 "When cold in the winter it warms you so
 hearty;
 When hot in the summer it cools you like
 ice;
 In trouble, false friends, without grief I can
 part ye;
 Good whisky's my friend, and I take its
 advice.
 When hungry and thirsty, 'tis meat and drink
 to me;
 It finds me a lodging wherever I lie;
 Neither frost, snow, nor rain any harm can do
 me,
 The hedge is my pillow, my blanket the
 sky."
 "Now merry be the Christmas! success to
 good neighbors!
 Here's a happy New Year, and a great many
 too!
 With a plenty of whisky to lighten their la-
 bors,
 May sweet luck attend every heart that is
 true!"
 Poor Murrrough, then joining his old hands
 together,
 High held up the glass while he vented
 this prayer:
 "May whisky, by sea or by land, in all
 weather,
 Be never denied to the children of care!"

PATRIOTS OF IRELAND.

Now, friends, if you will listen, I will sing to you a song
 Of Ireland and her sons we loved so dear;
 There were patriots and heroes, and their names we love to hear,
 For the green they were not afraid to wear.
 There was one so young and noble, who for his country died,
 To remember him the Irish won't forget;
 Perhaps you've read his speeches in the Irish history,
 This hero's name was Robert Emmet.

CHORUS.

Then give three cheers for Ireland, and let the people see
 That our rifles all are ready to set old Ireland free.

There's another I will mention, and to Irishmen most dear,
 And for Ireland he proved a useful tool,
 I mean Dan O'Connell, may his soul now rest in peace,
 For dearly he loved Ireland and home rule.
 There were three patriots to this world did bid good-by
 Before they could finish their design;
 They died hand in hand trying to free their native land—
 Three martyrs, Allen, Larkin and O'Brien.—CHORUS.

Now America had her heroes, and she loved them well, I'm sure,
 Take the history and you'll know what they have done:
 There was General Lafayette, Frenchman so true,
 And our own immortal General Washington.
 'Tis now one hundred years since the country they did free,
 And drove the English tyrant from our shore—
 I wish that every Irishman could have the same to say,
 Then Ireland would be free for evermore.—CHORUS.

BARNEY MCCOY.

I AM going far away, Norah, darling,
 And leaving such an angel far behind;
 It will break my heart in two, which I fondly gave to you,
 And no other one so loving, kind and true.

CHORUS.

Then come to my arms, Norah, darling,
 Bid your friends in dear old Ireland good-by,
 And it's happy we will be, in that dear land of the free,
 Living happy with your Barney McCoy.

I would go with you, Barney, darling,
 But the reason why I told you oft before:
 It would break my poor mother's heart if from her I had to
 part,
 And go roaming with you, Barney McCoy.

I am going far away, Norah, darling,
 Just as sure as there's a God that I adore,
 But remember what I say, that until the judgment day,
 You will never see your Barney any more.

I would go with you, Barney, darling,
 If my mother and the rest of them were there,
 For I know we would be blest in that dear land of the West,
 Living happy with you, Barney McCoy.

I am going far away, Norah, darling,
 And the ship is now anchored at the bay,
 And before to-morrow you will hear the signal gun,
 So be ready—it will carry us away.

THE KILRUDDERY HUNT.

HARK! hark! jolly sportsmen, a while to my tale,
Which to gain your attention I'm sure cannot fail:
'Tis of lads and of horses, and dogs hat ne'er tire,
O'er stone walls and hedges, thro' dale, bog, and brier;
A pack of such hounds, and a set of such men,
'Tis fifty to one if you meet with again;
Had Nimrod, the mightiest of hunters, been there,
Fore-gad he'd have shook like an aspen for fear.

In seventeen hundred and forty and four,
The fifth of December, I think 'twas no more,
At five in the morning, by most of the clocks,
We rode from Kilruddery in search of a fox.
The Leighlinstown landlord, the brave Owen Bray,
And Johnny Adair, too, were with us that day;
Joe Debil, Hal Preston—those huntsmen so stout—
Dick Holmes, some few others: and so we set out.

We cast off our hounds for an hour or more;
When Wanton set up a most tuneable roar,
"Hark! Wanton," cried Joe, and the rest were not slack;
For Wanton's no trifier esteemed by the pack;
Old Bounty and Collier came readily in,
And every hound joined in the musical din:
Had Diana been there, she'd been pleased to the life,
And one of the lads got a Goddess to wife.

Ten minutes past nine was the time of the day
When Reynard broke cover, and this was his way—
As strong from Kilegar, as tho' he feared none,
Away he brush'd round by the house of Kiltiernan,
To Carrickmines thence, and to Cherrywood then,
Steep Shankhill he climbed, and to Ballyman glen,
Bray Common he crossed, leap'd Lord Anglesey's wall,
And seemed to say, "Little I care for you all."

He ran Bushes Grove up to Carbury Byrns—
Joe Debil, Hal Preston, kept leading by turns;
The earth it was open, yet he was so stout,
Tho' he might have got in, still he chose to keep out;
To Malpas high hills was the way that he flew,
At Dalkey's stone common we had him in view;
He drove on to Bullock, then slunk Glenagarry,
And so on to Monkstown, where Laura grew weary.

'Thro' Rochestown wood, like an arrow he passed,
And came to the steep hills of Dalkey at last;
There gallantly plunged himself into the sea,
And said in his heart, "None can now follow me;
'Gould stop the pursuit of the stanch-mettled hounds:
Could stop the pursuit of the staunch-mettled hounds:
His policy here did not serve him a rush,
Five couple of Tartars were hard at his brush.

To recover the shore then again was his drift;
But ere he could reach to the top of the cliff,
He found both of speed and of daring a lack,
Being waylaid and killed by the rest of the pack.
At his death there were present the lads I have sung,
Save Larry, who, riding a garron, was lung:
Thus ended at length a most wonderful chase,
That held us five hours and ten minutes space.

We returned to Kilruddery's plentiful board,
Where dwelt hospitality, truth, and my Lord;
We talked o'er the chase, and we toasted the health
Of the man who ne'er struggled for place or for wealth.
"Owen Bray balked a leap," says Hal Preston; "'twas odd."
"'Twas shameful," cried Jack, "by the great L—— G——!"

MORNING ON THE IRISH COAST.

THU' anam au Dhia! but there it is,
The dawn on the hills of Ireland!
God's angels lifting the night's black veil
From the fair, sweet face of my sireland;
Oh, Ireland, isn't it grand you look,
Like a bride in her rich adornin',
And with all the pent-up love of my heart,
I bid you the top o' the mornin'.

This one short hour pays lavishly back
For many a year of mourning;
I'd almost venture another flight,
There's so much joy in returning—
Watching out for the hallowed shore,
All other attractions scornin'
Oh, Ireland, don't you hear me shout?
I bid you the top o' the mornin'.

Ho—ho! upon Cleena's shelving strand,
The surges are grandly beating,
And Kerry is pushing her headlands out
To give us the kindly greeting;
Into the shore the sea-birds fly
On pinions that know no drooping;
And out from the cliffs, with welcomes charged,
A million of waves come trooping.

Oh, kindly, generous Irish land,
So leal and fair and loving,
No wonder the wandering Celt should think
And dream of you in his roving!
The alien home may have gems and gold—
Shadows may never have gloomed it;
But the heart will sigh for the absent land,
Where the love-light first illumed it.

And doesn't old Cove look charming there,
Watching the wild waves' motion,
Leaning her back up against the hills,
And the tip of her toes on the ocean?
I wonder I don't hear Shandon's bells,
Ah, maybe their chiming's over,
For it's many a year since I began
The life of a Western rover.

For thirty summers, astore machree,
Those hills I now feast my eyes on,
Ne'er met my vision, save when they rose
Over Memory's dim horizon.
E'en so, 'twas grand and fair they seemed
In the landscape spread before me:
But dreams are dreams, and my eyes would
ope
To see Texas sky still o'er me.

Ah! oft upon the Texan plains,
When the day and the chase were over,
My thoughts would fly o'er the weary wave,
And around this coast line hover;
And the prayer would rise, that some future
day,
All danger and doubtings scornin',
I'd help to win my native land
The light of young liberty's mornin'.

Now fuller and truer the shore line shows—
Was ever a scene so splendid?
I feel the breath of the Munster breeze,
Thank God that my exile's ended.
Old scenes, old songs, old friends again,
The vale and cot I was born in!
Oh, Ireland, up from my heart of hearts,
I bid you the top of the mornin'.

THE KILRUDDERY HUNT.—*Continued.*

Said Preston, "I holla'd, 'Get on, tho' you fall;
Or I'll over you, your blind gelding and all.'"

Each glass then we quaffed to freedom and sport,
For party affairs we consigned to the Court:
Thus we finished the rest of the day, and the night,
In gay flowing bumpers and social delight.
Then till the next meeting bid farewell each brother,
And we went on our way, well pleased with each other;
As phœbus befriended our earlier roam,
So Luna took care of conducting us home.

TIM FINIGAN'S WAKE.

TIM Finigan lived in Walker street,
A gentle Irishman, mighty odd,
H'd a beautiful brogue, so rich and sweet,
And to rise in the world he carried a hod;
But you see he'd a sort of a tripping way,
With a love for the liquor poor Tim was born,
And to help him through his work each day,
He'd a drop of the creatur' each morn.

CHORUS.

Whack, hurrah! blood and 'ounds! ye sowl, ye!
Welt the flure, ye're trotters shake!
Isn't it the truth I've tould ye?
Lots of fun at Finigan's wake.

One morning Tim was rather full,
His head felt heavy, which made him shake,
He fell from the ladder and broke his skull,
So they carried him home his corpse to wake;
They rolled him up in a nice clean sheet,
And laid him out upon the bed,
With fourteen candles 'round his feet,
And a couple of dozen around his head.—CHORUS

His friends assembled at his wake,
Missus Finigan called out for the lunch;
First they laid in tay and cake,
Then pipes and tobacky, and whisky punch.
Miss Biddy O'Brien began to cry,
Such a purty corpse did ever you see?
Arrah! Tim avourneen, an' why did ye die?
Och, none of your gab, sez Judy Magee.—CHORUS.

Then Peggy O'Connor took up the job,
Arrah! Biddy, says she, ye're wrong, I'm shure!
But Judy then gave her a belt on the gob,
And left her sprawling on the flure.
Each side in the war did soon engage.
'Twas woman to woman, and man to man,
Shillelah law was all the rage,
An' a bloody ruction soon began.—CHORUS.

Mickey Mulvaney raised his head,
When a gallon of whisky flew at him;
It missed him, and hopping on the bed,
The liquor scattered over Tim.
Bedad! he revives! see how he raises!
An' Timothy, jumping from the bed,
Cries, while he lathers around like blazes,
Bad luck to yer souls! d'ye think I'm dead?—CHORUS

MCDONALD'S RETURN TO GLENCO.

As I went a-walking one evening of late,
When Flora's gay mantle the fields decorate,
I carelessly wandered—where I did not know—
By the banks of a fountain that lies in Glenco.

Like her who the prize of Mount Ida had won,
There approached me a lassie as bright as the sun:
The ribbons and tartans around her did flow,
That graced McDonald, the pride of Glenco.

I thought she was enchanted, to her I drew nigh,
The red rose and lily on her cheek seemed to vie;
I asked her her name, and how far she'd to go,
She answered me, Kind sir, I'm bound for Glenco.

I said, My dear lassie, your enchanting smile
And comely sweet features does my heart beguile;
If your affections on me you'll bestow,
You'll bless the happy hour we met in Glenco.

Young man, she made answer, your suit I disdain,
I once had a sweetheart, young McDonald by name;
He went to the wars about ten years ago,
And a maid I'll remain till he returns to Glenco.

Perhaps young McDonald regards not your name,
But placed his affections upon some foreign dame;
And may have forgotten, for aught that you know,
The lovely young lassie he left in Glenco.

My Donald's true valor, when tried in the field,
Like his gallant ancestors, disdaining to yield;
The Spaniards and French he'll soon overthrow,
And in splendor return to my arms in Glenco.

The power of the French is hard to pull down,
And caused many heroes to die of their wounds;
And with young McDonald it may happen so,
The man you love dearly perhaps is laid low.

My Donald from his promise can never depart,
For love, truth and honor are found in his heart;
And if I never see him, still single I'd go,
And mourn for my Donald, the pride of Glenco.

Cheer up, my dear Flora, your sorrows are o'er,
While life does remain we'll never part more;
Though the storms of war at a distance may blow,
In peace and contentment we'll reside at Glenco.

THE VALLEY LAY SMILING BEFORE ME.

The valley lay smiling before me
Where lately I left her behind;
Yet I trembled, and something hung o'er me
That saddened the joy of my mind.
I looked for the lamp which, she told me,
Should shine when her pilgrim returned;
But, though darkness began to unfold me,
No lamp from the battlements burned.

I flew to her chamber—'twas lonely,
As if the loved tenant lay dead;
But no, the young false one had fled.
Ah, would it were death, and death only!
And there hung the lute that could soften
My very worst pains into bliss;
While the hand that had waked it so often
Now throbbed to a proud rival's kiss.

There was a time, falsest of women!
When Breffni's good sword would have
sought
That man, through a million of foemen,
Who dared but to wrong thee in thought!
While now—oh, degenerate daughter
Of Erin, how fallen is thy fame!
And through ages of bondage and slaughter
Our country shall bleed for thy shame.

Already the curse is upon her,
And strangers her valleys profane;
They come to divide—to dishonor,
And tyrants they long wil remain.
But onward! the green banner rearing,
Go, flash every sword to the hilt;
On our side is virtue and Erin,
On theirs is the Saxon and guilt.

THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK.

I'LL seek a four-leaved shamrock
In all the fairy dells,
And if I find the charmed leaves,
Oh, how I'll weave my spells.
I would not waste my magic might
On diamond, pearl or gold;
For treasures fire the weary sense—
Such triumph is but cold.
But I would play the enchanter's part
In casting bliss around:
Oh! not a tear nor aching heart
Should in the world be found,
Should in the world be found.

To worth I would give honor,
I'd dry the mourner's tears;
And to the pallid lip recall
The smile of happier years;
And hearts that had long been estranged,
And friends that had grown cold,
Should meet again like parted streams
And mingle as of old.
Oh! thus I'd play the enchanter's part,
Thus scatter bliss around;
And not a tear nor aching heart
Should in the world be found,
Should in the world be found.

THE PILLAR TOWERS OF IRELAND.

The pillar towers of Ireland, how wondrously they stand
By the lakes and rushing rivers through the valleys of our land;
In mystic file, through the isle, they lift their heads sublime,
These gray old pillar temples, these conquerors of time!

Beside these gray old pillarse, how perishing and weak
The Roman's arch of triumph, and the temple of the Greek,
And the gold domes of Byzantium, and the pointed Gothic spires!
All are gone, one by one, but the temples of our sires!

The column, with its capital, is level with the dust,
And the proud halls of the mighty and the calm homes of the
just;
For the proudest works of man, as certainly, but slower,
Pass like the grass at the sharp scythe of the mower!

But the grass grows again when in majesty and mirth,
On the wing of the spring comes the Goddess of the Earth;
But for man in this world no spring-tide e'er returns
To the labors of his hands or the ashes of his urns!

Two favorites hath Time—the pyramids of Nile,
And the old mystic temples of our own dear isle;
As the breeze o'er the seas, where the halcyon has its nest,
Thus Time o'er Egypt's tombs and the temples of the West!

The names of their founders have vanished in the gloom,
Like the dry branch in the fire or the body in the tomb;
But to-day, in the ray, their shadows still they cast—
These temples of forgotten Gods—these relics of the past!

Around these walls have wandered the Briton and the Dane—
The captives of Armorica, the cavaliers of Spain—
Phœnician and Melesian, and the plundering Norman Peers—
And the swordsmen of brave Brian, and the chiefs of later years!

How many different rites have these gray old temples known!
To the mind what dreams are written in these chronicles of
stone!

What terror and what error, what gleams of love and truth,
Have flashed from Ireland since the world was in its youth?

Here blazed the sacred fire, and, when the sun was gone,
As a star from afar to the traveler it shone;
And the warm blood of the victim have these gray old temples
drunk,
And the death-song of the Druid and the matin of the Monk.

Here was placed the holy chalice that held the sacred wine,
And the gold cross from the altar, and the relics from the
shrine,
And the miter shining brighter with its diamonds than the
East,
And the crosier of the Pontiff, and the vestments of the Priest!

Where blazed the sacred fire, rung out the vesper bell,—
Where the fugitive found shelter, became the hermit's cell;
And hope hung out its symbol to the innocent and good,
For the Cross o'er the moss of the pointed summit stood!

There may it stand forever, while this symbol doth impart
To the mind one glorious vision, or one proud throb to the heart;
While the breast needeth rest may these gray old temples last,
Bright prophets of the future, as preachers of the past!

THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK.—Continued.

The heart that had been mourning
 O'er vanished dreams of love,
 Should see them all returning,
 Like Noah's faithful dove.
 And Hope should launch her blessed bark
 On Sorrow's dark'ning sea,
 And Mis'ry's children have an Ark,
 And saved from sinking be.
 Oh! thus I'd play the enchan'er's part;
 Thus scatter bliss around,
 And not a tear nor aching heart
 Should in the world be found,
 Should in the world be found.

MIKE'S COURTSHIP.

"Come sit by the fire, Mike Mahoney,
 And draw up your chair by the blaze,
 It's a foine place ye have, altogether,"
 Said Micky, takin' his aise.

"An' it's not so bad, Mister Mahoney
 (Pace to the soul of poor Pat!)"
 Says the widdy, fetchin' the rocker
 Nearer to where Mickey sat.

"Wid the pig an' the nate little shanty,
 The praty-patch—sure, and it's ripe—
 An' the purtiest widdy, be jabbers!"
 Said Micky, lighting his pipe.

"Git out wid ye, Micky Mahoney,"
 Said the widdy, twitchin' her chair.
 "Git out, whin ye axed me to inter?"
 Cried Mick, boldly stroking her hair.

"Would ye lave a man sad and distressful,
 As howly Saint Peter would say;
 'Jest a pape at sweet heaven I'll give ye,
 An' git out, when he axed me to stay?"

"Now, Mick," said the widdy, "'tain't dacint,
 Wid the stone not yit on Pat's head."
 "Axin' pardon," said Mick, "but Pat's since-
 less!
 Your smilin' would waken the dead!"

"Oh, Mickey, don't, don't be onfeelin'!
 Ah, whirra! me heart is so sore!"
 "There, there, swatest Mollie, stop wailin';"
 An' Micky wint down on the floor.

"Come, be my own darlint, me Mollie,
 An' lave off the grievin'. Come, whist!"
 An' before the sad widdy could hinder,
 She was smilin', an' poutin', an' kissed!

An' Micky moved into the shanty,
 Wid the widdy, an' praties, an' pig,
 Said he: "Pace to the soul of poor Patrick!"
 When he passed round the jug at the jig.

Said the widdy, a tear on her lashes:
 "Ah, Micky's the broth of a b'hy;
 While me heart is a-breakin' for Patrick
 Me body is thrillin' wid joy!"

ORANGE AND GREEN.

The night was falling dreary in merry Bandon town,
 When, in his cottage, weary, an Orangeman lay down.
 The summer sun in splendor had set upon the vale,
 And shouts of: "No surrender!" arose upon the gale.

Beside the waters laving the feet of aged trees,
 The Orange banner waving, flew boldly in the breeze—
 In mighty chorus meeting, a hundred voices joined,
 And fife and drum were beating the *Battle of the Boyne*.

Ha! tow'rd his cottage hieing, what form is speeding now,
 From yonder thicket flying, with blood upon his brow?
 "Hide—hide me, worthy stranger, though green my color be,
 And in the day of danger may Heaven remember thee!

"In yonder vale contending alone against that crew,
 My life and limbs defending, an Orangeman I slew.
 Hark! hear that fearful warning, there's death in every tone—
 Oh, save my life till morning, and Heaven prolong your own!"

The Orange heart was melted in pity to the Green;
 He heard the tale, and felt it his very soul within.
 "Dread not that angry warning though death be in its tone—
 I'll save your life till morning, or I will lose my own."

Now 'round his lowly dwelling the angry torrent press'd,
 A hundred voices swelling, the Orangeman addressed—
 "Arise—arise, and follow the chase along the plain!
 In yonder stony hollow your only son is slain!"

With rising shouts they gather upon the track amain,
 And leave the childless father aghast with sudden pain.
 He seeks the righted stranger, in covert where he lay—
 "Arise!" he said, "all danger is gone and past away!

"I had a son—one only, one loved as my life,
 Thy hand has left me lonely, in that accursed strife.
 I pledged my word to save thee until the storm should cease.
 I kept the pledge I gave thee—arise, and go in peace!"

The stranger soon departed from that unhappy vale;
 The father, broken-hearted, lay brooding o'er the tale.
 Full twenty summers after, to silver turned his beard;
 And yet the sound of laughter from him was never heard.

The night was falling dreary in merry Wexford town,
 When in his cabin, weary, a peasant laid him down.
 And many a voice was singing along the summer vale,
 And Wexford town was ringing with shouts of: "*Grannus Uile*."

Beside the waters, laving the feet of aged trees,
 The green flag, gaily waving, was spread against the breeze—
 In mighty chorus meeting, loud voices filled the town,
 And fife and drum were beating, *Down, Orangeman, lie down!*

Hark! 'mid the stirring clangor that woke the echoes there,
 Loud voices, high in anger, rise on the evening air.
 Like billows of the ocean, he sees them hurry on—
 And 'mid the wild commotion, an Orangeman alone.

"My hair," he said, "is hoary, and feeble is my hand,
 And I could tell a story would shame your cruel band.
 Full twenty years and over have changed my heart and brow,
 And I am grown a lover of peace and concord now.

"It was not thus I greeted your brother of the Green:
 When, fainting and defeated, I freely took him in.
 I pledged my word to save him from vengeance rushing on,
 I kept the pledge I gave him, though he had killed my son."

ORANGE AND GREEN.—*Continued.*

That aged peasant heard him, and knew him as he stood,
Remembrance kindly stirr'd him, and tender gratitude.
With gushing tears of pleasure, he pierced the listening train—
"I'm here to pay the measure of kindness back again!"

Upon his bosom falling, that old man's tears came down;
Deep memory recalling the cot and fatal town.
"The hand that would offend thee, my being first shall end;
I'm living to defend thee, my savior and my friend!"

He said, and slowly turning, address'd the wondering crowd,
With fervent spirit burning, he told the tale aloud.
Now pressed the warm beholders, their aged foe to greet;
They raised him on their shoulders and chaired him through
the street.

As he had saved that stranger from peril sowing dim,
So in his day of danger did Heav'n remember him.
By joyous crowds attended, the worthy pair were seen.
And their flags that day were blended of Orange and of Green.

HOLYCROSS ABBEY.

"FROM the high sunny headlands of Bere in the west,
To the bowers that by Shannon's blue waters are blest,
I am master unquestion'd and absolute"—said
The lord of broad Munster—King Donald the Red—
"And now that my sceptre's no longer the sword,
In the wealthiest vale my dominions afford,
I will build me a temple of praise to that Power
Who buckler'd my breast in the battle's dread hour."
He spoke—it was done—and with pomp such as glows
Round a sunrise in summer that Abbey arose.
There sculpture, her miraeles lavish'd around,
Until stone spoke a worship diviner than sound.

There from matins to midnight the censers were swaying,
And from matins to midnight the people were praying;
As a thousand Cistercians incessantly raised
Hosannas round shrines that with jeweiry blazed:
While the palmer from Syria—the pilgrim from Spain,
Brought their offerings alike to the far-honor'd fane;
And, in time, when the wearied O'Brien laid down
At the feet of Death's Angel his cares and his crown,
Beside the high altar a canopied tomb
Shed above his remains its magnificent gloom,
And in Holyross Abbey high masses were said,
Through the lapse of long ages, for Donald the Red.

In the days of my musings, I wander'd alone,
To this Fane that had flourish'd ere Norman was known;
And its dread desolation was saddening to see,
For its towers were an emblem, O Erin, of thee!
All was glory in ruins—below and above—
From the traceried turret that shelter'd the dove,
To the cloisters dim stretching in distance away,
Where the fox skulks at twilight in quest of his prey.
Here soar'd the vast chancel superbly alone,

While pillar and pinnacle moulder'd around—
There, the choir's richest fretwork in dust overthrown,
With corbel and chapter "cumber'd the ground."

O'er the porphyry shrine of the Founder all riven,
No lamps glimmer'd now but the cressets of heaven—

From the tombs of crusader, and abbot, and saint,
Emblazonry, scroll, and escutcheon were rent;
While usurping their banners' high places, o'er all
The Ivy—dark mourner—suspended her pall.
With a deeper emotion the spirit would thrill,

In beholding wherever the winter and rain
Swept the dust from the relics it cover'd—that still
Some hand had religiously glean'd them again.
Then I turn'd from the scene, as I mournfully said—
"God's rest to the soul of King Donald the Red."

WHAT WILL YOU DO, LOVE?

WHAT will you do, love, when I am going,
With white sail flowing,
To seas beyond?
What will you do, love, when waves divide us,
And friends may chide us,
For being fond?
Though waves divide us, and friends be chiding,
In faith abiding,
I'll still be true.
And I'll pray for thee on stormy ocean,
In deep devotion—
That's what I'll do!

What would you do, love, if distant tidings,
Thy fond confidings
Should undermine;
And I abiding 'neath sultry skies,
Should think other eyes,
Were as bright as thine?
Oh, name it not, though guilt and shame
Were on thy name,
I'd still be true;
But that heart of thine, should another share
it,
I could not bear it—
What would I do?

What would you do, when home returning,
With hopes high burning,
With wealth for you—
If my bark, that bounded o'er foreign foam,
Should be lost near home—
Ah, what would you do?
So thou wert spared, I'd bless the morrow,
In want and sorrow,
That left me you;
And I'd welcome thee from the wasting billow,
My heart thy pillow!
That's what I'd do.

AVONDHU.

OH, Avondhu, I wish I were
As once upon that mountain bare.
Where thy young waters laugh and shine
On the wild breast of Meenganine.
I wish I were by Cleada's hill,
Or by Glenruaehra's rushy rill;
But no! I never more shall view
Those scenes I loved by Avondhu.

Farewell, ye soft and purple streaks
Of evening on the beauteous Reeks;
Farewell, ye mists, that loved to ride
On Cahirbearn's stormy side.
Farewell, November's moaning breeze,
Wild minstrel of the dying trees;
Clara! a fond farewell to you,
No more we meet by Avondhu.

No more—but thou, O glorious hill,
Lift to the moon thy forehead still;
Flow on, flow on, thou dark swift river,
Upon thy free wild course forever.
Exult, young hearts, in lifetime's spring,
And taste the joys pure love can bring;
But wanderer, go, they're not for you—
Farewell, farewell, sweet Avondhu.

LARRY'S ON THE FORCE.

WELL, Katie, and is this yersilf? And where was you this
whole?
And ain't ye dhrissed! You are the wan to illustrate the
stoile!

But never moind thim matthers now—there's toime enough for
thim;

And Larry—that's me b'y—I want to shpake to you av him.
Sure, Larry bates thim all for luck!—'tis he will make his way,
And be the proide and honnur to the sod beyant the say;
We'll soon be able—whist! I do be singin' till I'm hoorse,
For iver since a month or more, my Larry's on the foorce!

There's not a proivate gintleman that boords in all the row
Who houlds himself ioike Larry does, or makes as foine a show,
Thim eyes av his, the way they shoine, his coat and butthons
too—

He hates them kerrige dthroivers that be on the avenue!

He shtips that proud and shtately-loike, you'd think he owned
the town,

And houlds his shtiek convanient to be tappin' some wan down—
Aich blissed day, I watch to see him comin' up the shtrate,
For, by the greatest bit av luck, our house is on his bate.

The little b'ys is feared av him, for Larry's moighty shstrict,
And many's the little blagyard he's arristed, I expict;
The beggyars gets across the shtrate—you ought to see thim
fly—

And organ-groindhers scatters whin they see him comin' by.

I know that Larry's bound to roise, he'll get a sergeant's post,
And afther that a captincy widhin a year at most,
And av he goes in politics he has the head to thrive—
I'll be an Aldherwoman. Katae, afore I'm thirty-foive?
What's that again? Y'are jokin', surely,—Kate, is it thrue?
Last noight, you say, *he—married?* and Alleen O'Donahue?
O Larry, c'u'd ye have the hairt—but let the spalpeen be;
Av he demanes hmsilf to *her*, he's nothing more to me.

The ugly shcamp! I alwas said, just as I'm tellin' you,
That Larry was the biggest fool av all I iver knew;
And many a toime I've tould mesilf—you see it now, av coorse—
He'd niver come to anny good av he got on the foorce.

THE GOAT.

Oh! now my dear friends, I'm going to relate,
If you pay attention, you've not long to wait;
My father lived in a place called Graymote,
He'd a sow, and a cow, and a fine billy goat.

This goat, sure, he had a queer, curious way,
He'd go out each morning and stop out all day;
When he'd come home at night, like a bull he would roar,
Till my father got up for to open the door.

One day we sat down, and was going to ate,
The goat leaped on the table and shtole all the mate;
And without saying a word, shure the dirty ould gommagh,
He druv his two horns in my poor father's stomach.

Says me mother to me, "Jamsey." "Yis, ma'am," says I.
"Take the goat to the market, and sell him, now try;"
The words she scarce spoke, when the goat gave a jump,
And struck me mother, oh, gorra! such a murthering thump.

Then all in the house bate a hasty retrate,
And the goat bucked away at the devil's own rate;
He spied my father's coat hanging up, gave a bawl,
Made a charge on the "frize," and druv his head in the wall.

Some time afther they went to look for the goat,
They searched all around, till they came to the coat;
But all of the goat that was left the next day,
Was only the shtump of his tail, and it bucking away.

A SHAMROCK FROM THE IRISH SHORE.

O, POSTMAN! speed thy tardy gait—
Go quicker round from door to door;
For thee I watch, for thee I wait,
Like many a weary wanderer more.
Thou bringest news of bale and bliss—
Some life begun, some life well o'er.
He stops—he rings!—O Heaven! what's this?
A shamrock from the Irish shore!

Dear emblem of my native land,
By fresh fond words kept fresh and green;
The pressure of an unfelt hand—
The kisses of a lip unseen;
A thro' from my dead mother's heart—
My father's smile revived once more—
Oh, youth! oh, love! oh, hope thou art,
Sweet Shamrock from the Irish shore!

Enchanter, with thy wand of power,
Thou mak'st the past be present still;
The emerald lawn—the lime-leaved bower—
The circling shore—the sunlit hill;
The grass, in winter's wintriest hours,
By dewy daisies dimpled o'er,
Half hiding, 'neath their trembling flowers,
The Shamrock of the Irish shore!

And thus, where'er my footsteps strayed,
By queenly Florence, kingly Rome—
By Padua's long and lone arcade—
By Ischia's fires and Adria's foam—
By Spezzia's fatal waves that kissed
My poet sailing calmly o'er;
By all, by each, I mourned and missed
The Shamrock of the Irish shore!

I saw the palm-tree stand aloof,
Irresolute 'twixt the sand and sea;
I saw upon the trellised roof
Outspread the wine that was to be;
A giant-flowered and glorious tree
I saw the tall magnolia soar;
But there, even there, I longed for thee,
Poor Shamrock of the Irish shore!

Now on the ramparts of Boulogne,
As lately by the lonely Rancee,
At evening as I watched the sun,
I look! I dream! Can this be France?
Not Albion's cliffs, how near they be,
He seems to love to linger o'er;
But gilds, by a remoter sea,
The Shamrock on the Irish shore!

I'm with him in that wholesome clime—
That fruitful soil, that verdurous sod—
Have still a simple faith in God.
Hearts that in pleasure and in pain,
Where hearts unstained by vulgar crime
The more they're trod rebound the more,
Like thee, when wet with Heaven's own rain,
O Shamrock of the Irish shore!

Memorial of my native land,
True emblem of my land and race—
Thy small and tender leaves expand,
But only in thy native place.
Thou needest for thyself and seed
Soft dews around, kind sunshine o'er;
Transplanted, thou'rt the merest weed,
O Shamrock of the Irish shore!

A SHAMROCK FROM THE IRISH SHORE.—*Cont'd.*

Here on the tawny fields of France,
Or in the rank, red English clay,
Thou showest a stronger form, perchance;
A bolder front thou may'st display,
More able to resist the scythe
But then thou art no more the blythe
That cut so keen, so sharp before;
Bright Shamrock of the Irish shore!

Ah, me! to think thy scorns, thy slights,
Thy trampled tears, thy nameless grave
On Fredericksburg's ensanguined heights,
Or by Potomac's purple wave!
Ah, me! to think that power malign
Thus turns thy sweet green sap to gore,
And what calm rapture might be thine,
Sweet Shamrock of the Irish shore!

Struggling, and yet for strife unmeet,
True type of trustful love thou art;
Thou liest the whole year at my feet,
To live but one day at my heart.
One day of festal pride to lie
Upon the loved one's heart—what more?
Upon the loved one's heart to die,
O Shamrock of the Irish shore!

And shall I not return thy love?
And shalt thou not, as thou shouldst, be
Placed on thy son's proud heart above
The red rose or the fleur-de-lis?
Yes, from these heights the waters beat,
I vow to press thy cheek once more,
And lie forever at thy feet,
O Shamrock of the Irish shore!

YOU REMEMBER ELLEN!

You remember Ellen, our hamlet's pride,
How meekly she blest her humble lot,
When the stranger, William, had made her his
bride,
And love was the light of their lowly cot.
Together they toiled through winds and rains,
Till William at length in sadness said:
"We must seek our fortune on other plains!"
Then sighing, she left her lowly shed.

They roamed a long and weary way,
Nor much was the maiden's heart at ease,
When now, at close of one stormy day,
They see a proud castle among the trees.
"To-night," said the youth, "we'll shelter
there,
The wind blows cold, the hour is late!"
So he blew the horn with a chieftain's air,
And the porter bowed as they passed the
gate.
"Now welcome, lady!" exclaimed the youth,
"This castle is thine, and these dark woods
all."
She believed him crazed, but his words were
truth.

For Ellen is Lady of Rosna Hall.
And dearly the Lord of Rosna loves
What William, the stranger, wooed and wed;
And the light of bliss, in these lordly groves,
Shines pure as it did in the lowly shed.

NORAH O'NEAL.

Oh, I'm lonely to-night, love, without you,
And I sigh for one glance of your eye;
For sure there's a charm, love, about you,
Whenever I know you are nigh.
Like the beam of the star when 'tis smiling,
Is the glance which your eye can't conceal;
And your voice is so sweet and beguiling,
That I love you, sweet Norah O'Neal.

CHORUS.

Oh, don't think that ever I'll doubt you, my love, I will never con-
ceal;
I'm lonely to-night, love, without you, my darling sweet Norah
O'Neal.

Oh, the nightingale sings in the wildwood,
As if every note that he knew
Was learned from your sweet voice in childhood,
To remind me, sweet Norah, of you.
But I think, love, so often about you,
And you don't know how happy I feel;
But I'm lonely to-night, love, without you,
My darling, sweet Norah O'Neal.

Oh, why should I weep tears of sorrow?
Oh, why let hope lose its place?
Won't I meet you, my darling, to-morrow,
And smile on your beautiful face?
Will you meet me? oh, say will you meet me
With a kiss at the foot of the lane:
And I'll promise, whenever you greet me,
That I'll never be lonely again.

THE SWEET SONGS OF ERIN ASTHORE.

Oh where is the true Irish heart that don't beat
With rapture, and sweet ecstasy,
When he listens with joy, to the loved songs of home,
Filled with romance and sweet melody.
Their notes thrill the heart, of the wanderer that roams
Far away from his dear native shore:
And the one only solace that cheers him through life,
Are the sweet songs of Erin asthore.

REFRAIN.

"Come back to Erin, Oh Kathleen Mavourneen,"
Their music so grand, thrills my heart o'er and o'er,
The world knows no sweeter, no grander, or purer
Sweet songs, than the loved ones of Erin asthore.

How well I remember those days long ago,
Ere I left my loved country to roam;
All the boys, and the girls, they would gather at eve,
On the old village green by my home.
How their sweet voices rang, as the old songs they sang,
Oh I long for to live those days o'er;
But their mem'ries I'll hold, till the day that I die,
With the sweet songs of Erin asthore.

REFRAIN.

"Come back to Erin, Oh Kathleen Mavourneen,"
Their music so grand, thrills my heart o'er and o'er,
The world knows no sweeter, no grander, or purer
Sweet songs, than the loved ones of Erin asthore.

SHANE DYMAS' DAUGHTER.

It was the eve of holy St. Bride,
The Abbey bells were ringing,
And the meek-eyed nuns at eventide
The vesper hymns were singing.
Alone, by the well of good St. Bride,
A novice fair was kneeling!
And there seem'd not o'er her soul to glide
One shade of earthly feeling.

For ne'er did that clear and sainted well
Reflect, from its crystal water,
A form more fair than the shadow that fell
From O'Niall's lovely daughter.
Her eye was bright as the blue concave,
And beaming with devotion;
Her bosom fair as the foam on the wave
Of Erin's rolling ocean.

Yet O! forgive her that starting tear;
From home and kindred riven,
Fair Kathleen, many a long, long year,
Must be the Bride of Heaven.
Her beads were told, and the moonlight shone
Sweetly on Calian Water,
When her path was cross'd by a holy nun;—
"Benedicte, fair daughter!"

Fair Kath'leen started—well did she know—
O what will not love discover!
Her country's scourge, and her father's foe,—
'Twas the voice of her Saxon lover.
"Raymond!"—"Oh hush, my Kathleen dear,
My path's beset with danger;
But cast not, love, those looks of fear
Upon thy dark-haired stranger.

"My red roan steed's in yon Culdee grove,
My bark is out at sea, love!
My boat is moored in the ocean cove;
Then haste away with me, love!
My father has sworn my hand shall be
To Sidney's daughter given;
And thine, to-morrow will offer thee
A sacrifice to heaven.

"But away, my love, away with me!
The breeze to the west is blowing;
And thither, across the dark-blue sea,
Are England's bravest going.
To a land where the breeze from the orange bowers
Comes over the exile's sorrow,
Like the light-wing'd dreams of his early hours
Or his hope of a happier morrow.

"And there, in some valley's loneliness,
By wood and mountain shaded,
We'll live in the light of wedded bliss,
Till the lamp of life be faded.
Then thither with me, my Kathleen, fly!
The storms of life we'll weather,
Till in bliss beneath the western sky,
We live, love, die together!"—

"Die, Saxon, now!"—At that fiend-like yell
An hundred swords are gleaming;
Down the bubbling stream, from the tainted well,
His heart's best blood is streaming.
In vain does he doff the hood so white,
And vain his falchion flashing:
Five murderous brands through his corslet bright
Within his heart are clashing!

OLD IRELAND'S HEARTS AND HANDS.

O ERIN, home of lovely scenes,
O land of love and song!
In joy once more my fond heart leans
On thee, so true and strong;
For like a restless bird I've strayed,
And oft on far-off stranges,
I dreamed of "love-knots" years have made
With Ireland's hearts and hands.

CHORUS.

O sweetheart Erin! good old land!
Tho' near or far I stray,
I love them all, thy heart and hand,
I love thy shamrock spray;
Old Ireland's hearts and hands!
Old Ireland's hearts and hands!
O sweetheart Erin! good old land!
I love thy hearts and hands.

O welcome was thy bright green shore,
That rose upon my sight;
Like dawn upon the wave once more
To chase the long, long night;
For tho' in many an hour of joy
I wove the tendril bands
Of friendships great, there's none could cloy
Old Ireland's hearts and hands.

O rimmed with gold of memory bright,
Thy emerald beauty set,
Within my heart gave gleams of light,
And I could not forget;
For this I prayed with many a tear,
Alone in distant lands,
The starry hour that gives me here
Old Ireland's hearts and hands.

ROSE OF KILLARNEY.

Oh! promise to meet me where twilight is fall-
ing
Beside the bright waters that slumber so
fair;
Each bird in the meadow your name will be
calling,
And every sweet rosebud will look for you
there.
It's morning and evening for you I am sighing;
The heart in my bosom is yours evermore;
I'll watch for you, darling, when daylight is
dying,
Sweet rose of Killarney, Mavourneen
Ashore.

My heart is a nest that is robbed and forsaken,
When gone from my sight is the girl that I
love;
One word from your lips can my gladness
awaken—
Your smile is the smile of the angels above.
Then meet me at twilight, beside the bright
waters:
The love that I've told you, I'd whisper
once more:
Oh! sweetest and fairest of Erin's fair
daughters,
Dear rose of Killarney, Mavourneen Ashore.

SHANE DYMAS' DAUGHTER.—Continued.

His last groan echoing through the grove,
 His life blood on the water,
 He dies,—thy first and thy only love,
 O'Niall's hapless daughter!
 Vain, vain, was the shield of that breast of snow!
 In vain that eye would sustain him,
 Through his Kathleen's heart the murderous blow
 Too deadly aimed, has slain him.

The spirit fled with the red, red blood
 Fast gushing from her bosom;
 The blast of death has blighted the bud
 Of Erin's loveliest blossom!
 'Tis morn;—in the deepest doubt and dread
 The gloomy hours are rolling;
 No sound save the requiem for the dead,
 Or knell of the death-bell tolling.

'Tis dead of night—not a sound is heard,
 Save from the night-wind sighing;
 Or the mournful moan of the midnight bird,
 To yon pale planet crying.
 Who names the name of his murder'd child?
 What spears to the moon are glancing?
 'Tis the vengeful cry of Shane Dymas wild,
 His boznacht-men advancing.

Saw ye that cloud o'er the moonlight cast,
 Fire from its blackness breaking?
 Heard ye that cry on the midnight blast,
 The voice of terror shrieking?
 'Tis the fire from Aidsaillach's willow'd height,
 Tower and temple falling;
 'Tis the groan of death, and the cry of fright,
 From monks for mercy calling!

SMIGGY MAGLOORAL.

THERE was a man lived in the West,
 Musha dural ling, du ral laddy, O!
 Arrah! he married a maid, she was none the best,
 But he'd sooner have her than all the rest;

CHORUS.

And her name was Noral, Maggie Noral,
 Dingy dural, Smig. Maglooral, walk off.

Arrah! she goes to bed at eleven o'clock,
 Musha dural ling, du ral laddy, O!
 And she calls the maid for to wind the clock,
 For she milked the cow from the chimney top.

She sat on grass till she caught the cramp,
 Musha dural ling, du ral laddy, O!
 They built a tent out of her hoops,
 And they brought her to with some turtle soup.

Now this morning she arose from her sweet repose,
 Musha dural ling, du ral laddy, O!
 Arrah! she puts on her clothes, and it's out she goes,
 She meets one of her foes, his name was Mose.
 She tread on his toes, and a quarrel arose,
 Which came to blows, and the science she shows;
 But in the gutter she goes, as you may suppose,
 And it's quick she arose, and it's home she goes,
 For to dream of her woes, for what she knows,
 She knows, she knows.

MY EMMET'S NO MORE.

DESPAIR in her wild eye, a daughter of Erin
 Appeared on the cliffs of the bleak, rocky
 shore;
 Loose in the wind flowed her dark streaming
 ringlets,
 And heedless she gazed on the dread surge's
 roar.
 Loud rang her harp in wild tones of despair-
 ing,
 The time passed away with the present com-
 paring,
 And in soul-thrilling strains deeper sorrow de-
 claring,
 She sang Erin's woes and her Emmet no
 more.

Oh, Erin, my country, your glory's departed,
 For tyrants and traitors have stabbed thy
 heart's core;
 Thy daughters have laved in the streams of
 affliction,
 Thy patriots have fled, or lie stretched in
 their gore.
 Ruthless ruffians now prowl thro' thy hamlets
 forsaken.
 From pale, hungry orphans their last morsel
 have taken;
 The screams of thy females no pity awaken,
 Alas! my poor country, your Emmet's no
 more.

Brave was his spirit, yet mild as the Brahmin,
 His heart bled in anguish the wrongs of the
 poor;
 To relieve their hard sufferings he braved
 every danger,
 The vengeance of tyrants undauntedly bore.
 Even before him the proud titled villains in
 power
 Were seen, though in crime, in terror to
 cower;
 But, alas! he is gone, he has fallen, a young
 flower,
 They have murdered my Emmet, my Em-
 met's no more.

MAGGIE'S SECRET.

Oh! many a time I am sad at heart,
 And I haven't a word to say;
 And I keep from the lads and the lasses apart,
 In the meadows a-making hay.
 But Willie will bring me the first wild rose,
 In my new sun-bonnet to wear;
 And Robin will wait at the keeper's gate,
 For he follows me everywhere—
 But I tell them they needn't come wooing to
 me,
 For my heart—my heart is over the sea.
 Two summers ago, when a brave ship sailed
 Far away to the golden West;
 Oh! nobody knew that my heart went, too,
 For the secret I ne'er confessed.
 A mother took leave of her boy that day,
 I could hear her sob and cry,
 As I followed her back to her dreary home,
 But never a word said I—
 But you see that they needn't come wooing to
 me,
 For my heart—my heart is over the sea.

MAGGIE'S SECRET.—*Continued.*

I sat by his mother, one midsummer day,
 And she looked me through and through,
 As she spoke of her lad who was far away—
 For she guessed that I loved him, too.
 She turned to me fondly, and whispered low,
 I was worthy her sailor-boy.
 My foolish tears they began to flow,
 Though my heart beat high with joy—
 So, you see, that they needn't come wooing to
 me,
 For my heart—my heart is over the sea.

WHERE THE GRASS GROWS GREEN.

I'm Denny Blake, from the County Clare,
 And here at your command,
 To sing a song in praise of home,
 My own, my native land.
 I've travelled to foreign countries,
 And in many climes I've been,
 But my heart is still with Erin,
 Where the grass grows green.

CHORUS.

I love my native country,
 And tho' richer lands I've seen,
 Yet I can't forget old Erin,
 Where the grass grows green.

Poor Pat is often painted
 With a ragged coat and hat;
 His heart and hospitality
 Has much to do with that.
 Let slanderers say what they will,
 They cannot call him mean;
 Sure a stranger's always welcome
 Where the grass grows green.

He's foolish, but not vicious,
 His faults I won't defend;
 His purse to help the orphan,
 His life to serve a friend.
 He'll give without a murmur,
 So his follies try and screen;
 For there's noble hearts in Erin,
 Where the grass grows green.

'Tis true he has a weakness
 For a drop of something pure,
 But that's a slight debility
 That many more endure.
 He's fond of fun, he's witty,
 Though his wit 'tis not too keen,
 For there's feeling hearts in Erin,
 Where the grass grows green.

There's not a true-born Irishman,
 Wherever he may be,
 But loves the little emerald
 That sparkles on the sea.
 May the sun of bright prosperity
 And bring better days to Erin,
 Shine peaceful and serene
 Where the grass grows green.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

THE white and the orange, the blue and green, boys,
 We'll blend them together in concord to-night;
 The orange most sweet amid green leaves is seen, boys,
 The loveliest pansy is blue and white.
 The light of the day,
 As it glides away,
 Paints with orange the white clouds that float in the west:
 And the billows that roar
 Round our own island shore
 Lay their green heads to rest on the blue heaven's bosom,
 Where sky and sea meet in the distance away:
 As Nature thus shows us how well she can fuse 'em,
 We'll blend them in love on St. Patrick's Day.

The hues of the prism, philosophers say, boys,
 Are nought but the sunlight resolved into parts:
 They're beauteous, no doubt; but I think that the ray, boys,
 Unbroken, more lights up and warms our hearts.
 Each musical tone,
 Struck one by one,
 Makes melody sweet, it is true, on the ear—
 But let the hand ring
 All at once every string—
 And, oh! there is harmony now that is glorious,
 In unison pealing to heaven away;
 For union is beauty, and strength victorious,
 In hues, tones, or hearts, on St. Patrick's Day.

Those hues in our bosoms be sure to unite, boys;
 Let each Irish heart wear those emblems so true;
 Be fresh as the green, and be pure as the white, boys,
 Be bright as the orange, sincere as blue.
 I care not a jot
 Be your scarf white or not.
 If you love as a brother each child of the soil;
 I ask not your creed,
 If you'll stand in her need
 To the land of your birth in the hour of her dolours,
 The foe of her foes, let them be who they may;
 Then, "Fusion of hearts, and confusion of colors!"
 Be the Irishman's toast on St. Patrick's Day.

NORAH CREINA.

Who are you that walks this way so like the Empress Dejanira?
 Is it true what people say, that you're the famous Shilnagira?
 Or are you the great Pompey? or Britain's Queen, bold Til-
 burena?
 Or are you Dido, or Doctor Magee? oh no, says she, I'm Norah
 Creina!

CHORUS.

I'm the girl that makes the stir from Cork along to Skibbereena;
 All the day we drink strong tea, and whisky, too, says Norah
 Creina.
 Who are you that ax my name? Othello, Wat Tyler or Julius
 Caesar?
 Or are you Venus, of bright fame? or that old foggy Nebuchad-
 nezzar?
 Or maybe you are Pluto stout, or jolly old Bacchus, drunk and
 hearty,
 There, my lass, your eye is out, for I am Napoleon Bonaparte.
 Won't you dine with me to-day? I'll send for you a horse and
 crupper,
 And, lest you should refuse to stay, I'll tell you who we'll have
 for supper:
 Macgilleuddy of the Reeks, and Donaghue Glen, the Duke of
 Glo'ster,
 Oliver Cromwell and Brian O'Lynn, Cadwallader Waddy and
 Leslie Foster.

PADDY'S CURIOSITY SHOP.

DID you hear tell of Paddy's museum,
It's ancient and modern antiquities;
If not, when ye hear, ye'll see 'em,
Of their fame all old Ireland speaks.
I was always considered a lover
Of antiquities, sure, from my birth,
And did somehow or other discover
What nobody else could on earth.

CHORUS.

So don't talk about Barnum's museum,
If in passin' my house you will stop,
There's things you'll be struck for to see 'em,
I'n Paddy's curiosity shop.

I've been twinty-nine times 'round the globe,
And niver took sleep night or day;
I've had double the patience uv Job,
To bring all these relics away.
With great kindness I have been treated,
I've bin twice kilt and shot into, too,
You'll belave it all whin I've related
My list of curiosities through.—CHORUS.

The relic I take the most pride on
Is ould Mother Shipton's birch broom,
The one the ould girl would fly stride on
When she din'd wid the man in the moon.
And I've got the mattock and spade
With which Adam the ground cultivated;
And an ould furrin' coin that was made
Before the world was created.—CHORUS.

I've a walking-stick not very pliant,
Don' fancy I'm pitchin' it strong;
It belong'd to the Irish giant,
An' it's just two-and-thirty feet long;
I've his boots, too, and they are like towers,
A coach you might inside them drive;
If you'd fall in one, oeh! by the powers,
Ye'd niver be got out alive.—CHORUS.

I've the bustle of Jupiter's mother,
An' Vanus, the goddess, stays;
An' I've got the steel pen an' no other,
Wid which Shakespeare wrote all his plays.
I've got Dr. Dodd's kitchen table,
I've the brains of the famed larned pig;
I've the roof off the tower o' Bable,
An' an Irish Ambassador's wig.—CHORUS.

I've got a froze flame from Mount Aetna,
That was caught by a man passing by;
I've a sly cupid's dart, forged at Gretna,
An' the lash of Pope Gregory's eye;
I've the toe-nail of ugly Mohamet,
I've the whiskers of Whittington's cat;
I've got Miss Queen Elizabeth's bonnet,
An' ould Mother Hubbard's cock'd hat.—CHORUS.

I've got all sorts of relics and stones,
I've got patched coats widout any stitches;
I've a portion of Gulliver's bones,
An' a pair uv King David's old breeches.
I'll conclude now, because my physician
Says singing too much turns the brain;
But I'll give you the second edition
Some night when you drop in again.—CHORUS.

THE ROCK OF CASHEL.

FAIR was that eve, as if from earth away
All trace of sin and sorrow
Passed, in the light of the eternal day,
That knows no night nor morrow.

The pale and shadowy mountains in the dim
And glowing distance piled!
A sea of light along the horizon's rim,
Unbroken, undefiled!

Blue sky, and cloud, and grove, and hill, and
glen,
The form and face of man
Beamed with unwonted beauty, as if then
New earth and heaven began.

Yet heavy grief was on me, and I gazed
On thee through gushing tears,
Thou relic of a glory that once blazed
So bright in bygone years!

Wreck of a ruin! lovelier, holier far,
Thy ghastly hues of death,
Than the cold forms of newer temples are—
Shrines of a priestless faith.

In lust and rapine, treachery and blood,
Its iron domes were built;
Darkly they frown, where God's own altars
stood,
In hatred and in guilt.

But to make thee, of loving hearts the love,
Was coined to living stone;
Truth, peace, and piety together strove
To form thee for their own.

And thou wast theirs, and they within thee
met,
And did thy presence fill;
And their sweet light, even while thine own
is set,
Hovers around thee still.

'Tis not work of mind, or hand, or eye,
Builder's or sculptor's skill,
Thy sight, thy beauty, or thy majesty—
Not these my bosom thrill.

'Tis that a glorious monument thou art,
Of the true faith of old,
When faith was one in all the nation's heart,
Purer than purest gold.

A light, when darkness on the nations dwelt,
In Erin found a home—
The mind of Greece, the warm heart of the
Celt,
The bravery of Rome.

But, O! the pearl, the gem, the glory of her
youth,
That shone upon her brow;
She clung forever to the Chair of Truth—
Clings to it now!

THE ROCK OF CASHEL.—Continued.

Love of my love, and temple of my God!
How would I now clasp thee
Close to my heart, and, even as thou wast
trod,
So with thee trodden be!

O, for one hour a thousand years ago,
Within thy precincts dim,
To hear the chant, in deep and measured flow,
Of psalmody and hymn!

To see of priests the long and white array,
Around thy silver shrines—
The people kneeling prostrate far away,
In thick and chequer'd lines.

To see the Prince of Cashel o'er the rest,
Their prelate and their king,
The sacred bread and chalice by him blest,
Earth's holiest offering.

To hear, in piety's own Celtic tongue,
The most heart-touching prayer
That fervent suppliants e'er was heard
among—
O, to be then and there!

There was a time all this within thy walls
Was felt, and heard, and seen;
Faint image only now thy sight recalls
Of all that once hath been.

The creedless, heartless, murderous robber
came,
And never since that time
Round thy torn altars burned the sacred
flame,
Or rose the chant sublime.

Thy glory in a crimson tide went down,
Beneath the cloven hoof—
Altar and priest, miter, and cope, and crown,
And choir, and arch, and roof.
O, but to see thee, when thou wilt rise again—
For thou again wilt rise,
And with the splendors of thy second reign
Dazzle a nation's eyes!

Children of those who made thee what thou
wast,
Shall lift thee from the tomb,
And clothe thee, for the spoiling of the past,
In more celestial bloom.

And psalm, and hymn, and gold, and precious
stones,
And gems beyond all price,
And priest, and altar, o'er the martyr's bones,
And daily sacrifice.

And endless prayer, and crucifix, and shrine,
And all religion's dower,
And thronging worshipers shall yet be thine—
O, but to see that hour!

And who shall smite thee then?—and who shall
see
Thy second glory o'er?
When they who make thee free themselves
are free,
To fall no more.

THE MAID OF CASTLE CRAIGH.

THREE times the flowers have faded since I left my native home,
Through hopeless love enlisting, in foreign lands to roam;
But wherso'er I wandered, near or far away,
No maiden could e'er compare with the Maid of Castle Craigh.

Her blooming cheek was like the rose, all blushing; and her eye
Like yonder star, that shines afar so bright and tenderly;
Her bosom like the snow, in evening's rosy ray,
But oh! it seem'd as cold to me, sweet Maid of Castle Craigh.

I courted her a year and more, and sought to gain her love,
And sure her heart was fond and warm, though timid as a dove:
For oh! I never knew, till I was far away,
That I had won thy gentle heart, dear Maid of Castle Craigh.

But now my griefs are all at rest, the wars at length are o'er,
And landed safe on Erin's soil, I'll never leave it more;
But live in peace and joy, to bless each happy day,
With thee, my own, my only love, dear Maid of Castle Craigh.

DERMOT ASTORE.

Oh! Dermot Astore! between waking and sleeping
I heard thy dear voice, and I wept to its lay;
Every pulse of my heart the sweet measure was keeping
Till Killarney's wild echoes had borne it away.
Oh! tell me, my own love, is this our last meeting?
Shall we wander no more in Killarney's green bow'rs,
To watch the bright sun o'er the dim hills retreating,
And the wild stag at rest in his bed of spring ow'rs?
Oh! Dermot Astore, etc.

Oh! Dermot Astore! how this fond heart would flutter,
When I met thee by night in the shady borcen,
And heard thine own voice in a soft whisper utter
Those words of endearment, "Mavourneen colleen!"
I know we must part, but oh! say not for ever,
That it may be for years adds enough to my pain;
But I'll cling to the hope, that though now we must sever,
In some blessed hour I shall meet thee again.
Oh! Dermot Astore, etc.

SWEET KATHLEEN THE GIRL I ADORE.

FAR away o'er the sea, there's a spot dear to me
In old Erin, the land I adore,
Where a colleen so true, with sweet eyes oh so blue,
Is waiting to greet me once more.
I left her one day for to roam far away,
As a wanderer from my native shore;
But I long to go back o'er the sea's bounding track,
To sweet Kathleen the girl I adore.

REFRAIN

Sweet Kathleen my darling, I'll never forget,
Remembrance of you thrills me o'er;
Oh my heart holds one hope, 'tis to see just once more
Sweet Kathleen the girl I adore.

Though long years have gone by, since I kissed her good-bye
On the old village green that sad day,
Still the tears on her face, in my dreams I can trace,
As she bade me God speed, on my way;
And at night oft I pray, for the dawn of the day
That will give me a glimpse just once more
Of my dear native isle, and the old-fashioned stile,
Where I first met the girl I adore.—REFRAIN.

GLENFINISHK.

GLENFINISHK! where thy waters mix with Araglen's wild tide,
 'Tis sweet at hush of evening to wander by thy side!
 'Tis sweet to hear the night-winds sigh along Macrona's wood,
 And mingle their wild music with the murmur of thy flood!

'Tis sweet, when in the deep-blue vault the morn is shining
 bright,
 To watch where thy clear waters are breaking into light;
 To mark the starry sparks that o'er thy smoother surface gleam,
 As if some fairy hand were flinging diamonds on thy stream!

Oh! if departed spirits e'er this dark world return,
 'Tis in some lonely, lovely spot like this they would sojourn:
 What'er their mystic rites may be, no human eye is here,
 Save mine to mark their mystery—no human voice is near.

At such an hour, in such a scene, I could forget my birth—
 I could forget I e'er have been, or am, a thing of earth;
 Shake off the fleshly bonds that hold my soul in thrall, and be,
 Even like themselves, a spirit, as boundless and as free!

Ye shadowy race! if we believe the tales of legends old,
 Ye sometimes hold high converse with those of mortal mould:
 Oh! come, whilst now my soul is free, and bear me in your train,
 Ne'er to return to misery and this dark world again!

TERRY O'ROON AND HIS WONDERFUL TUNE.

OCH! there ne'er was a piper lie Terry O'Roan,
 Sure he bother'd them all with his wonderful tune;
 And the like of that same, when it came in his head,
 It never was equall'd by living or dead.
 And this is the reason—a long time ago,
 As Terry's own family histories show,
 A Fairy once brought to his grandfather's cot
 The very same pipes that Terry has got;
 "And sure," said his father, who took up the trade,
 "St. Patrick himself on the same may have played;"
 But none of the pipe-playing house of O'Roan,
 Like Terry could strike up the wonderful tune.
 Och, bothering, wheedling Terry O'Roan,
 He charm'd every heart with his wonderful tune.

'Tis said when he struck up his pipes by the shore,
 That the fishes danced jigs, and the sea ceased to roar,
 That the roes split with laughing, that herring and sprats
 Should foot it with shell-fish, and round fish, and flats;
 Be that as it may, Terry swears it's true;
 But he might have been dreaming, betwixt me and you;
 On a taste of the creature—that caused him to think,
 (For pipers have ever been jewels to drink,
 And Terry himself when the whisky was strong,
 He ne'er played so well, nor so loud, nor so long,
 Till he set them all dancing—sly Terry O'Roan,
 And whatever he play'd 'twas a wonderful tune.
 Och, bothering, wheedling, etc.

There was never a wake, nor a fight, nor a fair,
 But Terry O'Roan he was sure to be there;
 And many's the match that was made, I'll be bound,
 When his wonderful pipes drew the lasses around;
 But Terry himself was a rogue, and it's true
 It was all one to him whether black eyes or blue;
 For when his flirtations some beauty would vex,
 "Arrah, honey!" he'd say "'aint I true to the sex?"
 And so he went on with his wheedling ways,
 And his pipe-playing tricks, to the end of his days;
 But there ne'er was a piper like Terry O'Roan,
 That was gifted like him with a wonderful tune!
 Och, bothering, wheedling Terry O'Roan,
 Sure he won ev'ry heart with his wonderful tune!

THE FAIRY WELL.

OH! Peggy Bawn was innocent,
 And wild as any roe;
 Her cheek was like the summer rose,
 Her neck was like the snow:

And every eye was in her head
 So beautiful and bright,
 You'd almost think they'd light her through
 Glencarrigy by night.

Among the hills and mountains,
 Above her mother's home,
 The long and weary summer day
 Young Peggy Blake would roam;

And not a girl in the town,
 From Dhua to Glenlur,
 Could wander through the mountain's heath
 Or climb the rocks with her.

The Lamma sun was shinin' on
 The meadows all so brown;
 The neighbors gathered far and near
 To cut the ripe crops down;

And pleasant was the mornin',
 And dewy was the dawn,
 And gay and lightsome-hearted
 To the sunny fields they're gone.

The joke was passing lightly,
 And the laugh was loud and free;
 There was neither care nor trouble
 To disturb their hearty glee;

'When, says Peggy, resting in among
 The sweet and scented hay,
 "I wonder is there one would brave
 The Fairywell to-day!"

She looked up with her laughin' eyes
 So soft at Willy Rhu;
 Och murder! that she didn't need
 His warnin' kind and true!

But all the boys and girls laughed,
 And Willy Rhu looked shy;
 God help you, Willy! sure they saw
 The trouble in your eye.

"Now, by my faith!" young Connell says,
 "I like your motion well—
 There's a power more than gospel
 In what crazy gossips tell."

Oh, my heavy hatred fell upon
 Young Connell of Sliabh-Mast!
 He took the cruel vengeance
 For his scorned love at last.

The jokin' and the jibin'
 And the banterin' went on,
 One girl dared another,
 And they all dared Peggy Bawn.

Till leaping up, away she flew
 Down to the hollow green—
 Her bright locks, floating in the wind,
 Like golden lights were seen.

THE FAIRY WELL.—Continued.

They saw her at the Fairy well—
Their laughin' died away,
They saw her stoop above its brink
With heart as cold as elay.

Oh! mother, mother, never stand
Upon your cabin floor!
You heard the cry that through your heart
Will ring for evermore;

For when she came up from the well,
No one could stand her look!
Her eye was wild—her cheek was pale—
They saw her mind was shook:

And the gaze she cast around her
Was so ghastly and so sad—
"O Christ preserve us!" shouted all,
"Poor Peggy Blake's gone mad!"

The moon was up—the stars were out,
And shining through the sky,
When young and old stood mourning round
To see their darling die.

Poor Peggy from the death-bed rose—
Her face was pale and cold,
And down about her shoulders hung
The lovely locks of gold.

"All you that's here this night," she said,
"Take warnin' by my fate,
Whoever braves the fairies' wrath,
Their sorrow comes too late."

The tear was startin' in her eye,
She clasp'd her throbbin' head,
And when the sun next mornin' rose
Poor Peggy Bawn lay dead.

LOCH INA.

I KNOW a lake where the cool waves break,
And softly fall on the silver sand—
And no steps intrude on that solitude,
And no voice, save mine, disturbs the
strand.

And a mountain bold like a giant of old
Turned to stone by some magic spell,
Uprears in might its misty height,
And his eraggy sides are wooded well.

In the midst doth smile a little Isle,
And its verdure shames the emerald's
green—
On its grassy side, in ruined pride,
A castle of old is darkling seen.

On its lofty crest the wild crane's nest,
In its halls the sheep good shelter find;
And the ivy shades where a hundred blades
Were hung, when the owners in sleep
reclined.

That chieftain of old could he now behold
His lordly tower a shepherd's pen,
His corpse, long dead, from its narrow bed
Would rise, with anger and shame again.

FORTUNE IN THE FIRE.

"SWEET Norah, come here, and look into the fire,
Perhaps in its embers good luck we may see;
But don't come too near, or your glances so burning
Will put it clean out, lie the sunbeams, machree.

"Just look 'twixt the bars where that black sod is smoking;
There's a sweet litle valley with rivers and trees,
And a house on the bank quite as big as the squire's—
Who knows but some day we'll have something like these?"

"And now there's a coach with four galloping horses,
A coachman to drive, and a footman behind—
That shows that some day we will keep a fine carriage,
And fly through the streets with the speed of the wind."

As Dermot was speaking, the rain-drops came hissing
Down through the chimney; the fire went out;
While mansion and river, and horses and carriage,
All vanished in smoke-wreaths that whirled about.

Then Norah to Dermot this speech softly whispered—
"Twere better to do than to idly desire;
And one little cot by the roadside is better
Than a palace with servants and coach—in the fire!"

PAT AND THE PIG.

'Twas near Limerick town lived bould Paddy O'Linn,
No boy a shillelah so nately could spiu;
But oeh! down his throat, when the whisky he'd tossed,
Sly Paddy oft found things before they were lost.
From the cabin of Widdy O'Connor one day,
A fat little pig, as pigs will, got astray;
Says Pat, "You're blind drunk, it's my feelin's you shook;"
Then he fell o'er the pig, as he gave him a knock;
"Oeh, piggy," says he, "'tis good manners you need:
It's myself you've near kilt, you disgrace to your breed.
But my bacon I've saved, so to give you your due,
It's cured you shall be—I'll make bacon of you."

The grunter Pat eured, and soon put out of sight,
But the ghost of that pig haunted Pat day and night;
So at last to his riv'rence he went and confessed,
Having that on his mind that he couldn't digest.
"Oeh, Pat!" said the priest, "only think of the day
When the widdy shall charge you with stealing away
The pig that she looked to for paying her rint."
"Oeh, murder!" says Pat, "it's of that I repent,
And so, if you plaze absolution to say,
It's a blessed thirteen that I'm willing to pay.
Or I'll marry the widdy to make her atone:
Since 'twas her flesh I took, I'll be bone of her bone."

"You know that can't be—you would cheat me, O'Linn,
To compound with a felony's surely a sin;
And as to repintance, sure what will you say,
When the widdy accuses you at the last day?"
Says Pat, "Will your riv'rence answer me true,
When that time it shall come will the pig be there too?"
"He will," said the priest, "all your guilt to make plain,
Cheek by jowl with the pig you will stand once again."
"Then," says Pat, "it's all right, absolution or not,
For when that time comes I an answer have got,
As the pig will be there, I have only to say,
'Take your dirty ould pig'—so your riv'rence good day."

LOCH INA.—*Continued.*

'Tis sweet to gaze when the sun's bright rays
Are cooling themselves in the trembling wave
But 'tis sweeter far when the evening star
Shines like a smile at Friendship's grave.

There the hollow shells, through their
wreathed cells,

Make music on the silent shore,
As the summer breeze, through the distant
trees,

Murmurs in fragrant breathings o'er.

And the sea-weed shines, like the hidden mines
Of the fairy cities beneath the sea;
And the wave-washed stones are bright as the
thrones

Of the ancient Kings of Araby.

If it were my lot in that fairy spot
To live forever, and dream 'twere mine,
Courts might woo, and kings pursue,
Ere I would leave thee—Loved Loch Ine.

RORY'S KISSING SCHOOL.

'Bout a kiss, do ye ask? It's me that can tell;
For ould as I am, I'm minding it well;
When a spalpeen of three, with how much de-
light

My mither kissed Rory and bade him good
night.

But my mither she died and left Rory behind;
And the lasses I met brought her so to my
mind

That at kissing I went, first one and anither,
Because they wore bonnets and looked like my
mither.

At last, would you think it, swate Bridget
O'Flynn

Had scarcely been kissed when she kissed me
agin,

And tould me a praest, away down in the city,
Would say, if we'd ask him, a bit of a ditty.

"A ditty, swate Bridget, and what might it
be?"

"Ne'er mind, my dear Rory, but just come
wid me!"

We trudged to the city, and sure as my life
He said a short ditty and called her my wife.

We got a wee cottage, a pig and a spade,
Bridget sickened; we hired her sister for maid;
The maid I was kissing when, true as ye're
there,

I felt the ould divil a-pulling my hair.

"Begone, you old varmint!" I yelled in af-
fright,

And sort o' turned round to be getting a
sight;

What did I diskiver? Instead of an elf,
Swate Bridget O'Flaherty there jist herself.

"Oh, Rory!" she blubbered, still pulling
away,

"But sick is my heart wid yer conduct to-day;
A-kissing my sister while I'm in my bed,
Nor able to raise from the pillow my head!"

THE ATHLONE LANDLADY.

'Twas in the town of Athlone
Lived the beautiful Widow Malone,
She kept the Black Boy,
Was an arnful of joy,
And had plenty of lovers, och hone, och hone,
O the world for you, Widow Malone.

There was Bolus, the medical drone,
And Latitat, all skin and bone,
But physie and law
Both stuck in her craw,
And she couldn't digest them, och hone, och hone—
O success to sweet Mistress Malone!

But Cupid, who's the devil's own
Sent a lad who soon altered her tone,
'Twas brave Serjeant Mac Whack,
With long sword and broad back;
And his roguish black eyes at her thrown, och hone,
O they bother'd the Widow Malone.

The love-sick sweet Mistress Malone
So fond of the soldier was grown,
That in secret she'd sigh,
"For the serjeant I die,
Oh! would I were bone of his bone! och hone."
More of that to you, Mistress Malone.

Still the lawyer and doctor will groan,
And tease the poor widow, och hone,
Till one day Pat Mac Whack
Kick'd them out in a crack,
And a smack gave sweet Katty Malone, och hone—
"O you've won me!" cried Widow Malone.

So they wedded one morn, och hone,
And with fun sure the stocking was thrown;
And he's man of the house,
And his beautiful sponse
Is sweet Mistress Mac Whack, late Malone, Malone—
So more luck to Mac Whack and Malone!

NORAH DARLING, DON'T BELIEVE THEM.

NORAH darling, don't believe them,
Never heed their flattering wiles,
Trust a heart that loves thee dearly,
Lives but in thy sunny smiles,
I must leave thee, Norah darling,
But I leave my heart with thee;
Keep it, for 'tis true and faithful
As a loving heart can be.

When the stars are round me glist'ning,
And the moon shines bright above,
Perhaps, my Norah, thou'lt be list'ning
To another tale of love.
Perhaps they'll tell thee I'll forget thee,
Teach thy gentle heart to fear;
Oh, my Norah, never doubt me—
Don't believe them, Norah dear.

They must love thee, Norah darling,
When they look into those eyes,
Oh, thou'lt never let them rob me
Of the heart I dearly prize.
Thou wilt not forget me, Norah,
When their tales of love you hear,
Never heed their treacherous whispers,
Don't believe them, Norah dear.

RORY'S KISSING SCHOOL.—*Continued.*

"Troth! my Bridget," says I, "perhaps ye can mind

When ye to the kissing were greatly inclined;
Ye kissed me and kissed me at Donnybrook fair,

And now, by the jabbers, ye're pulling my hair.
Begone, you old fool, wid a rumpus like this!
I'm only a-larning your sister to kiss!"

NANCY, THE PRIDE OF THE WEST.

We have dark lovely looks on the shores where
the Spanish

From their gay ships came gallantly forth,
And the sweet shrinking violets sooner will
vanish

Than modest blue eyes from our north;
But oh! if the fairest of fair-daughtered Erin
Gathered round at her golden request,
There's not one of them all that she'd think
worth comparing

With Nancy, the pride of the west.

You'd suspect her the statue the Greek fell in
love with.

If you chanced on her musing alone,
Or some goddess great Jove was offended above
with,

And chilled to a sculpture of stone;
But you'd think her no colorless, classical
statue,

When she turned from her pensive repose,
With her glowing gray eyes glancing timidly
at you,

And the blush of a beautiful rose.

Have you heard Nancy sigh? then you've
caught the sad echo

From the wind-harp enchantingly borne.
Have you heard the girl laughing? then you've
heard the first cuckoo

Chant summer's delightful return.

And the songs that poor ignorant country-folk
fancy,

The lark's liquid raptures on high.
Are just old Irish airs from the sweet lips of
Nancy,

Flowing up and refreshing the sky.

And though her foot dances so soft from the
heather

To the dew-twinkling tussocks of grass,
It but warms the bright drops to slip closer to-
gether

To image the exquisite lass;
We've no men left among us, so lost to emotion,
Or scornful, or cold to her sex,

Who'd resist her, if Nancy once took up the
notion

To set that soft foot on their necks.

Yet, for all that the bee flies for honey-dew
fragrant

To the half-opened flower of her lips;
And the butterfly pauses, the purple-eyed va-
grant!

To play with her pink finger-tips;
From all human lovers she locks up the treas-
ure

A thousand are starving to taste,
And the fairies alone know the magical meas-
ure

Of the ravishing round of her waist.

THE SONS OF HIBERNIA.

Brave sons of Hibernia, your shamrocks display,
For ever made sacred on St. Patrick's day;
'Tis a type of religion, the badge of our saint,
And a plant of that soil which no venom can taint.

Both Venus and Mars to that land lay a claim
Their title is own'd and recorded by fame;
But St. Patrick to friendship has hallow'd the ground,
And made hospitality ever abound.

Then with shamrocks and myrtles let's garnish the bowl,
In converse convivial and sweet flow of soul,
To our saint make oblations of generous wine
What saint would have more?—sure 'tis worship divine!

Tho' jovial and festive in seeming excess,
We've hearts sympathetic of others' distress.
May our shamrock continue to flourish and prove
An emblem of charity, friendship, and love.

May the blights of disunion no longer remain,
Our shamrock to wither, its glories to stain;
May it flourish for ever, we heaven invoke,
Kindly shelter'd and fenc'd by the brave Irish oak.

A SWEET IRISH GIRL IS THE DARLING FOR ME.

If they talk about ladies, I'll tell them the plan
Of myself—to be sure, I'm a nate Irishman.
There is neither sultana nor foreign ma'amselle,
That has charms to please me, or can coax me so well
As the sweet Irish girl so charming to see;
Och, a sweet Irish girl is the darling for me.

And sing filliloo, fire away, frisky she'll be—
Och! a sweet Irish girl is the darling for me;

For she's pretty, she's witty,
She's hoaxing, she's coaxing,
She's smiling, beguiling to see, to see:
She rattles, she prattles.

She dances, and prances—

Och! a sweet Irish girl is the darling for me.

Now some girls they are little, and some they are tall,
Och! others are big, sure, and others are small;
And some that are teasing, are bandy, I tell;
Still none can please me, or can coax me so well
As the dear Irish girl, so charming to see—
Och! a sweet Irish girl is the darling for me.
And sing filliloo, etc.

THE FAIRY BOY.*

A MOTHER came when stars were paling,
Wailing round a lonely spring:
Thus she cried while tears were falling,
Calling on the fairy king:

"Why with spells my child caressing,
Courting him with fairy joy:
Why destroy a mother's blessing,
Wherefore steal my fairy boy?"

"O'er the mountain, through a wild wood,
Where his childhood loved to play:
Where the flowers are freshly springing,
There I wander day by day.

"There I wander, growing fonder
Of the child that made my joy;
On the echoes wildly calling,
To restore my fairy boy.

*When a beautiful child pines and dies, the Irish peasant believes the healthy infant has been stolen by the fairies, and a sickly child left in its place.

SWEET KILKENNY TOWN.

I WAS working in the fields near fair Boston city,
Thinking sadly of Kilkenny—and a girl that's there;
When a friend came and tould me—late enough and more's the
pity!—

“There's a letter waitin' for ye, in the postman's care!”
Oh! my heart was in my mouth, all the while that he was
spaking,

For I knew it was from Katy!—she's the girl that can spell!
And I couldn't speak for crying, for my heart had nigh been
breaking.

With longing for a word from the girl that I love well.
Oh! I knew it was from Katey. Who could it be but Katey?
The poor girl that loves me well, in sweet Kilkenny Town.

Oh! 'twas soon I reached the place, and I thanked them for the
trouble

They wor taking with my letter, a-sorting with such care;
And they asked “was it a single?” and I tould them 'twas a
double!

For wasn't it worth twice as much as any letter there?
Then they sorted and they searched, but something seemed the
matter,

And my heart it stopped beating when I thought what it
might be:

Och! boys, would you believe it? they had gone and lost my
letter,

My poor Katey's letter that had come so far to me.

For I knew, etc.

I trembled like an aspen, but I said, “'Tis fun your making,
Of the poor foolish Paddy, that's so azy to craze;
Och! gentlemen, then look again, maybe you wor mistaken,
For letters, as you know, boys, are as like as pase!”
Then they bade me sarch myself when they saw my deep de-
jection,

But, och! who could sarch when the tears blind the sight?

Moreover (as I tould them) I'd another strong objection,

In regard to niver larning to read nor to write.

For I wasn't cute like Katey, my own darling Katey,
etc.

Then they laughed in my face, and they asked me (tho' in
kindness),

What good would letters do me that I couldn't understand.
And I answered, “Were they cursed with deafness and with
blindness,

Would they care less for the clasp of a dear loved hand?”

Oh! the folks that read and write (though they're so mighty
clever),

See nothin' but the words, and they're soon read through;
But Katy's unread letter would be speaking to me ever

Of the dear love that she bears me, for it shows she is true!

Oh! well I know my Katey, my own darling Katey,

The poor girl that loves me well, in sweet Kilkenny Town.

TERRY MALONE.

ONE ev'ning from market returning,
Just thinking of what I'll not name;
May be some of ye guess, ah! now don't ye?
For 'tis few have not thought of the same.
But my heart is as open as sunshine,
A secret lies heavy as stone:
So I'll even confess, without blushing,
I was thinking of Terry Malone.

THE SPINNING-WHEEL SONG.

MELLOW the moonlight to shine is beginning;
Close by the window young Eileen is spinning;
Bent o'er the fire her blind grandmother,
sitting,

Is crooning and moaning, and drowsily knit-
ting;

“Eileen achora, I hear some one tapping.”

“'Tis the ivy, dear mother, against the glass
flapping.”

“Eileen, I surely hear some one sighing.”

“'Tis the sound, mother dear, of the summer
wind dying.”

Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,
Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the
foot's stirring;

Sprightly and lightly and airily ringing,
Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden
singing.

“What's that noise that I hear at the window,
I wonder?”

“'Tis the little birds chirping the holly-bush
under.”

“What makes you be shoving and moving your
stool on,

And singing all wrong the old song of the Co-
lun?”

There's a form at the casement—the form of
her true love—

And he whispers, with face bent, “I'm wait-
for you, love.

Get up on the stool, through the lattice step
lightly;

We'll rove in the grove while the moon's
shining brightly.”

Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,
Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the
foot's stirring;

Sprightly and lightly and airily ringing,
Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden
singing.

The maid shakes her hand, on her lips lays
her fingers,

Steals up from the seat—longs to go, and yet
lingers;

A frightened glance turns to her drowsy grand-
mother,

Puts one foot on the stool, spins the wheel with
the other.

Lazily, easily, swings now the wheel round,
Slowly and lowly is heard now the reel's
round;

Noiseless and light to the lattice above her
The maid steps, then leaps to the arms of her
lover.

Slower—and slower—and slower the wheel
swings;

Lower—and lower—and lower the reel rings;
Ere the wheel and the reel stopped their
ringing and moving,

Through the grove the young lovers by moon-
light are roving.

TERRY MALONE.—*Continued.*

If you spake of some one I'll not mention,
It is certain, they say, he'll appear;
And so of the lad I was thinking,
By the bosheen I saw him draw near.
I was pleased and yet sorry to see him,
And he asked me to met him alone;
For I very well knew what he wanted,
So avoided poor Terry Malone.

Coming home the next ev'ning quite lonely,
All at once who d'ye tihnk I did spy?
But Terry himself in a flurry,
And oh! such a beam in his eye!
Where's the use to descend to partic'lars,
Enough if the end be made known—
That same night, by the moon, consented,
To become Mistress Terry Malone.

DEAR PRATIES.

As a cook, a few dainties I'll here be explaining,
And sure you'll confess that they go in a trice,
They're of true Irish growth, and if you take my meaning,
You'll say they're all the world can think nice;
There's some that will eat them well moistened with whiskey,
Some roast them, while others prefer them if boiled,
And if you but eat them, they'll make your hearts frisky,
But leave on their jackets or else they'll be spoiled.

CHORUS.

Dear praties we can't do without them,
They grow in our fields, and our men they employ;
Talk as you will you must say this about them—
That a mealy praty is an Irishman's joy.
They make the boys stout, and keep the girls slender,
They soften the hearts, and they strengthen the mind,
And the man from the bog, or the lord in high splendor,
All live by the praties, as most folks can find;
Besides, if a foe come to threaten old Erin,
We'll bother his noddle, and soon stop his breath,
And at our ammunition he'd soon be found staring,
For with praties, dear praties, we'd stone 'em to death.
Dear praties, etc.

YOU'RE WELCOME AS FLOWERS IN MAY.

"So, Katty dear, you've told your mother
That I'm a rogue, by that and this,
We'll prove that same somehow or other,
So first of all I'll steal a kiss."
"Och! Terry dear, don't call it stealing,
A kiss you cannot take away,
The loss of that I'd not be feeling—
You're welcome as the flowers in May."

"But, Kitty dear, I'm growing bolder,
A great big thief I mean to start,
And before I am an hour older
I'd like to *steal* away your heart."
"Och! Terry, don't you call it robbin',
My heart you've owned this many a day;
But if you like to ease its throbbin',
You're welcome as the flowers in May."

"But, Katty dear, I am not joking,
My wounded honor you must heal;
I'll not be called such names for nothing,
Sure, it's yourself away I'd steal."
"Och! Terry, that would be housebreaking,
But if my mother don't say nay,
It's to Father Tom you may be spaking—
You're welcome as the flowers in May."

THE RIVER BOYNE.

BRIDE of Loch Ramor, gently seaward stealing,
In thy placid depths hast thou no feeling
Of the stormy gusts of other days?
Does thy heart, O gentle, nun-faced river,
Passing Shomberg's obelisk, not quiver,
While the shadow on thy bosom weighs?

Thou hast heard the sounds of martial clangor,
Seen fraternal forces clash in anger,
In thy Sabbath valley, River Boyne!
Here have ancient Ulster's hardy forces
Dressed their ranks, and fed their traveled
horses,
Tara's hosting as they rode to join.

Forgettest thou that silent summer morning,
When William's bugles sounded sudden warn-
ing,
And James's answered, chivalrously clear!
When rank to rank gave the death signal duly,
And volley answered volley quick and truly,
And shouted mandates met the eager ear?

The thrush and linnet fled beyond the moun-
tains,
The fish in Inver Colpa sought their fountains,
The unchased deer scampered through
Tredagh's gates;
St. Mary's bells in their high places trembled,
And made a mournful music which resembled
A hopeless prayer to the un pitying Fates.

Ah! well for Ireland had the battle ended
When James forsook what William well de-
fended,
Crown, friends, and kingly cause;
Well, if the peace thy bosom did recover
Had breathed its benediction broadly over
Our race, and rites, and laws.

Not in thy depths, not in thy fount, Loch
Ramor!
Were brewed the bitter strife and cruel clamor
Our wisest long have mourned;
Foul Faction falsely made thy gentle current
To Christian ears a stream and name abhor-
rent,
And all thy waters into poison turned.

But, as of old God's Prophet sweetened Mara,
Even so, blue bound of Ulster and of Tara,
Thy waters to our exodus give life;
Thrice holy hands thy lineal foes have wedded,
And healing olives in thy breast embedded,
And banished far the littleness of strife.

Before thee we have made a solemn Fædus,
And for Chief Witness called on Him who
made us,
Quenching before His eyes the brands of
hate;
Our pact is made, for brotherhood and union,
For equal laws to class and to communion—
Our wounds to stanch—our land to liber-
ate.

THE RIVER BOYNE.—Continued.

Our trust is not in musket or in saber—
Our faith is in the fruitfulness of labor,
The soul-stirred, willing soil;
In Homes and granaries by justice guarded,
In fields from blighting winds and agents
warded,
In franchised skill and manumitted toil.

Grant us, O God, the soil, and sun, and sea-
sons!

Avert Despair, the worst of moral treasons,
Make vaunting words be vile.
Grant us, we pray, but wisdom, peace, and
patience,
And we wil yet relift among the nations
Our fair and fallen, but unforsaken Isle!

KATHLEEN'S FETCH.

THE reaper's weary task was done;
And down to repose sank the autumn sun;
And the crimson clouds, in the rich-hued west,
Were folding like rose-leaves round his rest.
My heart was light, and I hummed a tune,
As I hied me home by the harvest moon;
And I bless'd her soft and tender ray,
That rose to lighten my lone pathway.

Then I thought on my Kathleen's winning
smile
(And I felt my heart grow sad the while),
Of her cheek, like the fading rose-clouds
glowing,
Of her hair, like the dying sunlight flowing;
And her words like the song of a summer
bird,
And her air and step, like the fawn's, when
stirred
By the hunter's horn, as it boometh o'er
The woody glens of the steep Sliabh-mor.

The broad Lough Mask beneath me lay,
Like a sheet of foam in the silver ray;
And its yellow shores were round it rolled,
As a gem enclosed by its fretted gold.
And there, where the old oaks mark the spot,
Arose my Kathleen's sheltered cot;
And I bounded on, for my hopes were high,
Though still at my heart rose the boding sigh.

The silver moon was veiled by a cloud,
And the darkness fell on my soul like a
shroud;
And a figure in white was seen afar,
To flit on my path like a twinkling star.
I rushed, I ran—'twas my Kathleen dear:
But why does she fly? has she ought to fear?
I called, but in vain—like the fleeting beam,
She melted away with the flowing stream.

I came to her father's cottage door,
But the sounds of wailing were on his floor;
And the keeper's voice rose loud and wild,
And a mother bewailed her darling child.
My heart grew chill—I could not draw
The latch: I knew 'twas her Fetch I saw!
Yes, Kathleen, fair Kathleen, that sad night
died,
The fond pulse of my soul, its hope, its pride.

THE SACRET YEZ TRUSTED TO ME.

If it's thru it's the "silence that gives the consent,"
It's yerself, Dennis dear, should be mighty content,
For it's niver a word I have said thro' your say,
Tho' yez stopp'd to fetch breath, before namin' the day;
Whin a purty Colleen, whom the boys are all praisin'
Shall be yez, wid the pig, for the rint I am raisin',
The fayther I'll tell what ye've trusted to me,
And ask wid a kiss, if I married may be.

Now avick! don't yez look wid that sheep-castin' eye,
It bothers entirely a Colleen that's shy;
An' Pathrie is comin', who will have his joke,
And guess be me blushes, the words ye have spoke;
And the boy will be tazin', the while I am sazin'
The moment the whisky my father is plazin',
To tell him the sacret yez trusted to me,
And ask wid a kiss, if I married may be.

It's the pity, alanna, time makes men forgit
How swate was their joy when two tinder hearts met,
For I'm shure he wil say I am foolish to waste
My love on a spalpeen an' marry in haste;
For it's thru, Denis dear, that the ould will be preachin'
To the young who still think they've grown out ov their tacin',
I'll tell him the sacret yez trusted to me,
And coax wid a kiss that I married may be.

THE EMERALD ISLE.

OF all nations under the sun,
Dear Erin does truly excel;
For friendship, for valor, for fun,
'Tis fam'd, as the world can tell;
The boys are all hearty, the girls
Sweet daughters of beauty they prove,
The lads they ne'er dread any perils,
The lasses are brimful of love.

CHORUS.

Then hurrah! for the Emerald Isle!
Where shillelahs and shamrocks abound,
May peace and prosperity smile
O'er the land and its natives around.

Our forefathers tell us St. Pat
Drove vermin away from our shore,
The shamrock he bless'd, and for that
We steep it in whisky galore;
He told us while time should remain,
Still happy would be the gay sod
And bloom in the midst of the main,
By the footsteps of friendship still trod,
Then hurrah, etc.

As for heroes, we have them in plenty,
From gallant old Brian Boromhe,
In battles, faith, upwards of twenty
He leathered the Danes black and blue.
Invasion our sons could not sever,
Like lions they fought on the strand,
And may their descendants for ever
Protect their own beautiful land.
Then hurrah, etc.

MARY MACHREE.

THE flower of the valley was Mary Machree,
Her smiles all bewitching were lovely to see;
The bees round her humming, when summer was gone,
When the roses were fled, might her lips take for one;
Her laugh it was music, her breath it was balm,
Her heart, like the lake, was as pure and as calm,
Till Love o'er it came, like a breeze o'er the sea,
And made the heart heave of sweet Mary Machree.

She loved—and she wept; for was gladness e'er known
To dwell in the bosom, that love makes his own;
His joys are but moments, his griefs are for years;
He comes all in smiles, but he leaves all in tears!
Her lover was gone to a far distant land!
And Mary, in sadness, would pace the lone strand,
And tearfully gaze on the dark rolling sea.
That parted her soldier from Mary Machree.

Oh, pale grew her cheek when there came from afar,
The tales of the battle, and tidings of war;
Her eyes filled with tears when the clouds gather'd dark,
For fancy would picture some tempest-tost bark;
But winter came on, and the deep woods were bare,
In the hall was a voice, and a foot on the stair,
Oh! joy to the maiden, for o'er the blue sea,
The soldier returned to his Mary Machree.

THE WHISTLING THIEF.

WHEN Pat came o'er the hills, his colleen fair to see,
His whistle, loud and shrill, his signal was to be.

(*Shrill whistle.*)

"Oh! Mary," the mother cried, "there's some one whistling,
sure."

"Oh! mother, you know it's the wind that's whistling through
the door."

(*Whistles "Garryowen."*)

"I've lived a long time, Mary, in this wide world, my dear,
But the wind to whistle like that, I never yet did hear."
"But, mother, you know the fiddle hangs just behind the chink,
And the wind upon the string is playing a tune, I think."

(*Dog barks.*)

"The dog is barking now, and the fiddle can't play that tune."
"But, mother, you know that dogs will bark, when they see
the moon;"

"Now how can he see the moon, when you know he's old and
blind?"

Blind dogs can't see the moon, nor fiddles be played by the
wind."

(*Pig grunts.*)

"And now there is the pig, onaisy in his mind."
"But, mother, you know they say that pigs can see the wind."
"That's all very well in the day, but then, I may remark,
That pigs, no more than we, can see anything in the dark."

"Now I'm not such a fool as you think; I know very well it is
Pat.

Be off, you whistling thief! and get along home out of that!
And you be off to your bed, and don't bother me with your tears,
For though I've lost my eyes, I have not lost my ears."

MORAL

Now, boys, too near the house don't courting go, d'ye mind,
Unless you're certain sure the old woman's both deaf and
blind;
The days when they were young, forget they never can—
They're sure to tell the difference twixt a fiddle, a dog, or a
man.

WIRRASTHURIE!

Ah! yes! the honeymoon is past,
Wirrasthurie! wirrasthurie!
And I must leave my home at last,
Wirrasthurie! wirrasthurie!
I looked into my father's eyes,
I hear my mother's parting sighs,—
Ah! fool to pine for other ties—
Wirrasthurie! wirrasthurie!

This evening they must sit alone,
Wirrasthurie! wirrasthurie!
They'll talk of me when I am gone,
Wirrasthurie! wirrasthurie!
Who now will cheer my weary sire,
When toil and care his heart shall tire?
My chair is empty by the fire,
Wirrasthurie! wirrasthurie!

How sunny looks my pleasant home,
Wirrasthurie! wirrasthurie!
Those flowers for me shall never bloom,
Wirrasthurie! wirrasthurie!
I seek new friends, and I am told
That they are rich in lands and gold;
Ah! will they love me like the old?
Wirrasthurie! wirrasthurie!

Farewell, dear friends, we meet no more,
Wirrasthurie! wirrasthurie!
My husband's horse is at the door;
Wirrasthurie! wirrasthurie!
Ah, love! ah, love! be kind to me,
For by this breaking heart you see
How dearly I have purchased thee!
Wirrasthurie! wirrasthurie!

THE JUG OF PUNCH.

'Twas very early in the month of June,
As I was sitting in my room,
I heard a thrush sing in a bush,
And the song he sung was a jug of punch.
Tul looral, etc.

What more diversion can a man desire,
Than to be seated by snug coal fire,
Upon his knee a pretty wench,
And on the table—a jug of punch?
Tul looral, etc.

If I were sick and very bad,
And was not able to go or stand,
I would not think it at all amiss,
To pledge my shoes for a jug of punch.
Tul looral, etc.

When I am dead and in my grave,
No costly tombstone will I have,
But I'll dig a grave both wide and deep,
With a jug of punch at my head and feet.
Tul looral, etc.

Now you jovial toppers as you pass by,
If you are thirsty, step in and try,
And with your sweethearts never flinch
To dip your bills in a jug of punch.
Tul looral, etc.

DARBY KELLY.

My grandsire beat a drum so neat,
His name was Darby Kelly, O!
No lad so true at rat tat too,
At roll-call or reveille, O!
When Marlbro's name first raised his fame,
My grandy beat the point of war:
At Blenheim he, at Ramilie,
Made ears to tingle near and far:
For with his wrist, he'd such a twist,
The girls would leer, you don't know how;
They laugh'd, and cried, and sigh'd, and died,
To hear him beat his row dow dow.

A son he had which was my dad,
As tight a lad as any, O!
You e'er would know, though you should go
From Chester to Kilkenny, O!
When great Wolf died, his country's pride,
To arms my dapper father beat:
Each dale and hill remembers still
How loud, how long, how strong, how neat,
With each drum-stick he had the trick,
The girls would leer, you don't know how;
Their eyes would glisten, their ears would
listen,
To hear him beat his row dow dow.

Yet ere I wed, ne'er be it said,
But that the foe I dare to meet,
With Wellington, Old Erin's son,
To help to make them beat retreat.
King Arthur once, or I'm a dunce,
Was eall'd the hero of the page;
But what was he to him we see—
The Arthur of the modern age.
For, by the pow'rs, from Lisbon's towers
Their trophies bore to grace his brow;
He made Nap prance right out of France,
With his English, Irish, row dow dow.

OH, STEER MY BARK TO ERIN'S ISLE.

OH, I have roamed o'er many lands,
And many friends I've met!
Not one fair scene or kindly smile
Can this fond heart forget.
But I'll confess that I'm content,
No more I wish to roam:
Oh, steer my bark to Erin's isle,
For Erin is my home.

In Erin's isle there's manly hearts,
And bosoms pure as snow:
In Erin's isle there's right good cheer,
And hearts that overflow.
In Erin's isle I'd pass my time;
No more I wish to roam:
Oh, steer my bark to Erin's isle,
For Erin is my home.

If England were my place of birth,
I'd love her tranquil shore;
If bonny Scotland were my home,
Her mountains I'd adore.
But pleasant days in both I've past;
I'll dream of days to come:
Oh, steer my bark to Erin's isle,
For Erin is my home.

PADDY'S PANACEA.

LET your quacks in newspapers
Be cutting their capers,
'Bout curing the vapors, the scurvy, or gout,
Wid their powders and potions,
Their balsams and lotions,
Och hone! in their notions they're mightily out.
Would you know the true physic
To bother the phthisic,
And pitch to the devil cramp, colic, and spleen?
You'll find it, I think,
If you take a big drink,
With your mouth to the brink of a jug of poteen.
Then stick to the cratur,
The best thing in natur,
For sinking your sorrows and raising your joys.
Och! whack! botheration!
No dose in the nation
Can give consolation like whisky, my boys!

Oh, no liquid cosmetic
For lovers athletic
Or ladies pathetic can give such a bloom;
And for sweets, by the pow'rs,
A whole garden of flow'rs
Never gave their own bow'rs such a darling perfume.
Then the liquor so rare,
If you're wishing to share,
To be turning your hair when it's grizzled or red;
Sure the sod has the merit
To make the true spirit
So strong it'll turn both your hair and your head.
Then stick to the cratur,
The best thing in natur,
For sinking your sorrows and raising your joys.
Oh! since 'tis perfection,
No doctor's direction
Can guard the complexion like whisky, my boys!

Whilst a child in the cradle,
My nurse wid a ladle
Was filling my mouth wid an ocean of pap,
When a drop from the bottle
Slipp'd into my throttle,
I caper'd and wrigled clane out of her lap.
On the floor I lay sprawling,
And kicking and bawling,
Till father and mother were both to the fore,
All sobbing and sighing,
Conceived I was dying,
But soon found I only was screeching for more.
Then stick to the cratur,
The best thing in natur
For sinking your sorrows and raising your joys.
Oh, whack, how they'd chuckle
If babes in their truckle
They only could suckle wid whisky, my boys!

Thro' my youthful progression
To years of discretion
My childhood's impression still clung to my mind;
For at school or at college
The bolus of knowledge
I never could gulp till wid whisky combined.
And as older I'm growing,
Time's ever bestowing
On Erin's potation a flavor so fine,
That howe'er they may lecture
'Bout Jove and his nectar,
Itself is the only true liquor divine.
Then stick to the cratur,
The best thing in natur

PADDY'S PANACEA.—*Continued.*

For sinking your sorrows and raising your joys.
 Oh, whack! 'tis delighting
 For courting or fighting
 There's nought so exciting as whisky, my boys!

Let philosophers dabble
 In science, and babble
 'Bout Oxygen, Hydrogin, Nitrogin's fame;
 For their gin, to my thinking,
 Is not worth the drinking;
 Their labor's all lost, and their learning a drame.
 They may prate by the score
 Of their elements four,
 That all things earth, air, fire, and water must be;
 For their rules I don't care,
 For in Ireland, I'll swear,
 By St. Pat there's a fifth, and that's whisky, machree!
 Then stick to the cratur,
 The best thing in natur
 For sinking your sorrows and raising your joys.
 Och! whack! art and science
 Myself bids defiance
 To yield in appliance to whisky, my boys!

Come guess me this riddle—
 What bates pipe and fiddle?
 What's stronger than mustard and milder than crame?
 What best wets your whistle?
 What's clearer than crystal,
 And sweeter than honey, and stronger than stame?
 What'll make the dumb talk?
 What'll make the lame walk?
 What's th' Elixir of Life and Philosopher's Stone?
 And what help'd Mr. Brunel
 To dig the Thames Tunnel?
 Sure wasn't it the spirit of nate Innishowen!
 Then stick to the cratur,
 The best thing in natur
 For sinking your sorrows and raising your joys.
 Oh! whack! I'd not wonder
 If lightning and thunder
 Was made from the plunder of whisky, my boys!

DUBLIN BAY.

HE sailed away in a galant bark
 Roy Neill and his fair young bride,
 He had ventur'd all in that bounding ark,
 That danced o'er the silver tide.
 But his heart was young and his spirit light,
 And he dashed the tear away,
 As he watch'd the shore recede from sight,
 Of his own sweet Dublin Bay.

Three days they sail'd, and a storm arose,
 And the lightning swept the deep,
 And the thunder-crash broke the short repose,
 Of the weary sea-boy's sleep.
 Roy Neill, he clasped his weeping bride,
 And he kiss'd her tears away,
 "Oh, love, 'twas a fatal hour," she cried,
 "When we left sweet Dublin Bay."

On the crowded deck of the doomed ship,
 Some stood in their mute despair,
 And some more calm, with a holy lip,
 Sought the God of the storm in prayer.
 "She has struck on the rock!" the seamen cried,
 In the breath of their wild dismay,
 And the ship went down and the fair young bride,
 That sailed from Dublin Bay.

THE COLLEEN BAWN.

Och! Patrick darlin', would you lave me
 To sail across the big salt sea?
 I never thought you'd thus decave me;
 It's not the truth you're tellin' me!
 Though Dublin is a mighty city,
 It's there I should be quite forlorn,
 For, poor and friendless, who would pity—
 Left lonely there—your Colleen Bawn?

You tell me that your friends are leaving
 The dear green isle, to cross the main,
 But don't you think they'll soon be grieving
 For dear ould Ireland once again?
 Can they forget each far-famed river?
 Each hill a thousand songs adorn?
 Can you depart from them for ever—
 Could you forget your Colleen Bawn?

Sure, Patrick, me you've been beguiling,
 It's not my heart you mane to break,
 Tho' fortune may not now be smiling,
 Your Colleen Bawn you'll not forsake;
 I'll go with you across the sea, dear,
 If brighter days for us wont dawn;
 No matter where our home may be, dear,
 I still will be your Colleen Bawn.

THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,
 Where we sat side by side,
 On a bright May morning long ago,
 When first you were my bride.
 The corn was springing fresh and green,
 And the lark sang loud and high,
 And the red was on your lip, Mary,
 And the love light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,
 The day as bright as then;
 The lark's loud song is in my ear,
 And the corn is green again!
 But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
 And your breath warm on my cheek,
 And I still keep list'nin' for the words
 You never more may speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
 And the little church stands near;
 The church where we were wed, Mary,
 I see the spire from here.
 But the graveyard lies between, Mary,
 And my step would break your rest,
 For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,
 With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
 For the poor make no new friends;
 But oh! they love the better far,
 The few our Father sends!
 And you were all I had, Mary,
 My blessing and my pride;
 There's nothing left to care for now,
 Since my poor Mary died.

I'm bidding you a long farewell,
 My Mary, kind and true!
 But I'll not forget you, darling,
 In the land I'm going to!
 They say there's bread and work for all,
 And the sun shines always there;
 But I'll not forget old Ireland,
 Were it fifty times as fair!

THE MAID OF BALLYHAUNIS.

My Mary dear! for thee I die,
 O! place thy hand, in mine, love—
 My fathers here were chieftains high,
 Then to my plaints incline, love.
 O, Plaited-hair! that now we were
 In wedlock's band united,
 For, maiden mine, in grief I'll pine,
 Until our vows are plighted!

Thou, Rowan-bloom, since thus I rove,
 All worn and faint to greet thee,
 Come to these arms, my constant love,
 With love as true to meet me!
 Alas! my head—its wits are fled,
 I've failed in filial duty—
 My sire did say, "Shun, shun, for aye
 That Ballyhaunis beauty!"

But thy *Cúilin bán* I marked one day,
 Where the blooms of the bean-field cluster,
 Thy bosom white like ocean's spray,
 Thy cheek like rowan-fruit's lustre,
 Thy tones that shame the wild birds fame
 Which sing in the summer weather—
 And O! I sigh that thou, love, and I
 Steal not from this world together!

If with thy lover thou depart
 To the land of Ships, my fair love,
 No weary pain of head or heart,
 Shall haunt our slumbers there, love—
 O! haste away, ere cold death's prey,
 My soul from thee withdrawn is;
 And my hope's reward, the churchyard sward
 In the town of Ballyhaunis!

HERE'S A HEALTH TO SWEET ERIN.

HERE'S a health to sweet Erin!
 When roaming afar,
 She shines in her beauty,
 My soul's guiding star.
 Oh, 'tis long since the green hills
 Of Cavan I saw;
 Erin! Savourneen,
 Slan laight go brag!
 Here's a health, etc.

Here's a health to old friendships,
 And times full of joy,
 To the home and the hearth
 Of my heart when a boy.
 'Mid the wreck of my hopes,
 Nature still keeps her law;
 Matair, Savourneen,
 Slan laight go brag!
 Here's a health, etc.

Oh, the land of the Shamrock
 And Harp has a spell
 For this lone heart of mine,
 That no language can tell!
 Oh, 'tis long since the green hills
 Of Cavan I saw;
 Erin! Savourneen,
 Slan laight go brag!
 Here's a health, etc.

NORAH MAGEE.

SURE it is not at reading and writing
 That Terry's of genius the spark;
 The boy's a deal better at fighting,
 And that he calls making his mark.
 'Tis true he oft sends me a letter
 The strength of his passion to tell:
 I can't read myself—all the better,
 I can take of the writing a spell.
 There's a mighty big D to begin it,
 And then E, A, R, I can see;
 So I guess all the rest that is in it,
 For he calls me dear Norah Magee.

When I bring home the milk in the morning
 I'm thinking of him all the same:
 I know to deceive he'd be scorning
 For love's of his letter the crame.
 I can bake, I can brew, and boil pratics,
 And buttermilk too I can make;
 And as to accomplishments—faith 'tis
 Myself that can dance at a wake.
 It's little that I care for learning,
 For Terry is faithful to me
 And says he'd my name soon be turning
 To another than Norah Magee.

THE KILKENNY BOY.

OH I went to school to Darby Tool,
 Who had been a soldier, I was told;
 His talk of wars, of drums, and scars,
 Came over me when nine years old.
 Then I thought of drums, instead of sums,
 Shillelagh being my writing pen;
 My only books being outside-crooks,
 My only joys were fighting men.
 Then disdaining brogues, I crossed the bogs,
 The little girls would cry when me they'd spy
 "Ah, here's Larry Moore, the Irish boy,
 The nice, the neat, the sweet, complete,
 The handsome, fine, Kilkenny boy."

When older grown, the girls ochone!
 About their hearts they twisted me,
 'Till Sergeant Shea, he came out one day,
 When, by the powers! he listed me;
 Then Betty Byrne, she left the churn,
 And cried, "You've been deceiving me,"
 And Kate O'Neill, faith I'll go bail,
 She'll break her heart for leaving me.
 Then in this plight, a soldier tight,
 I marched as stout as any boy,
 The fair to melt, the foe to pelt,
 None equalled the Kilkenny boy:
 The manly, straight, the clean, complete,
 The beautiful Kilkenny boy.

But Sergeant Shea, he died one day,
 A bullet laid him on the floor;
 And the same poltogue who spoiled his brogue
 A Sergeant made of Larry Moore.
 And it's when the peace bid fighting cease,
 For the girls, ochone! I had a few,
 Who thought to tease, but none could please,
 Like the pretty Widow Donohoe;
 For 'tis herself, she has the pelf,
 And 'tis myself can spend it joy,
 She cried, "Ochone! you're all my own,
 My thundering fine Kilkenny boy,
 Oh! you're my broth of a boy, you're my jewel joy,
 You're my own, my fine Kilkenny boy."

THE LAND OF THE SHILLELAH.

ARRAH, sons of green Erin, I'll give you a song,
The shillelah's my theme, and I won't keep you long;
And if with attention you'll honor the tune,
To the words you're as welcome as the roses in June.

The Irish shillelah, och! faith it's no joke,
Is nearly akin to the old English oak;
Their relationship no one will doubt, sure, who knows
The striking similitude felt in its blows.

In the land of potatoes, I mane no offence,
The shillelah first sprouted, its pride and defence;
By freedom 'twas planted, it flourished and grew,
And the fame of this sapling is known the world through.

The shillelah's an Irishman's joy and delight,
His companion by day, his protection by night;
And though rough in appearance, you ail must allow,
That it's mighty engaging when seen in a row.

Let a bumper then, sons of Hibernia, go round,
The toast I propose in your hearts will be found;
Here's "The Land of Shillelah! and long may the sod
By the firm foot of friendship and freedom be trod."

THE SWEET GIRLS OF DERRY.

OCH! the sweet girls of Derry
Are comely and merry,
They have lips like the cherry,
And teeth like the snow;
But 'tis not in nature
To dwell on each feature,
That every sweet creature
In Derry can show!
Och hone! so pleasant and merry,
They're quite captivating—the sweet girls of Derry.

What can I compare to
Their soft silken hair, too!
It wouldn't be fair to
Thus rival the crow;
And Och! 'neath its creeping,
What fair necks were peeping,
Besides—all in keeping,
A freckle or so.
Och hone! so charming and merry
They bother'd me quite, did the sweet girls of Derry.

To see their eyes glitter
It made my heart twitter,
But their frown—Och it's bitter
When clouded their brows!
Then their dear little noses
Seem made to smell posies,
And their breath—shames the rose's,
'Tis sweet as the cow's!
Och hone!—so comely and merry,
They're quite captivating—the sweet girls of Derry.

So sweet too each voice is,
Its music so choice is,
My heart still rejoices
To think of the strain.
And to show how they bind me,
I left them behind me,
But soon they shall find me
In Derry again.
Och hone!—so pleasant and merry,
I'd live till I die—for the sweet girls of Derry.

THE LOVE-SICK MAID.

THE winter it is past,
And the summer's come at last,
And the small birds sing on every tree;
The hearts of those are glad,
Whilst mine is very sad,
Whilst my true love is absent from me.

I'll put on my can of black,
And fringe about my neck,
And rings on my fingers I'll wear;
All this I'll undertake,
For my true lover's sake,
For he rides at the Curragh of Kildare.

A livery I'll wear,
And I'll comb down my hair,
And I'll dress in the velvet so green:
Straightways I will repair
To the Curragh of Kildare,
And 'tis there I will get tidings of him.

With patience she did wait,
Till they ran for the plate,
In thinking young Johnston to see;
But Fortune proved unkind
To that sweetheart of mine,
For he's gone to Lurgan for me.

I should not think it strange,
The wide world for to range,
If I could obtain my heart's delight;
But here in Cupid's chains
I'm obliged to remain,
Whilst in tears do I spend the whole night.

My love is like the sun,
That in the firmament doth run,
Which is always constant and true;
But yours is like the moon,
That doth wander up and down,
And in every month it's new.

All you that are in love,
And cannot it remove,
For you pined are by me;
Experience makes me know
That your heart is full of woe,
Since my true love is absent from me.

Farewell, my joy and heart,
Since you and I must part,
You are the fairest that I e'er did see;
And I never do design
For to alter my mind,
Although you are below my degree.

GRAMACHREE MOLLY.

As down by Banna's banks I strayed
One evening in the may,
The little birds, in blithest notes
Made vocal every spray.
They sang their little tales of loves,
They sang them o'er and o'er;
Ah! Gramachree, ma Colleenoge,
Ma Molly Astore.

GRAMACHREE MOLLY.—*Continued.*

The daisy pied, and all the sweets
The dawn of nature yields;
The primrose pale, the violet blue,
Lay scatter'd o'er the fields.
Such fragrance in the bosom lies
Of her whom I adore.
Ah! Gramachree, etc.

I laid me down upon a bank,
Bewailing my sad fate,
That doom'd me thus the slave of love,
And cruel Molly's hate;
How can she break the honest heart
That wears her in its core?
Ah! Gramachree, etc.

You said you loved me, Molly dear;
Ah! why did I believe?
Yet, who could think such tender words
Were meant but to deceive!
That love was all I ask'd on earth,
Nay, heav'n could give no more.
Ah! Gramachree, etc.

Oh, had I all the flocks that graze
On yonder yellow hill,
Or low'd for me the num'rous herds
That you green pasture fill;
With her I love I'd gladly share
My kine, and fleecy store.
Ah! Gramachree, etc.

Two turtle doves, above my head
Sat courting on a bough;
I envied not their happiness,
To see them bill and coo:
Such fondness once for me was shown
But now, alas! 'tis o'er.
Ah! Gramachree, etc.

Then fare thee well, my Molly dear,
Thy loss I e'er shall moan;
Whilst life remains in this fond heart,
'Twill beat for thee alone;
Tho' thou art false, may heaven on thee
Its choicest blessings pour.
Ah! Gramachree, etc.

THE GREEN ISLE.

FAIREST! put on a while
These pinions of light I bring thee,
And o'er thy own green isle
In fancy let me wing thee.
Never did Ariel's plume
At golden sunset hover
O'er scenes so full of bloom,
As I shall waft thee over.

Fields, where the Spring delays,
And fearlessly meets the ardor
Of the warm Summer's gaze,
With only her tears to guard her.
Rocks, through myrtle boughs
In grace majestic frowning,
Like some bold warrior's brows
That Love hath just been crowning.

MARY OF TRALEE.

Och hone! and is it true then that my love is coming back
again?
And will his face like suushine come to glad my cottage door?
'Tis then the clouds will wear away and never will look black
again,
For he's written me a letter and we soon shall meet once
more.
He tells me he has gold in tore, but oh! he tells me something
more,
He says tho' we've been parted he has still been true to me;
And I've to him been faithful too, and will my dream at last
come true?
Perhaps it's in a coach and four he's coming back from sea.
He's coming back to me,
And he's welcome as the sunshine to Mary of Tralee.

Och, hone! when Terry went away, it's little we'd between us
then,
We pledged our hearts, 'twas nothing else that we had got to
pledge:
A heart of stone I'm sure it would have melted to have seen us
then,
But the only stones that saw us were the cold ones 'neath the
hedge;
But now a lady he'll make me, and Terry Lord Lieutenant be,
And won't we keep a pig or two, if that should be the case!
But spite of all his gold in store, if we but meet to part no more,
I'd give up every penny jist to see his darlin' face,
For, he's comin' back to me,
And he's welcome as the sunshine to Mary of Tralee.

Och, Terry, and I knew it, will become a great and mighty man,
There never was his equal, as I told him long ago;
He only had one failing, that he often was a flighty-man,
But sure that was the whisky, and not Terry's self, you know.
But now that he has wiser grown, the whisky p'raps he'll let
alone,
And if the boy for spirit lacks, he'll find enough in me:
For when I ride in all my state, and he a Duke, or Magistrate,
Sure not a pair more illigant in Dublin town you'll see.
For he's coming back to me,
And he's welcome as the sunshine to Mary of Tralee.

THE LAND OF POTATOES, O!

If I had on the clear
But five hundred a year,
'Tis myself would not fear
Without adding a farthing to 't;
Faith if such was my lot,
Little Ireland's the spot
Where I'd build a snug cot,
With a bit of garden to 't.
As for Italy's dales,
With their Alps and high vales,
Where with fine squalling gales,
Their signoras so treat us O!

I'd ne'er to them come,
Nor abroad ever roam,
But enjoy a sweet home
In the land of potatoes, O!
Hospitality,
All reality,
No formality,
There you ever see;
But free and easy
'Twould so amaze ye,
You'd think us all crazy,
For dull we never be!

THE LAND OF POTATOES, O!—*Continued.*

If my friend honest Jack,
 Would but take a small hack,
 And just get on his back,
 And with joy gallop full to us;
 He throughout the whole year,
 Then should have the best cheer,
 For faith none so dear
 As our brother John Bull to us!
 And we'd teach him, when there,
 Both to blunder and swear,
 And our brogue with him share,
 Which both genteel and neat is, O!
 And we'd make him so drink,
 By St. Patrick, I think
 That he never would shrink
 From the land of potatoes, O!
 Hospitality, &c.

Though I freely agree
 I should more happy be
 If some lovely she
 From Old England would favor me;
 For no spot on earth
 Can more merit bring forth,
 If with beauty and worth
 You embellish'd would have her be:

Good breeding, good nature,
 You find in each feature,
 That nought you've to teach her—
 So sweet and complete she's, O!
 Then if Fate would but send
 Unto me such a friend,
 What a life would I spend
 In the land of potatoes, O!
 Hospitality, &c.

SHAMUS O'BRIEN.

OH! sweet is the smile of the beautiful morn
 As it peeps through the curtain of night;
 And the voice of the nightingale singing his tune,
 While the stars seem to smile with delight.
 Old nature now lingers in silent repose,
 And the sweet breath of summer is calm;
 While I sit and wonder if Shamus e'er knows
 How sad and unhappy I am.

CHORUS.

Oh! Shamus O'Brien, why don't you come home?
 You don't know how happy I'll be;
 I've but one darling wish, and that is that you'd come,
 And forever be happy with me.

I'll smile when you smile, and I'll weep when you weep,
 And I'll give you a kiss for a kiss;
 And all the fond vows that I've made you I'll keep,
 What more can I promise than this?
 Does the sea have such bright and such beautiful charms,
 That your heart will not leave it for me?
 Oh! why did I let you get out of my arms,
 Like a bird that was caged and is free?—CHORUS.

Oh! Shamus O'Brien, I'm loving you yet,
 And my heart is still trusting and kind;
 It was you who first took it, and can you forget
 That love for another you'd find?
 No! no! if you break it with sorrow and pain,
 I'll then have a duty to do;
 If you'll bring it to me, I'll mend it again,
 And trust it, dear Shamus, to you.—CHORUS.

THE GREEN ISLE.—*Continued.*

Islets, so freshly fair,
 That never bath bird come nigh them,
 But from his course through air
 He hath been won down by them.
 Types, sweet maid, of thee,
 Whose look, whose blush inviting,
 Never did Love yet see
 From Heaven, without alighting.

Lakes, where the pearl lies hid,
 And caves where the gem is sleeping,
 Bright as the tears thy lid
 Lets fall in lonely weeping.
 Glens, where Ocean comes,
 To 'scape the wild wind's rancor,
 And harbors, worthiest homes,
 Where Freedom's fleet can anchor.

Then, if, while scenes so grand,
 So beautiful, shine before thee.
 Pride for thy own dear land
 Should haply be stealing o'er thee,
 O, let grief come first,
 O'er pride itself victorious—
 Thinking how man hath curst
 What Heaven had made so glorious!

PADDY, YE RASCAL.

Ye have been to the fair wid ye,
 Paddy, ye rascal;
 Ye had Biddy O'Hair wid ye,
 Paddy, ye rascal;
 It's mesilf is a flame at ye,
 Ye a'ght to think shame uv ye—
 Paddy, ye rascal.

Ye swore by the sun and moon,
 Paddy, ye rascal,
 Ye'd marry me late or soon,
 Paddy, ye rascal:
 Is this how you sigh for me,
 Pretendin' to die for me?
 Och! you told a big lie to me,
 Paddy, ye rascal.

Give me none uv your blarney now,
 Paddy, ye rascal;
 For what do I care me now?
 Paddy, ye rascal:
 Ochone, ye oppriss me now—
 Ye what? ye did miss me now?
 Musha! wud ye kiss me now?
 Paddy, ye rascal.

Arrah, now! don't bother me,
 Paddy, ye rascal;
 In truth, and ye'll smother me!
 Paddy, my rascal—
 Ye "dreamed uv me!" did ye now?
 Now, wasn't it Biddy, now?
 Go to the—praise, and luck wid ye now!
 Paddy, ye rascal.

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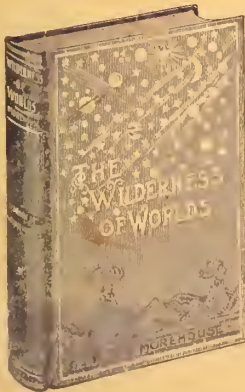
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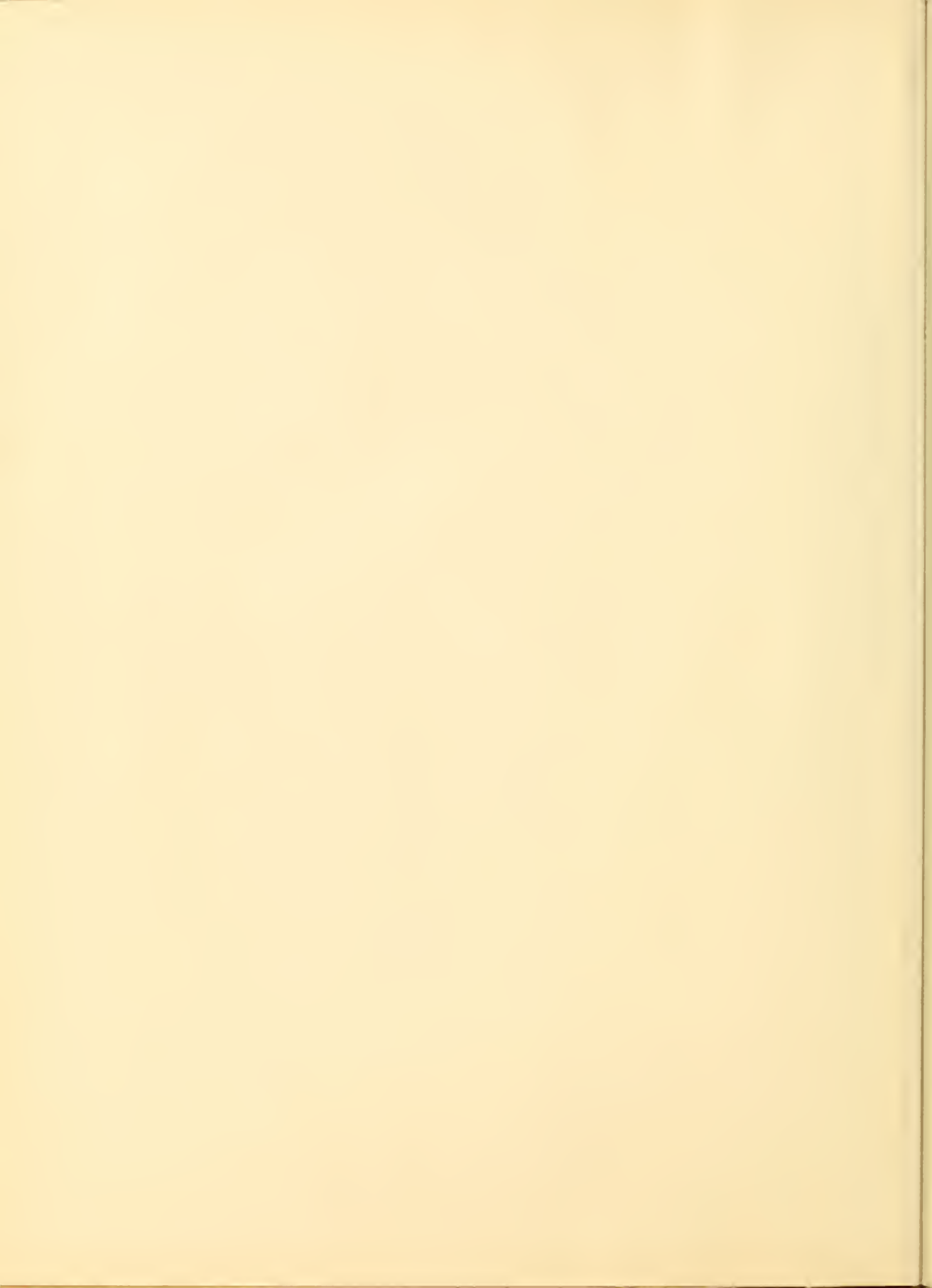
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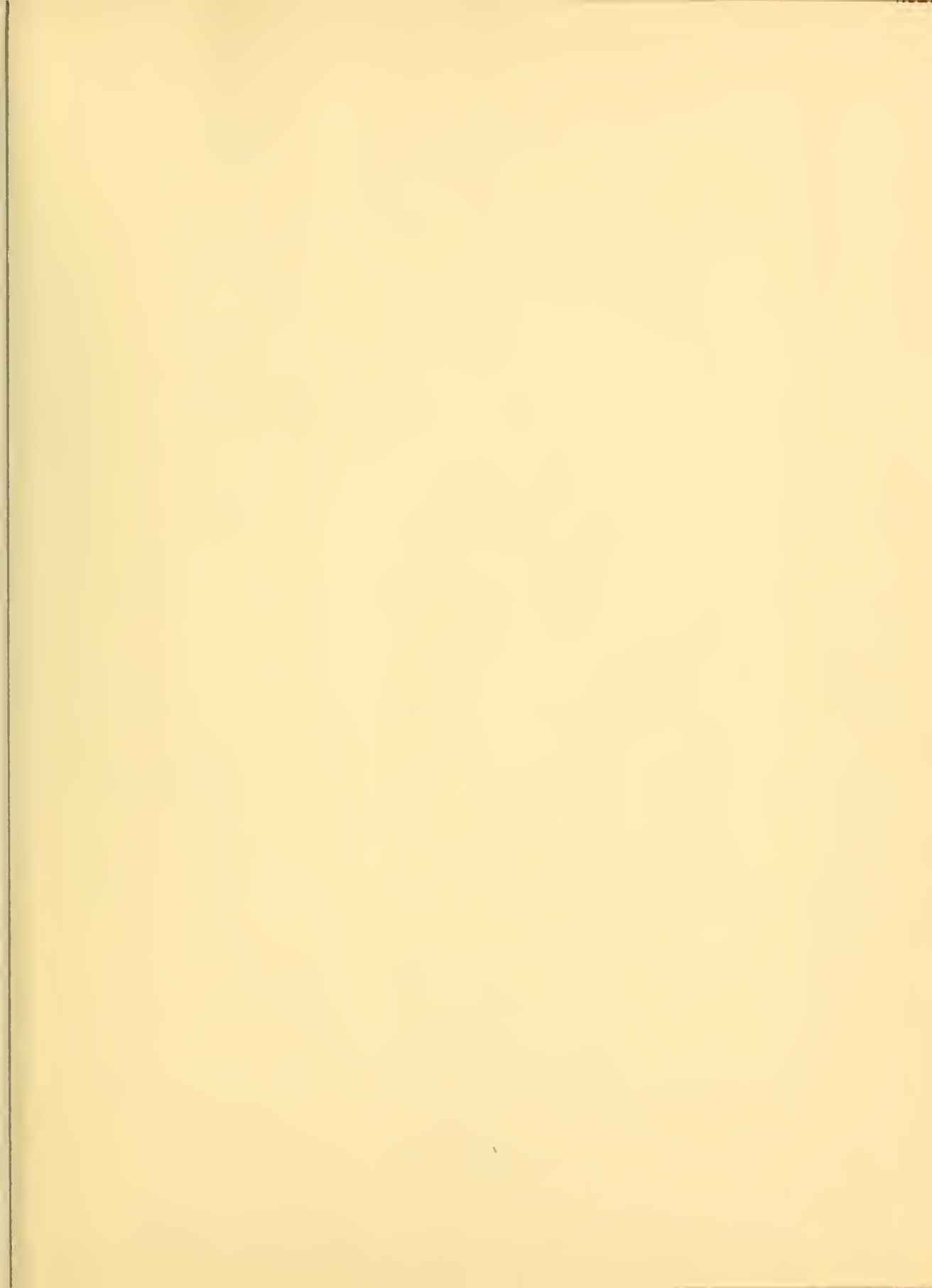
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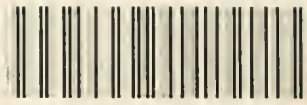
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